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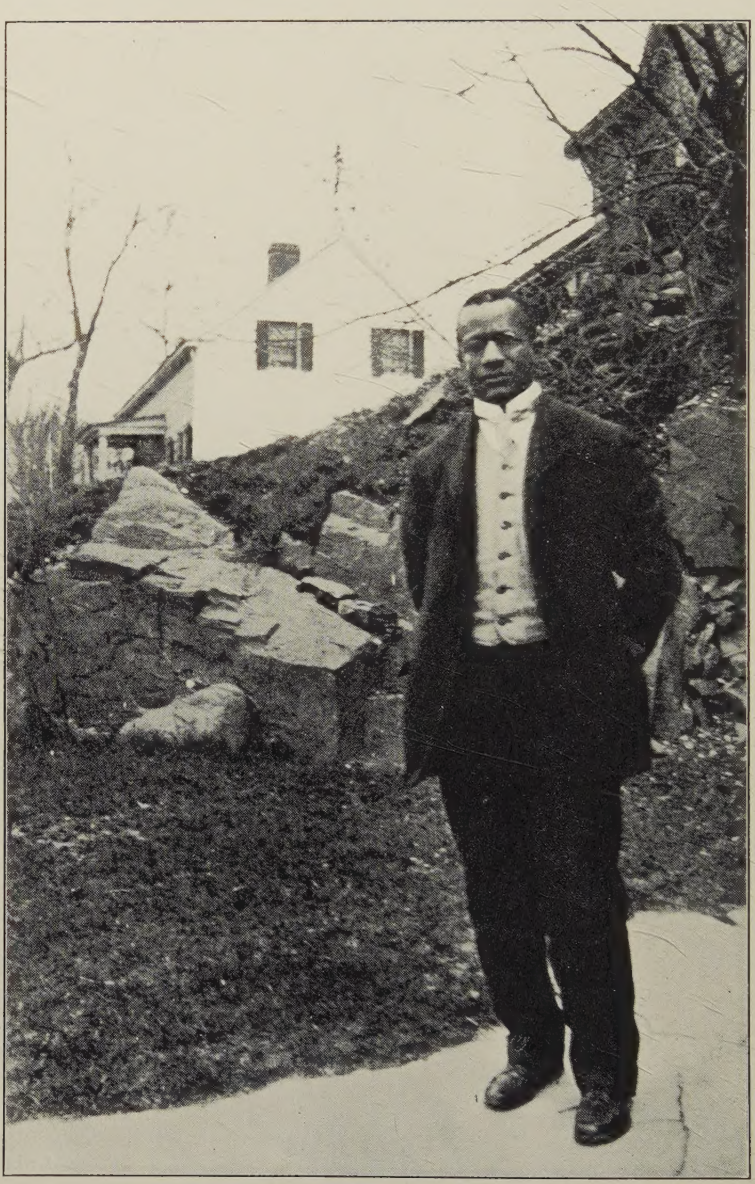

WILLIAM H. FERRIS, A.M.

THE

AFRICAN ABROAD

OR

His Evolution in Western Civilization

TRACING HIS DEVELOPMENT UNDER
CAUCASIAN MILIEU

BY

WILLIAM H. FERRIS, A.M.

AUTHOR OF "TYPICAL NEGRO TRAITS," ETC., CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF "THE NEGRO SOCIETY FOR HISTORICAL RESEARCH" AND SOMETIME READER OF OCCASIONAL PAPERS BEFORE THE AMERICAN NEGRO ACADEMY AND OTHER LITERARY SOCIETIES

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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER

ENOCH JEFFERSON,

WHO, NEARLY A CENTURY AGO, AROSE IN THE MAJESTY OF HIS MANHOOD, THREW OFF THE YOKE OF SLAVERY, AND STEPPED FORTH A FREE MAN, AND THE MEMORY OF MY GRANDFATHER,

ENOCH JEFFERSON,

WHO, ALTHOUGH ONLY A STURDY DELAWARE FARMER, RESIDING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY OF WILMINGTON, WAS, NEVERTHELESS, SUCH A SAGE AND SEER, SUCH A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN OF ALL INTERESTS INTRUSTED TO HIS CARE, SO LOYAL TO THOSE WHO REPOSED THEIR CONFIDENCE IN HIM, SO BRAVE, SO MANLY, SO UPRIGHT IN CHARACTER, AND WHO RAISED UP SUCH A NOBLE GROUP OF DAUGHTERS, MY OWN DEAR MOTHER AMONG THEM, THAT HE WAS RESPECTED AMONG WHITE AND BLACK ALIKE, FOR MILES AROUND, THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED, BY ONE WHO OFTEN SAT BY HIS SIDE ON MANY A LOVELY SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON AND HEARD HIM DISCOURSE ON THINGS HUMAN AND DIVINE, WITH THE WISDOM, GRACE, AND DIGNITY OF THOSE STOICAL PHILOSOPHERS, WHO HAVE IMMORTALIZED THE NAME OF ATHENS AND MADE THE GROVES OF THE ACADEMY RING WITH THEIR ELOQUENCE.

WILLIAM H. FERRIS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., July 1, 1913.

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PREFACE

This book had its origin in the fact that in the fall of 1902 and the following winter I was invited to address the Boston Literary; also the Bethel Literary, the Second Baptist Lyceum, the Shiloh Baptist Lyceum and the American Negro Academy of Washington, D. C.; upon "The Light of Sociology upon Various Phases and Aspects of the Negro Question." In June, 1904, I began to collaborate my material and lecture upon "Beacon Lights of Negro History." In November, I lectured upon the same theme in Charleston, S. C. The *News and Courier* gave an account of nearly two columns to the lecture and Lawyer A. C. Twine wrote a glowing account of it in the Charleston (S. C.) *Messenger*. The lecture was favorably received in other sections of the state. On the evening of December 25, 1905, while I was preparing an address to be delivered at the Emancipation Celebration at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Orangeburg, S. C., I decided to put the material, which I had been accumulating for over three years, into the form of a "History of the Evolution of the Colored Race under Caucasian Milieu."

In investigating the subject I traveled from Maine to Florida, from Washington, D. C., to Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana. The expense of collecting data and preparing manuscript was considerable. Handicapped once by a severe and prolonged illness and by the expense of changing publishers and preparing and sending out a second prospectus, it would have been absolutely impossible for me to have brought to a consummation such a gigantic task, had not a few noble-hearted Anglo-Saxons and four public-spirited colored men rallied to my aid and support. Therefore, I desire to acknowledge my special indebtedness to the following parties:

Hon. Charles Sumner Bird, East Walpole, Mass.; Senator George Peabody Wetmore, Newport, R. I.; Mr. George S. Motley, Lowell, Mass.; Hon. Francis Burton Harrison, New York City; Mr. Oliver G. Jennings, New York City; Mr. Wil-

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I desire further to acknowledge my indebtedness to these friends, who have subscribed for more than one set, namely:

Miss Alice M. Longfellow, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Murray C. Mayer, née Miss Fannie Ullman, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Joseph N. Smith, Boston; Mr. William Gammell, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. J. Milton Greist, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Clara M. Rotch, New Bedford, Mass.; Miss Caroline Hazard, Peacedale, R. I.; Miss Mary Eldridge, Norfolk, Conn.; Miss Helen E. Chase, Waterbury, Conn.; Hon. W. W. Crapo, New Bedford, Mass.; Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, Boston; Mr. Theodore M. Davis, Newport, R. I.; Mr. Samuel M. Nicholson, Providence, R. I.; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of Yale University; Mr. Anson M. Beard, New York City; Mr. William A. Delano, New York City; Mrs. A. G. Pierce, New Bedford, Mass

The list of those who have pledged subscriptions for single sets is too large to be published in this preface, but this is the list of those who have sent in their subscriptions in full or in part:

Mrs. J. N. Harris, New London, Conn.; Dean Andrew W. Phillips, Yale University; Dean Henry P. Wright, Yale Uni-

versity; the late Colonel T. W. Higginson, Cambridge, Mass.; Judge Livingston W. Cleaveland, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. F. D. Kendrick, Lebanon, N. H.; Hon. Samuel J. Elder, Boston; Mr. R. S. Bradley, Boston; President Timothy Dwight, Yale University; Mr. Henry L. Hotchkiss, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. C. R. Forrest, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Keep Ladies Seminary, Farmington, Conn.; Mr. George W. Williams, Farmington, Conn.; Mr. George B. Alvord, Hartford, Conn.; Colonel A. H. Goetting, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. Adrian Iselin, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mr. Guy R. McLane, New York City; Mrs. Marshall Crane, Dalton, Mass.; Governor Simeon E. Baldwin, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. John F. Huntington, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Theodate Pope, Farmington, Conn.; Mrs. Susan J. Cheney, South Manchester, Conn.; Mr. R. O. Cheney, Jr., South Manchester, Conn.; Mrs. L. G. Spencer, Manchester, Conn.; Mrs. I. M. Palmer, Marblehead Neck, Mass.; Mrs. S. Hagerty, Clifton, Mass.; the late Mrs. Jennie E. Emmerton, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. J. C. Rogers, Peabody, Mass.; General Francis Henry Appleton, Proctor's Crossing, Mass.; Dean Samuel Hart, Middletown, Conn.; Hon. Lyman D. Mills, Middlefield, Conn.; Mr. H. C. Rowley, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. George D. Barron, Rye, N. Y.; Miss A. C. Harris, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. N. T. Bacon, Peacedale, R. I.; Mrs. F. C. Jones, Hartford, Conn.; The Pratt Brown Co., Perth Amboy, N. J.; Hon. George M. Landers, New Britain, Conn.; Mr. Gilbert W. Chapin, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Frederick Grinnell, New Bedford, Mass.; Miss Ann E. Bostwick, New Milford, Conn.; Mr. M. C. Bouvier, New York City; Mr. David L. Parker, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. C. W. Clifford, New Bedford, Mass.; Hon. W. G. Church, Waterbury, Conn.; Hon. A. P. Gardner, Hamilton, Mass.; Editor Philip Troup, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Bradley, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. John T. Manson, New Haven, Conn.; Dr. Walter Skiff, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. William J. E. Jente, New Haven, Conn.; President H. A. Garfield, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.; Mr. Robert Cluett, Williamstown, Mass.; Professor S. F. Clarke, Williamstown, Mass.; Rev. J. Franklin Carter, Williamstown, Mass.; Rev. William Van Valkenburg, Marblehead, Mass.; Mr. John Elliott, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Charles G. Morris, New Haven, Conn.; Hon. W. H. Hackett,

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Above all, I am indebted to Mr. Roger W. Tuttle, a Yale Classmate, of The Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Company for his generous aid, when my publishing venture was floundering in the sea of distress.

I am indebted to Mr. J. E. Bruce, the president, and to Mr. A. A. Schomburg, the secretary of the Negro Society for Historical Research, for valuable data and for all of the African, West Indian and South American photographs, and for the portrait of Alexander Dumas, *père*. The Sierra Leone photographs are the work of Mr. Alisk Carew, a native African photographer. I am indebted to Mr. Emory T. Morris, Deputy Sealer of Weights and Measures in Cambridge, Mass., the nephew of the famous Robert Morris, the friend of the late Colonel T. W. Higginson, the former president of the Colored National League, whose common sense, public spirit, and purity and integrity of character have made him an esteemed and respected citizen of

Cambridge. From my Harvard days until the present, his splendid library, which ranges from colonial and anti-slavery books and pamphlets up to philosophical and literary masterpieces, has been an unfailing source of inspiration and has supplied me with a rich fund of information. The late Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson often spoke to me of the high regard in which he held Mr. and Mrs. Emory T. Morris and the pleasure that he took in looking over Mr. Morris's books, several of which were out of print.

I appreciate the courtesy of Professor John Christopher Schwab, the Yale Librarian, of Mr. Henry R. Gruener and George Alexander Johnson, assistants in the Yale Library, in granting me the use of the library and in assisting me in locating books and of Mr. E. Byrne Hackett of the Yale University Press. I also appreciate the kindness of E. H. Clement of the Boston *Transcript.*

Now a concluding word as to the book. I have merely desired to get at the facts. Scientific accuracy and historical truth have been my pillars of cloud by day and of fire by night. I have endeavored as far as possible to verify all of the oral and written data that have been submitted to me and that I have chanced upon.

My investigations and researches have led me into many by-paths, where I have uncovered many interesting facts. And the scrap book character of a few sections of Part IV. is due to the fact that I unearthed some of the new data while my book was in press. It was too late to rewrite the chapters and I was compelled to dovetail the facts in as best I could.

I should have liked to elaborate upon the careers of many American colored men whom I have mentioned in my book, but my space was limited, as I was compressing six thousand years of history and summing up the careers of nearly one thousand individuals in one thousand pages. As I delved into the subject, I was amazed to find what honors had been conferred upon exceptional men of color in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Holland, Russia, Spain and Portugal, amazed to find to what heights of eminence talented African and West Indian Negroes had risen, and I was forced to make place and room in my book for those distinguished foreign Negroes who had reached the highest pinnacle of fame.

While some of the colored leaders in America have been teaching their followers to despise books and scholarship, Duse Mohamed in England has been writing plays, sketches, tragediettas, the libretto of a musical comedy, a coronation ode, a history of Egypt, a romance, a series of essays on the drama and editing a magazine of world scope and significance. And over in Africa Hon. James Carmichael Smith, ex-Postmaster General of Sierra Leone, has written nearly a dozen books upon economics which have been commended by the leading English and Scotch magazines.

When the men of soaring ambition in the colored race in America receive encouragement, then, and then only, can we expect a Duse Mohamed and an Hon. James Carmichael Smith to arise in America.

New Haven, Conn., July 1, 1913.

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PART I.

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CHAPTER I.

A Narragansett Reverie upon the Eternal and the Ephemeral in Human Life and History.

As I selected for a task giving to the world an interpretation of the hopes and longings and strivings and aspirations of the Black Man, and a record of his deeds and achievements, I thought of the larger life of mankind, of which the life of the Negro is but an eddy in a stream. I pulled back the curtain of time and saw savage man emerging from the caves thousands of years ago. I saw how he learned the use of fire and mastered the art of writing. I saw him dwelling in communities and developing states. I saw him offering sacrifice to an avenging deity, and then rise to the lofty conception of an Eternal One. I saw nations rise and fall, dynasties come and go, saw great men play their part in the drama of human history and pass on into oblivion. And then I asked, What is the significance of the toil and struggle, of the effort and aspiration of man, of the blood and tears he has shed? What is human history? Is there any meaning to history? Is it a divine poem, epic in its sweep? Is it a world drama? Is there a mighty power, a Master Mind behind the curtains, shifting the scenes? I will relate the experience that led me to reflect upon the meaning of history and man's place in the universe.

Whoever has visited Great Barrington, crossed the Housatonic River and wandered along the street which lies at the foot of East Rock, can never forget the beauty and serenity of the view before him. Great Barrington lies in a valley between two long low ranges of hills. As the eye glances down the hill, it stops for a moment to watch the play of sunlight and shade upon the Housatonic River, flowing so calmly between two rows of trees.

Then the way in which the village is nestled among the trees, the infinite variety and contrast of the scene, the dreamy play of the sunlight on the leaves and branches, and the sense of repose and quiet pervading the whole village cause a serene,

rapturous feeling to take possession of the beholder and lift him to realms of the infinite.

Finally the eye rests upon the sloping hillside at the other end of the village, and the large residences built upon it. It observes the mixture of forests and meadows, and the trees on the top of the hillside. I thought of the serenity of nature, of those enduring hills that had stood for ages, and something of the peace and quietness of nature, something of the granite strength of those hills came into my soul. But it was another experience which was to lead me to see in nature the manifestations of a creative spirit and to contrast the eternal life of nature with the ephemeral strivings of man.

It was a beautiful August morning when I started for Tower Hill, one of those days when poets love to sing. As I looked up at the sun shining with all its sky-high splendor, casting its rays here and there, and felt the invigorating breeze as it swept over the Atlantic, I was moved by it. I went up the road and turned into the lane that leads to the woods. I listened to the singing of the birds, to the chirping of the crickets, and saw what variety nature threw around me. I looked at those large fir trees that formed an arch over my head, saw the sunbeams as they peeped through the leaves of the trees and cast a yellow glow on some spots and left a dark shade where they did not alight. Across the fields I could see the cows grazing, the bright, sparkling water and the mountains in the distance. I contrasted the different forms of vegetation from the deepest green to the brightest yellow.

Filled with a poetic thrill, I gave myself up to nature, and, stretched on the banks of that beautiful stream, viewed and studied the wild and enchanting scenery. I went to the top of that pile of rocks on that scenic eminence called Tower Hill and looked toward the Atlantic Ocean. I saw every possible variety of scenery—streams, meadows, forests, gardens, houses nestling among the trees, hotels and cottages low lying along the shores, the waters of the broad Atlantic, and, about ten miles across—a dim view, Newport hid among the trees.

I turned to the left and saw how prettily the river meandered through the meadows and around the hills, to my right I studied the wild grandeur of the scene.

But this was not all; turning in the direction of Kingston, I saw the little village of Wakefield, and that prettiest of all villages, Peacedale, almost concealed from sight by the luxuriant foliage of wide spreading trees which surrounded her. Still looking in the direction of Peacedale, I jumped down from the rock, and ran over the ground to the edge of the hill; there I studied and studied that grand, nay, that heavenly beauty of the scenery. So moved was I by this scenery that I forgot everything but the peace and beauty which enveloped me upon all sides. Could I depict the beauty in nature as Homer or Wordsworth did, I could not express the emotions and thoughts which this scene aroused in me. I hold this as a scene which is remembered a lifetime.

It seemed that I was in some vast cosmical cathedral, built within a still vaster cathedral, whose carpet was the green grass, whose statues were the waving trees and flowing vines, whose stained windows were the gilded and golden clouds which reflected the light of the sun, whose choir was the singing birds and whispering winds, whose choral music was the organ roll of the mighty thunder, whose incense was the vapor rising from the misty sea, whose candles were the evening stars and whose lurid lights were the flashing of the lightning, whose vaulted roof was the blue domed sky.

I felt like taking off my shoes, for I believed that I was on holy ground in the temple of the Most High.

Ten years later I visited the same scene, and lived in that Tower Hill house for several weeks. On an autumn afternoon or Indian summer day, I felt that same heavenly peace come over my troubled spirit and felt the tranquilizing influence of a Sabbath benediction. But this time I contrasted the peace and serenity of nature and the calmly grazing cows and the quiet life of Wakefield and Peacedale with the bustle of the summer life of Narragansett Pier and Newport. The cows need only plenteous grass and bright sunshine to complete their happiness; the farmers of Wakefield and Peacedale, who die unknown to fame, need only good crops and the presence of loved ones to complete their happiness.

But it was different at the Pier and at the fashionable American summer resort. There, people sought pleasure and life and

amusement, there people vied with each other in giving entertainments. There social rivalry was keen, and men and women were dominated by the passion for social leadership, social prestige and social preëminence.

I reflected, how evanescent is the fame of social kings and queens! Ten years ago a calm and tranquil Tennessee belle and a bright, vivacious Western belle held regal sway at the Pier. Their wish was law in the circle in which they ruled! Gazing admirers stood silently awed. Ten years ago, a sturdy Oxford oarsman and a brilliant, dashing American athlete were lionized. Ten years ago a wife and daughter of a famous Southern statesman, a Southern Governor and retired Commodore were centers of attraction. To-day their names are barely mentioned. Other stars are in the ascendency, other queens hold their court and other figures hold the center of the stage.

In Newport it is essentially the same. Ten years before Count So and So, Lord Somebody, Duke of Somewhere, Earl of Someplace and Marquis of Abroad, were in everyone's mouth and were followed by envious, admiring eyes, as they rode around the town. Now no one ever mentions their names.

Six years ago a $50,000 dinner, given when mill hands were on a strike and out of work, was the talk of the town. Now it is forgotten. Three years ago a brilliant automobile parade stirred Newport, but now it has passed into oblivion.

To-day two manly English tennis players are in the limelight. To-day the monkey dinner is discussed. But ten years from to-day they will be forgotten. Then I thought of the fate of the favorites at the fashionable resorts, which is ultimately the fate of men and women who dominate things in their day and generation. The thought occurred to me that men prominent a generation or two ago are practically unknown to-day, and even some of the things that should render their names immortal are forgotten. Men who were public figures when I was a schoolboy, twenty years ago, are barely mentioned now, except by their personal friends and descendants. The names of James G. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling were in the air twenty years ago. The present generation is fast forgetting them for new heroes and new issues. They live only in the memory of their friends, and even their greatest achievements are practically unknown.

That they played almost as important a part as Charles Sumner in reconstruction legislation, that Conkling in the United States Senate in 1875 crushed the Louisiana conspiracy to overthrow the Federal Authority, that James G. Blaine in his twenty years in Congress paid a remarkable tribute to the colored men who went to Congress, is practically unknown; and one Connecticut Governor, whose name was in every one's mouth when I was learning my A, B, C's, has dropped completely out of sight and notice.

Sixty years ago the slavery debate held the center of the stage, but the present generation has not only forgotten the names of many of the chief actors then, but has even forgotten the moral issue involved in the contest. In the late forties and early fifties Samuel Ringo Ward, a giant in ebony, electrified English and American audiences on the slavery question, but now his name is forgotten. No one reads his autobiography or cares for the issue that was so dear to him. Very few people know that Gerrit Smith, who educated him, was a philanthropist, who, in 1849, gave an immense tract of land to colored men in the Adirondack Mountains. Also, very few know that George Luther Stearns gave $10,000 to maintain liberty in Kansas, supplied John Brown with arms and equipped a colored regiment in the late Civil War. So I might go on and mention many others.

Fifty years from now some of the living men, whose every movement is chronicled in big headlines, who are constantly sought out by newspaper reporters and have snapshots frequently turned upon them, will be almost forgotten by the popular mind.

The vanity of human life constantly recurred to me in these reflections. In the fourteenth chapter of Job we are told, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." In the 90th division of Psalms we are told, "In the morning they are like grass, which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. . . . We bring our years to an end, as a tale that is told." The cycle of a man's life is soon run. Men die broken-hearted of political hopes and issues that are soon forgotten. Women fret and worry over invitations to social functions that soon pass

into oblivion. The world doesn't know who gave and doesn't care who was invited to social functions a decade ago. In school and college days we strive for school and college honors. It seems that our future is bound up with these honors. It seems that without them life would not be worth living. But after we have been out in the world a few years, men will forget them and our record as students, and will ask us, "Can you solve this problem; can you face this situation; can you meet this emergency?" The tragedy in the lives of most men and women is that they fret and worry, pine and grieve over things that will appear trivial and insignificant when they reach the years that bring the philosophic mind.

Nature joys in her floral beauty and her verdant hills, her radiant dawn and sunset tints, her calmness and repose, her peace and serenity, and the splendor of the starry hosts seems to rebuke the feverish, fretful and fitful strivings of man for pomp and honor and fame and glory.

I am glad that when, in the fall of 1902, I began to prepare lectures upon the Negro's religion and focus the light of sociology upon the Negro question, I was living upon Tower Hill.

There is nothing that gives a man perspective in human history, that makes him a spectator of all times and spaces and enables him to see all things sub-specie æternitatis, as a view from a lofty eminence. From the top of that lofty eminence I surveyed four civilizations. Down in Wakefield and Peacedale, I saw the civilization of the New England village; down in Narragansett Pier, I saw the civilization of the South and West; over across Narragansett Bay, I saw in the distance the civilization of America's metropolis; while in the breeze that swept over the Atlantic, in the mirroring sea, and blossoming fields and forests near me, I saw the joyous life of that Nature which never changes and ever remains the same. And at night, when the lamps of heaven began to send out faint rays from afar, I thought of the eternity of the starry hosts and reflected that those same stars looked down upon the cave men, who endeavored to interpret the universe five hundred thousand years ago. They saw the mighty Ethiopian, Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Greek and Roman civilizations rise and fall in their

splendor, dominate the world for a few centuries, and then pass away. They saw the conquering Pharaohs and mighty Persian kings ride forth to battle; they saw the life of little Pompeii blotted out in a day; they saw the glory that was Greece's and the grandeur that was Rome's. They now see the triumphal, resistless march of the Anglo-Saxon race. In the next 50,000 years they may witness the rise of the black, brown and yellow races. Men come and go; kingdoms rise and fall; but the stars shine on in their lonely splendor in the immensity of space.

But what of the men who made these ancient civilizations possible, what of the renowned Ethiopian, Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Greek and Roman warriors who led vast armies to battle and dragged nations captive at their chariot wheels? They have mostly passed out of the memory of men and have been swallowed up in oblivion.

The queen of Sheba, and Candace, a shadowy Ethiopian queen, are the only ones of the powerful Ethiopian rulers whose names have gone ringing down the ages. Of the famous Egyptian monarchs, who ruled from 5000 to 200 B. C., Khufu, known by the Greeks as Cheops, who built the wonderful pyramid at Gizeh; Tholmes II, Seti I, Rameses II, and Meneptha, the greatest of the Pharaohs; Psammetichus, Necho II, Ptolemy Soter and Ptolemy Philadelphus are the only names that have survived the marks of time. Of the mighty Babylonian kings who held sway from 5000 to 728 B. C., Sargon I and Hammurabi are the only names which shine with splendid lustre.

Of the powerful Assyrian kings who, in 728 and the following years, conquered Babylon and took captive the Ten Tribes of Israel, and who for six centuries, from 1100 to 600 B. C., made Nineveh great, Sargon II, Sennacherib, and Asshur-bani-pal, known to the Greeks as Sardanapalus, are the only names which have survived.

Of the Chaldean kings who made the seventh and sixth centuries, B. C., ring with their glory, Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar II and Nabonidus are the only names which still live in the memory of man. Of the Persian kings who for over two centuries dominated Asia and part of Africa and broke the sway of the Assyrians and Chaldeans, Cyaxares, Cyrus,

Kambyses, Darius and Xerxes I are the only names familiar to every schoolboy.

The study of the Greek and Roman classics and the study of the Bible has made the modern mind almost as familiar with the Greek and Roman heroes and Hebrew prophets as with the great modern figures. But twenty thousand years from now, perhaps Homer, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Phidias, Pericles and Alexander the Great will be the only Grecian names, and Scipio, Cæsar, Augustus, Constantine, Cicero and Vergil will be the only Roman names, and Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Paul the only Hebrew names familiarly known to posterity. Each succeeding century will make their names more dim and shadowy, until finally a hundred thousand years from now, Homer, Alexander, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Paul, Hannibal and Cæsar may be the only names of antiquity known to man. In another hundred thousand years they may all, with the exception of Jesus of Nazareth, have completely dropped out of memory.

Of the great names and figures of the Middle Ages, it may be that twenty thousand years from now, Mohammed, Peter the Hermit, Charles Martel, Charlemagne, William the Conqueror and Dante may be the only ones who will stand out as beacon lights.

Of the great names of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, Martin Luther, Columbus, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Milton, Bacon, Queen Victoria, Rousseau, Kant, Peter the Great, Mirabeau and Chatham may be the only familiar names twenty thousand years from now. Of the famous men of the nineteenth century, the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, Emerson, Grant, Darwin, Spencer, Carlyle, Gladstone, Browning, Tennyson, Goethe, Lotze, Bismarck, Hugo, Watts, Roëntgen, Metchnikoff, Marconi, Harvey, Koch and Marquis Ito may alone find a place in a history of civilization written twenty thousand years hence.

One hundred thousand years from now the world may have forgotten who discovered America, who discovered the law of gravitation, who propounded the evolution hypothesis, who discovered the X-ray and who first flashed a message across the sea by wireless telegraphy. Perhaps then Shakespeare and Napoleon will be the only modern men known to mankind. Two

hundred thousand years from now they may be mythical and legendary figures, and scholars will be writing books to prove that the only existence they ever had was in the imagination of some poet, orator or novelist. Five hundred thousand years from now the only historic or mythological figure known to mankind, who will be on the lips of men, will be Jesus of Nazareth. He alone will escape oblivion.

Perhaps in that distant time scholars may write books to prove that the world-renowned and world-conquering Anglo-Saxon race never really existed, except in the imagination of rapt poets, and was only a mythical, legendary race. Yes, in the course of time—in the course of five thousand centuries, the races and men now familiar to every schoolboy and girl will be swallowed up in oblivion.

If the great races only dominate the world for a few centuries, and then give way to fresher, stronger races, if even after a few thousand years the great figures in history are forgotten, what is the use of the striving of man?

Though the Egyptians, the Hebrews, the Greeks and Romans have fallen from their high estate, the mathematical, philosophical, religious, and political ideas that they have bequeathed to mankind have been woven into the fibre and texture, into the very web and woof of modern civilization.

Our conception of God, our ideas of the sanctity of life, of the value of virtue, of the sacredness of the marriage tie, our doctrine of property rights and our principles of representative government, our moral maxims, our political and our industrial organizations represent the thoughts, the ideas and the crystallized experience of men who lived and died centuries ago, and whose very names are forgotten.

Back in the dim and distant past, unknown men discovered the use of fire, conceived the ideas of steps on an inclined plane, discovered the arch, conceived the idea of hollowing out the trunk of a tree and setting a sail in it, conceived the idea of wheeled carts, domesticated animals and used the force of running water to turn a mill. They have handed down their discoveries as legacies.

Though nations rise and fall, though they pass off the stage of existence, they yet live in the ideas they have bequeathed to civilization. Though great individuals die and are forgotten,

they yet live in the thoughts they have thrown out, which constitutes our intellectual inheritance. Though teachers and preachers are forgotten, they yet live in the lives they inspire, and they kindle a flame that burns in the breasts of countless generations. So our striving is not vain. It ultimately becomes a part of the structure of civilization.

But astronomers tell us that solar systems are constantly being destroyed and other solar systems are constantly being born in the universe. Suns are burning out. Other dead suns are being transformed into fiery, gaseous vapor by the heat generated from collision with other similar bodies. And then begins again the whirling, the cooling, the condensation and throwing off of rings or satellites from the burning, gaseous mass in the center.

Astronomers tell us that, in the course of a few million years, our shining sun will have burned itself out, ceasing to shrink and contract and to radiate light and heat. The earth can then no longer support vegetable or animal life. Then all vegetable and animal life will die out on this planet of ours and the human race will cease to exist.

But before this catastrophe occurs our sun is liable to be transformed into gaseous vapor by collision with a giant sun, the equilibrium of our solar system destroyed and our earth burned up by the heat generated by the collision, or else deorbited. Or our earth is liable to be struck by the head of a rushing comet. The earth would then be enveloped in a fiery, gaseous hood, and every living thing would be burned up or else destroyed by the poisonous gases thrown out. Or, again, our earth may be powdered to dust by collision with a dead star.

The first of these catastrophes will surely occur in the next hundred million years and the second and third and fourth may occur. So there will finally, in the course of a few score million years, come a time when every semblance of vegetable or animal life will have disappeared from the planet, and every trace or vestige of man's civilization will have become completely effaced. Annihilation is the ultimate fate and destiny of the human race on this earth of ours.

And then I asked, was this the end of Nature's strivings, was this the final destiny of man's aspiration, was this the consumma-

tion of man's hopes, to be swallowed up in the dark midnight of nothingness and oblivion, to fade away forever out of existence? Was human life a dream? Was human history a farce? Were the ideal dreams which have lured on mankind to higher heights of achievements, illusions? Were the heroic ideals to do and dare and strive and achieve, nothing but hallucinations? Were the mighty hopes which made us men but mirages in the desert? In a word, is our striving to realize and embody ethical ideals in our lives and characters a vain struggle, which will finally end in defeat?

That which is most fundamental and basal in human nature asserts itself, rises in protest and cries out, No! No! No! And yet, if the fate and destiny of this earth on which we live and of the human life it sustains, is to vanish and be blotted out of existence, this would seem to be the nature of man's ideals, and the end of his strivings, unless man were immortal. But if the universe were not the fortuitous play of blind, unthinking atoms and ions, if it were not a chaos but a cosmos, if reason were embedded in the very structure of the universe, if a world drama were being enacted, in which a Master Mind were behind the curtains, shifting the scenes, then it would seem that man is immortal and that his strivings are not in vain. And I asked myself, is there a God, is there a Master Mind behind the mechanism of Nature, who utters his eternal decrees in the immutable laws that regulate the movements of the starry hosts above, and who thunders in trumpet tones in the ideals of man?

Then I paused and thought of the wonderful universe in which I lived, of Nature's abounding life and her daily miracles, when the leaves on the trees become laboratories. Then the principles involved in plant growth were no longer dead, abstract principles to me, but became the living methods by which this wondrous universe robed itself in a garment of verdure and created through the forces that unconsciously work in plants, trees and flowers, this beautiful world in which we live. The living, palpitating world, throbbing with life, which was presented to me by the study of botany, caused it to take on a new meaning and opened my eyes to the beneficent purpose of that Deity whose vesture is this beautiful world, in which we live and move and have our being and who works through the wonderful growth of plant

life for man's good. It seems to me, that if a man knew something of this marvelous universe in which we live, if he could but lift the curtain and peep behind the veil, where the mysterious forces of nature are silently working, the world would take on a new meaning and he would see a new glory in meadow and field, forest and stream. The flowers would speak to him a new language. The flowers in the crannied walls would tell him, as they told Tennyson, something about the nature of the world and of the God who created it. Like Wordsworth, he would look through nature to Nature's God and see that "the clouds that gather round the setting sun do take a sober coloring from an eye that keeps watch o'er man's immortality."

And then I thought of the internal structure and of the wonderful mechanism of the atom, so small that it could be contained within the billionth part of a square inch, so small that it could not be seen by a microscope which magnified it a thousand times. Then I reflected that the spectroscope, the cathode ray and radium revealed the fact that this infinitesimal atom was not a single indivisible entity as was supposed twenty years ago; but that it was a wonderful machine, an intricate mechanism, a solar system in miniature, composed of thousands of gyrating and circling and revolving centers of force, whose velocity is almost as great as speed of light and who, by their harmonious gyrations and oscillations, give the little atom its power of effecting chemical changes. Then I thought of how the atoms build up the molecules and the molecules build up the universe of matter. I reflected that what we call solid matter is the result of the gyrations and activity of little ions so small that seventy or eighty thousand of them could be contained in a space smaller than one billionth of an inch square. I thought of these wonderful structures and of the wonderful mechanism of this solar system in miniature. I saw that it was a trillion times more intricate than the mechanism of a watch: I saw that it could not come into existence by chance, that the Mind which planned it, the Mind which could bring law and order into that miniature solar system must be Divine.

As I stood at midnight on Tower Hill and looked at the myriad stars that dot the milky way, and reflected that many of them were immense suns, rushing through space with their revolving

planets and satellites whirling about them, as I reflected that some of these faint, twinkling stars were suns several times larger than the sun that illumines this solar system of ours (a few being a million times larger), as I reflected that it takes light traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, fifty years to reach us from the Pole Star and four hundred centuries to reach us from the furthest of these dim specks, and then considered that this immense universe hangs together and is governed by law and order, I was constrained to believe in a God, the source and ground of that law and order. And when I thought that the planetary laws of motion which governed the movements of Halley's comet compelled it, though traveling away from the earth for 3,400 million miles, with a speed greater than that of a cannon ball, to return again every seventy-five years, then I understood how the devout astronomer, Kepler, could say, when he discovered the mathematical laws that regulated the movements of the planetary bodies, "Oh God, I think thy thoughts after Thee." I then saw that God was the great Geometer, that the universe is crystallized mathematics and that nature is the time vesture of the Eternal, the garments we see Him by, which reveals Him to the wise and hides Him from the foolish. Then I understood how the Psalmist, gazing in rapt adoration at the starry hosts, which glorify God, could say, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

Such were my reflections, when the stars, the silent sentinels of heaven, came out every night and stood forth in their lonely splendor; but the cynic may say that this was only a dream. We have forever passed beyond the age of atheism, when men could say, "There is no God," and we now are in the age of the Spencerian agnosticism, when men say that knowledge of the cause behind the phenomena, knowledge of the real nature of the Infinite and Eternal Energy which manifests itself in the world of mind and matter transcends the limitation of human knowledge. The human mind is impotent to grapple with transcendental realities.

"There may be a God," the agnostic says, "but we can never know; we cannot see beyond the veil; we cannot look beyond nature to a present God. All is vain surmise. It is a vain hope

to think we can know the why, the whence, the whither of our eternal destiny." But is this so? Cannot we trust the guidance of that reason which leads from facts of every class and kind to theories and hypotheses, which from the phenomena of nature carries us to molecules, atoms, ions and ether as the underlying entities.

Can we not trust that reason which created the Copernican astronomy and framed the Newtonian belief in gravitation's universal laws, the nebular hypothesis and the Spencerian theory of universal evolution? Can we not trust the organ which guides us through the labyrinth of life's perplexing problems? We must, we cannot think that our life is vain illusion, our experience a lie. Whatever contradicts the testimony of reason, that we must reject or else confusion and discord will be introduced into the very inmost life of reason—man's divine and regal wings for soaring up beyond the world of sense, up into the ethereal empyrean of thought's luminous realms.

What is the universal testimony of human reason then? Reason asks, "Can a cosmos, vast and orderly, be built by countless millions of minute, invisible, intangible atomic elements of seventy odd different things, each acting, reacting and interacting in ways peculiar to itself alone, unless the atoms are embraced in one Infinite Mind, who expresses his eternal laws and inmost life in the activity and uniform co-working of atoms? Can millions of gyrating, revolving and minute invisible ions build up by their ceaseless activity this vast and orderly cosmos, and hence the world of matter, unless they express the thought and plan and are the forthputting and energizing of one Infinite Reason?"

Reason again asks, "Can life come from that which is not life; can the mental come from non-mentality? Can mind be conjured up from that which is not mental in its inner structure? Can primordial small elements and germ-like cells develop into the majestic oak, the splendid lion, the graceful dove, the God-like man, without the presence of immanent ideas in plants and animals to guide and control the growth? Do we not here see internal purposiveness bedded in the very nature of things? Can the moral qualities be evoked from sources that are unethical? Can living beings come from a non-living cause? What's con

science but the pleading, warning voice of God? What's the 'I ought' but the embracing grip of the eternal God, forever immanent in finite things and selves, the life and soul of all, upon his sons? What's nature's beauty then, but the divine garment in which God does eternally weave the outward fabric that reveals and expresses his eternal thoughts and inner life?"

Reason again says, "That One who brought us here must ever be as great, as wise, as noble as we finite ones, his creatures. You may point to sin and misery, which hang forever over life, as a dark and gloomy curtain. But we cannot hope to pierce beyond the veil and enter into the deep counsel of the Most High. Forget not that our God has all eternity at his disposal, yea remember that it is in the light of immortality, which can illumine these perplexing doubts and send a luminous ray o'er the speculative mysteries."

Reason again says, "Consider, agnostic, how we build up our sense world out of impressions, caused by excitations of the end organs of our five senses. These shocks and quivers of sensation come to us scattered, but are unified by the mind's activities and categories. How now can the mind of man impose its mental forms upon the world of sense, unless the world were the manifestations of mind, yea a mental being in its inner life. What can this mean save one, who is self conscious and rational as we are?

In the fundamental laws of human thought we see the movements grand of the eternal mind of God. If there is order and law in the universe, if there is reason in the mortal soul, it has its source in the Universal Reason who expresses and manifests his mind and will and life in this fair world of ours. Were it not so, would not our lives and thoughts be a mockery?"

Such riddles, questions and puzzles, the human reason puts to the confident and rash agnostic. The mind of man, then, in seeking to understand and interpret the universe, in seeking to strike rock-bottom and give a rational explanation for the ultimate nature of things, is inevitably led to the conclusion that the universe of mind and matter is the expression of the one infinite and eternal Being.

The science of the nineteenth century has borne overwhelming testimony to the unity of the universe. The Newtonian gravita-

tion, or rather Newton's theory of gravitation, has been shown to apply not only to our own solar system but to the entire stellar universe. The entire universe is bound together by the tie of gravitation. The elastic and undulatory, luminiferous ether, the medium for the transmission of light, heat and electric waves, is now shown to pervade all space and to extend from farthest star to farthest star. The spectroscope and spectral analysis have discovered that the farthest star shining in space is composed of the same physical elements that form the constitution of our earth.

Planetary bodies composed of the same physical and chemical elements, luminiferous ether pervading all space, and gravitation the force that knits and ties those bodies together so that they do not fly apart in space, all testify to the unity of the universe. But now this is a unity dominated by law and order, so that we have an orderly totality and a cosmos instead of chaos. The only explanation that satisfies the reason of man, for the law and order that makes the universe an orderly totality and a cosmos, is that the universe is the forthputting of an Infinite Mind who manifests his own ideas in the laws of Nature.

But I am a child of Nature. I have been generated in Nature's womb, and I am an offspring of the universe and an integral part of the universe. Hence, I am the manifestation of the Infinite Being, who manifests himself in the universe. The same Being who wells up in grass and flower, who registers his laws in the movements of the heavenly bodies, also manifests himself in me. Truly has the Apostle said, "In Him we live and move and have our being." And in seeking to understand the Power or Infinite Energy who manifests himself in the universe we must find a being big and brainy enough to beget man.

The philosophy of Dr. Samuel Eugene Stevens, author of "The Great Unconscious," which maintains that matter is the origin of all things that make unconscious matter the sole origin of conscious mind, that makes "electro-atomic matter" the sole cause of the rational and ethical life of man, refuses to satisfy the reason of man.

We cannot believe that the stream can rise higher than its source. We must believe that there is something in the cause adequate to produce the effect.

That an unconscious world ground could manifest itself in conscious, rational beings, that a universe whose background was blind, formless, unconscious matter, could usher in rational beings, that an irrational, unethical world ground could manifest itself in rational and ethical personalities and impose rational, ethical ideas upon them, as the deepest law of their being, this the mind of man refuses to believe. So, then, the Superhuman and Supersensible Cause and Source of the universe of mind and matter must be a universal life, which is as coextensive as the life of the universe, and a universal self-consciousness which is coextensive with the mental and physical changes in the world of finite mind and finite matter, and embraces them in the totality of its own being, manifesting its mind and its ideas in the orderly sequence which we term the laws of Nature and its will in the force of Nature.

The happenings in the universe of finite minds and finite matter are not only phases and aspects and doings and forthputtings of finite selves and things, but they are also movements in the life of the Absolute, facts in his consciousness. For he is the Immanent and Causal Ground of all the psychic and physical changes in the universe, and of the system of things. He is the Absolute Self of whom all finite things and finite selves are but partial and fragmentary manifestations.

To destroy me, the Absolute must destroy a part of himself and destroy his own offspring. The question then arises, Is the Absolute interested in the ideals and strivings of man? Have the ideals and strivings of man an eternal value and significance for the Absolute? Have our personalities and individualities an eternal meaning and value for the Absolute? On the answer to these questions hangs the immortality of man.

In developing our manhood, we are not only realizing our latent potentialities and developing the germs of divinity that slumber in our natures, but we are developing a bit of the Absolute. If we share in the life of the Absolute, and are partakers of his divine nature, what is more natural than that we should share in and partake of his eternity and immortality? No mother, in her senses, would murder her child, and does it seem natural that a rational and ethical personality would bring into existence rational and moral beings only to destroy them as

they began to develop and unfold and express their latent capacities? I am no prophet, but it does not seem reasonable that the Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness, who brought us into being, would implant certain ideas as the deepest laws of our nature, would impress certain qualities of mind and heart, as things worth attaining and striving for, only to blot them out of existence forever. We cannot fathom the purposes of the Almighty, but the human reason refuses to believe that the Creative Spirit would impress the moral imperative upon us as the fundamental law of our being and then cut our development short by annihilation.

The Being who shot us through the crucible of his own nature, ran us through certain molds of thinking and feeling, stamped us with the impress of his own personality, and then launched us forth from the shores of eternity out into the sea of time, endowed us with a reason that can fathom the secrets and mysteries of nature, extract the ores from the earth, harness the forces of nature, water, wind, steam and electricity, to run our mills, carry us over land and water and transmit messages across space; with an imagination that can catch and depict, on canvas and in verse, the fleeting glories of sunrise, the passing beauties of sunset when the sky seems bathed in colored seas of lambent light, and can create those flowing melodies and cathedral harmonies that waft the soul upon the wings of faith above the world of sense and light into the realm where the soul catches fleeting glimpses of eternity; with a will that enables a man to chisel and carve and hew out his own career and be the architect of his own fate and destiny; with a will that enables a man to tunnel mountains, bridge chasms, brave dangers and defy obstacles and obstructions; with a will that exultingly cries, "There shall be no Alps, I will find a way or make it,"—this Being will call us back home some day and then he will longingly look to see whether we have preserved or effaced the divine impress. The impression of the Almighty is upon us; a divine spark slumbers in us; divinity stirs within us; we are men, not beasts of the field.

That throbbing, divine life, with which the universe pulses and which transforms the world into a fairyland every spring, breaking into expression in leaf and blade and flower and covering

the earth with a garment of verdure, wells up in us as the fountain source of the impulses, the instincts, that lift us above the plane of animal life. It manifests itself in the divine discontent and dissatisfaction with our present mode of life. It utters itself in the stirrings within us that prompts us to transform the actual into the likeness of the ideal. It voices itself in the strivings after the higher life, that are the springs of human progress and of the development of man in history. And while the Negro needs to buy all the land, and get as large a bank account as he can, while he needs to branch out into the mercantile world, and go into business, he must remember that this is not the end and goal of our existence. That end and goal is to realize the mighty hopes which make us men.

Every living thing fulfils the laws of its being and realizes the immanent idea that Nature implants in it. The grass grows; the seed buds and blossoms into fruit and leaf and flower; the acorn develops into the wide-spreading oak; the majestic lion stalks the forests, monarch of all he surveys; the eagle soars aloft on his powerful wings and sights his prey from afar, and man develops from a babbling babe into a Godlike being, in whom reason and conscience are inthroned. The plant and animal do this unconsciously, obeying their instincts. Man does this consciously, through the guidance of reason, and by the power of choice.

The ideals which man consciously sets up before himself and endeavors to realize in his life and character spring from the abysmal depths of a superhuman source. Man wills whether or no to register, incarnate and embody these institutions and ideals in his life and character, but they come from the eternal God. We must remember that this earth is a stage on which a world drama is being enacted and that our little lives not only have significance for our poor finite selves but also for the universe which begat us.

The teleological instinct is basal and fundamental in man. The doctrine of final causes has ever appealed to him. He has always inquired about the final purposes of things. And the man in men asks, "For what final purpose was man created? Why did the universal mind never pause in his struggle and striving, in his manifestation until he begot man? For what

reason did the Absolute impose the ethical idea upon man, as the supreme law of his nature?" Unless we believe the universe, with all its vastness and splendor and glory and grandeur and law and order, to be begotten by blind chance, and unless we believe the world ground to be having fun with us, there must be an infinite and eternal meaning and significance to the supremacy of the ethical ideals of man. And I am inclined to believe that the Absolute will preserve whatever is of eternal significance and value in the universe.

But the scientists tell us that the immortality of the mind of man is an impossibility because the mind states are epiphonema thrown off by the brain. The brain secretes thoughts just as the liver secretes bile. A blow on the head will cause unconsciousness and when the brain ceases to function the mind of man dies.

While the brain influences the mind, it is also true that the mind of man, through the brain, influences the body. Worry poisons the secretions of the bile and liver and depresses the entire physical organism. Joy accelerates the entire physical organism. Anger excites and fear paralyzes the heart. The worry, fear and stage-fright of Jim Jeffries made a physical weakling of that giant on July 4, 1910, at Reno, Nevada. Doctors had pronounced him physically sound and perfect; but his mental collapse, caused by worrying over the outcome of his fight with Jack Johnson, the black champion, completely upset and threw his physical organism out of tune. Yes, the mental states have a powerful effect upon the nervous systems of men. The mind influences the brain just as much as the brain the mind.

The mind and brain, then, are two separate things, which are causally related to and reciprocally influence each other during the temporal life of man. But the mind of man has a life and nature that is peculiarly its own, that is sui generis, that behaves in ways peculiar to itself alone, and that transcends the functioning of the brain.

There is a great gulf between the movements in the molecules, atoms, nerve cells and nerve tracts in the brain of a Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Shakespeare, Emerson, Wagner and Beethoven and the wonderful mental creations of these gifted

souls. How translate the commotion in the nerve centers of their brains into the grand thoughts of lofty sentiments that surge in them?

It may be true, as the late Professor William James of Harvard has said, that the brain is the medium for the transmission of thought as well as for the production of thought. And it certainly seems clear that the brain, instead of producing the mind, is the occasion for the mind's manifesting its own peculiar nature and activities.

How, then, could two such separate and distinct beings as the brain and mind reciprocally influence each other and be causally related to each other? Only on the hypothesis that they are the manifestations of the same Infinite Mind, who manifests himself in the world of mind and matter and whose self-consciousness is coextensive with and inclusive of the psychical and physical changes in the universe. The mind of man is the manifestation of the mind of God. And if God so wills, the conscious, rational life of man will survive the death of the body and the destruction of the brain. God has the whole universe at his command.

The mind develops in constant and ceaseless dependence upon the protoplasmic molecules of the brain; but in its growth and development it evolves an ego, a unity of personality, a center of self-consciousness that persists and endures during the modifications in the substance of the brain and changes in psychic states. Nerve cells in the brain wear out and are replaced by new nerve cells; psychic states come and go, and succeed each other in the stream of consciousness like the waves of the sea. But the self, the ego, the unity of personality, the center of self-consciousness, the permanent subject of the psychic states, the "I" who thinks, perceives, imagines, remembers, feels, and wills, remains. And, is it strange that this unity of personality, this center of self-consciousness should survive the destruction of the body, should persist during the physical change of death and be clothed in a new garment and raiment and be attached to a new medium and organ of expression? If God wills it, the rational life of man will survive the death of the body and the destruction of the brain.

I know that this is the age of practical atheism, of agnosticism, the age when men say, "We don't know whether there is any

God!" But when I reflect that I am living in a universe which is built up out of millions of some seventy odd different kinds of atoms, of millions of minute gyrating and revolving ions, in which law and order reign, when I reflect that certain fundamental laws of reason govern my thinking and the constitutional mode of the operation of my mind, when I reflect that from the depths of my nature, beneath the subsoil of my conscious life, rises the impulse of instincts that make me a moral personality, I cannot believe that this vast universe, and myself a mental and moral being, were formed by the fortuitous concourse of blind and unthinking atoms.

The universe needs a God back of it to explain it. I need a God back of myself to explain myself to myself. No wanderer who has ever set sail on the dreaded sea that laves these terrestrial shores, has ever returned to tell of the sights he saw, the sounds he heard, or what beautiful visions greeted his eye on yonder shore; no one has ever returned to tell of the strange land and countries beyond the sea. But when I must shuffle off this earthly coil, leave this bright, beautiful land I love so well, this pleasant sunshine, and the friends whose presence to me is so sweet and dear, and trust myself to a stream that will bear me, I know not whither, I must believe that the unknown ocean currents, urged on by unseen forces, will bear my bark to the region that the Author and Maker of my being and of the universe in which I live, has prepared for me. And when the imprisoned soul has escaped from the cage of the flesh, and has left behind its prison bars, it may be that the noble spirits who have spent their lives doing something to lighten the sins, sufferings, miseries and wretchedness of the world will realize the words of the Apostle when he said, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." And who can tell but what the powers, strengthened by battling with evil and sin in this world, will there find an ampler field of exercise, a broader sphere of activity and a larger arena?

And how can we do better than to act well our part in this life, and then when the hour comes for us to face the mystery of Death, leave the shores of time and venture forth upon the ocean

of eternity—how, I say, can we do better than to trust the power that brought us into being in a world that breaks into expression and bursts into a thousand forms of beauty, in leaves and flowers, in grass and foliage every spring, unfolding in beauty and grandeur, in glory and splendor and putting on the robe of beauty which has ever delighted the eye of man?

CHAPTER II.

God Revealed in the Course of Human History, in the Movements of the Human Spirit in its Historical Development—The Meaning of History.

As I have studied history, two questions have constantly forced themselves upon me, What is the meaning of history? Is the hand of God revealed in the movement of human history? Does the way in which man has moved along in his historical development, does the influence of great men upon history, does the moral order that is revealed in history, does the fact that history shows that religion is the deepest thing about man prove anything with regard to the nature of the world ground? I think so. I will endeavor in this chapter to give a brief survey of the course of human history; to show the part that great men have played in history and the secret of their influence; to show how the immoral nations have gone to destruction; to show how religion is the life blood of humanity; to show how ethical ideals and moral instincts have been the dynamos which have whirled the car of civilization on its onward way; to show that the conscience of man has been the mainspring of his activity; to show that his instinctive morality and capacity for moral development has determined and dominated his movements in history. And then I think that the following conclusion will be forced upon it.

All human history is inexplicable and incapable of being explained if human history is not the manifestation of the self-revealing life of an Immanent God, who is the center and source of all human progress, because he is the Immanent Source and Ground of the ideals and instincts which have been the propelling cause of human progress. If this universe is not rational to the core,—and by rational to the core we mean that the universe is the manifestation of a self-conscious mind; if moral principles are not interwoven in the very web and woof of the universe, imbedded in the structure and nature of the universe itself; if this universe is but the result of the accidental and

fortuitous play of diverse atoms; if human history is but an accidental result of the play of blind mechanical forces, then is not only all human history, all ethics, art and religion an illusory dream, but life itself is an illusion, a monstrous farce. If history is to be understood, if human history is to be interpreted, it can only be so as we recognize, in a dim way though it may be, the presence of God in human nature and history.

There is one set of students of history who regards man as a product of physical conditions, the resultant of physical forces. In their estimation he is a child of Nature. They say that "History is accounted for by the action and interaction of physical and psychical forces. The interaction of known physical laws accounts for the development of history; and by a study of those laws we can predict with a probability approaching to certainty the course of history." This is the biological, the mechanical and anthropological view of history. It is a materialistic view of human character, human life, human history.

Now it is no doubt true that men can develop in history only by constant and ceaseless dependence upon physical and psychological laws. Such are the laws of the physical and natural sciences. Heat and cold, the change of the seasons, the physiological laws of one's bodily organism—these are laws to which a man must conform. Then, too, the geographical distribution of land and water, the fertility and barrenness of the soil, the healthiness of the climate, all of these things determine the movement of men in masses. Again, the fact whether men live on the seashore or in a tropical climate where little exertion is required to get a living and where consequent indolence and idleness result, or whether men live in a rugged mountainous climate where they must get their living by the sweat of the brow, and where sturdy, manly qualities of soul are developed, where self reliance and thrift and energy are developed, these things profoundly influence men's lives and the movements of history. Then, too, consider what effect the fact that the country of Greece was broken up into deep valleys by the mountain ranges had upon the history of Greece and upon the history of mankind. One writer says, "It resulted in the autonomy of the commonwealth." It divided Greece into many little states instead of into one state. "Large armies could neither be trained nor sup-

ported; nor could they be transported so that they could come down over the mountains and despoil those in the plain." It prevented Greece from being a United Greece. And if the several Greek states had been united into one large state, what effect would it have had upon the future history of mankind? Then, too, the physiological and psychical differences of the sexes, the universal laws of family life, must be recognized. But while we must admit that man is acted on by his environment, is influenced and modified by his environment, still it is true that man reacts upon his environment and changes it. He does this in ways peculiar to himself alone. He forms tools out of the elements of nature, he builds houses, he shoots game, he raises crops, he invents machinery and makes the forces of heat, water, electricity and other forces of nature drive his mill, run his cars and administer to his physical wants and necessities, to his comforts and to his luxury and ease. The dog or the horse or the ape does not develop machinery or utilize the forces of nature to the extent that they can feed and clothe and shelter the increasing multitudes of their kind; but man reacts upon his physical environment in ways that are peculiar to himself alone. There you must recognize in man a mind and a will of his own that changes the aspects and facts of nature.

Professor Ladd truly says, "Human history is an extremely complex affair in which the whole human nature, æsthetical, moral and religious as well as the physical and sensuous side, reacts in extremely complicated ways upon the changing condition of the environment." The peculiar and inexplicable fact about man's reacting upon his environment is not so much that he shows more intelligence in providing for his daily wants, for that would only make him a superior animal, but that man has intellectual ideals and a love of truth for its own sake; has ethical, æsthetical ideals and sentiments of awe and reverence, from which he reacts upon his environment in a way to get his philosophy, science, art, ethics and religion—this is what can't be explained on biological or mechanical or anthropological grounds. You cannot understand history unless you understand man as an ethical, æsthetical and religious being. All degrees of civilization, all eras and epochs of history show that the love and appreciation of beauty is an essential part of man's progress.

Professor Ladd again says, "It is the soul of man which makes history what it is. History is a study of the development of the free spirit of man. It cannot be explained on biological, anthropological and statistical grounds alone. Some of the most important economical changes have been due to the fact that man is a religious being. History is the resultant of the entire complex development of man considered as body and mind and determining his own development." That view of history which makes it a matter of biological mechanism ignores the most important class of facts.

Professor Ladd again truly says, "If you confine your handling of it to mere external and mechanical considerations, objective details, you can't get at the heart of the matter. If you deal with the history of Europe from the time of Christ to the present era as a purely economic and political affair, you leave out of the account the greater whole. The politics and history of Europe have been profoundly modified and influenced by moral and religious ideas. The history of political institutions and the history of economic changes is an important but small part of history. The history of domestic and private institutions is an important part of history. The history of art is just as much a necessary part of historical institutions as the political and economic history. Man's philosophy, his science, his art, his ethics and religion are not caused by mechanical forces external to himself; but they arise out of the depth of the human soul. The intellectual, moral and spiritual characteristics of the human soul are what is of main account in history. Then, again, we cannot explain the psychological genius of the Greeks, the genius of Beethoven, the monotheistic and ethical genius of the Israelites, the political genius of the Indo-Germanic races on biological and anthropological grounds. Neither can you explain the great racial characteristics, psychological peculiarities of the different races on biological and anthropological grounds. The race, reacting in a different way on its environment, determines the course of development the race will take. The inexplicable soul life of the Germanic nations is the thing of main account that will explain what the Germanic nations have done and will do in history." How account for the psychical and psychological differences between races, that one has a genius

for religion, another for art, and another for politics, how account for the psychical differences between men of genius of different kinds? You can't do it in terms of mechanism.

You cannot explain on physiological and biological grounds how Moses, Jesus, Paul and Luther became such powers in history. You can't account for the genius and personality of Christ on the ground of enlarged brain area. It is his inexplicable soul life that explains him as a religious genius. His wonderful spiritual insight was the resultant of his spiritual hopes and longings and aspirations; it arose from the inner experience of the man. We cannot leave out of account human individuality and human personality in history.

Then, too, certain sociologists and political economists regard society as an organism; they speak of the social forces which work in this organism, and of the laws which reign and hold sway in this organism. This view of human society is a biological and mechanical view and leaves out of account human individuality and human personality. This view of human society does not consider individuality to be the making force in history. But it sees in human society nothing but the blind, mechanical working of "social laws" and "social forces." It is interested only in the mechanics of society.

There is a very erroneous school in sociology which regards society as a mechanism or as a blind unconscious organism. It looks upon human history as a product of social forces and inexorable laws. Indeed, one hears of the laws to which society is subjected, of the forces that work in human history. But Professor George Trumbull Ladd of Yale University, a philosopher possessing a mind of wonderful depth, subtlety and comprehensiveness, has completely refuted that school of sociology when he says in his "Philosophy of Knowledge," one of the most profound and comprehensive philosophical works ever written: "When one turns to face the concrete and life-like picture of the multitudes of men in the present world and in the course of history, then, too, one inclines to believe that these souls are themselves the forces and that their ever varying and self-chosen relations to the world of things and to each other are the laws which constitute the figuratively so-called social organism. Social forces are not existent, so far as the science of sociology goes,

until the souls are existent. They are no more uniform than are the souls from which the forces spring. And as to the laws of a 'social organism' there are none except those which are made by the action and interaction of the souls themselves. But these are not ready-made laws, as it were; they are only the actually ceaselessly varying and, as we hope, improving modes of the behavior of the individual members of the so-called organism. There is one set of students of history who regard man as a product of physical conditions, the resultant of physical forces, a child of nature. But this is a materialistic view and it ignores the spiritual side, ignores the influence that man is capable of producing upon events. Some men say that events of the past would have happened no matter what men lived. But is it so?"

There are two great sets of facts that this way of looking at human history overlooks. There are the enormous influence of great men upon human history. If a few military geniuses, a few political geniuses, a few speculative thinkers had not lived, the entire course of human history would have been different. They are Jesus Christ, Paul, Augustine, Luther, Moses, Abraham, Buddha and Mohammed, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Columbus, and a few others. Take them out of history and no one can tell what the course of human history would have been. I know that the essential elements of human nature—its hopes, longings and aspirations—are facts to be reckoned with. I know that the prevailing social, moral and spiritual conditions and tendencies of the time are also facts to be reckoned with and facts which the great man must take account of. But it was the peculiar genius of the individual men that was the most important factor.

But while history is to be primarily accounted for by the development of a rational and free human nature, we must remember that the structure of physical nature, the fact that there are rivers in certain places and mountains in certain other places, are facts to be reckoned with also. But some one will object that there are certain great men who were the mere product of circumstances. Circumstances made the man, emergency called him forth and placed him on the top of a swelling tide. But there are two classes of great men; there are men who possess intrinsic greatness, and there are other great men whose

greatness is purely the greatness of opportunity. But it is no doubt true that even the men of intrinsic greatness are partly dependent upon opportunity. They require that they shall live in circumstances which will develop and quicken the latent germ. They require that they shall be given a chance or opportunity to exercise and display their wonderful powers. The political and social genius, and even the speculative and religious genius, is assisted if he casts his seed upon fruitful and fertile soil.

Still the men of intrinsic greatness are distinguished in two ways from the men whose greatness is the greatness of opportunity. The partly great men are carried along by the events, swept along by the advancing tide of public opinion and aroused feeling. They are merely figureheads, who happen to represent the advancing tide or give expression to the aroused sentiment. But the truly great man determines the course of events, guides and directs affairs. The partially great man could be taken out of the situation and he would not be missed; another man could step in and fill his place just as well. But a truly great man is a man who cannot be easily duplicated. It is very hard or impossible to find a man who can fill his place. He is unique. He possesses a penetrating insight, an iron will and a self-possessed nature.

A human ideal has been slowly and progressively realized in the development of human society. Some pessimists have only seen strife and carnage in nature, the survival of the fittest, and they have remarked that nature is red in tooth and claw. But self-sacrifice is as noticeable in animal life as is selfishness, self-assertion and cruelty. As Dr. Gordon has said, "Parental love is the tie that binds the whole brute creation to God." Love is the emotion that binds the generation of the brutes together. Were it not for the facts that mothers of animals cared for their offspring, were willing to sacrifice their lives for their offspring, the young animals could not live. The emotion of love is even found in a lion's den.

But it is not until we reach human nature that the emotion of love passes from a blind, unconscious, natural instinct to an ethical sentiment. The entire history of humanity has consisted in broadening the sphere for the emotion of love. At first we see man in a savage and wild state. Every man was an Ishmael-

ite, with his hand against his neighbor. Then there was a crude family love, caused by the family being knit together in caring for and protecting the young. Then the ties of blood relationship widened, until the family love extended itself, until the clan was but another name for a larger family. Then the emotion of love broadened its scope until it took in the tribe, then the nation or race, and, finally, the growth of commerce, the spread of Christianity, the missionary movement and the hope of international arbitration have so expanded that men are beginning to realize what the brotherhood of man means. The family life is the source from which the nation sprang and it is also the source from which the emotion of love took its rise. We can see that the whole of the higher spiritual qualities of man and the whole tendency of history has moved towards the triumph of moral principles and towards the enthronement of love. Not only has a moral ideal been slowly and progressively realized in the life of the individual, but a moral order has been slowly and progressively realized in the course of human history. This clearly indicates the thought and plan of God which is being realized in human history. I know that there has been a great waste of material and life. I know that there has been many a regression. I know that the element of luck and chance has played a prominent part in human history. I know that there is no special providence in the sense that God directs every movement. But still an immanent idea has been realized in human history and there has been a movement towards some goal; namely, the ideal social community.

And in the course of human history we can see the method of the movement of the Divine Mind. We see first that the method of history has been one of evolution rather than of revolution, of slow and gradual growth rather than of sudden transition. Secondly, we see that the great advances of history have been made by a few men being faithful to an ideal. Thirdly, we see the law of the survival of the fittest prevailing in history.

When Christianity first made its entrance into the world slavery was embedded in the very structure and life of the Roman Empire. Indeed half of the population of Italy were slaves. Christianity advocated a sentiment and embodied a spirit (namely, the intrinsic worth of every individual soul) that was at war with

human slavery. Christianity finally conquered, but the process was a long and slow one. The despised plebeians finally obtained full civil and political rights and intermarriage; but the process was a long and slow one. The Jews had been persecuted for centuries; but at last a Jew became prime minister of England, and now the Jews are beginning to breathe freely. About twelve hundred years ago all Europe was groaning in serfdom, but finally the French Revolution broke forth upon astonished Europe and indicated that the time was at hand when the peasant would secure his rights and privileges. The Saxon peasants, under William the Conqueror, were serfs, and serfdom for a long while held sway in England, yet slowly and gradually the striving Anglo-Saxon spirit burst its fetters, until the Magna Carta was secured and until the constitutional form of self-government prevailed in England. The whole course of human history indicates the terrible patience of God and the fact that he has all eternity at his disposal.

Then, too, when we look at the heroic spirit of the Hebrew prophets; at the heroism of Paul and the other Apostles; at the dauntless courage of Luther, Knox, Wesley and their disciples; at the heroism of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Abolitionists, we can see that human history would not have been what it now is were it not for those little bands of heroic souls, were it not for those rugged adamantine spirits who stood against the world for principles. All human history is a witness and testimony to the psychological fact that a little band of faithful souls, who will not flinch, can shape and cause to totter the confidence of the guilty and can rouse the conscience and stir the spirit of the indifferent.

The entire cycle of history is replete with instances of a rich, luxurious but effeminate nation falling before a hardier and stronger one. Persia became rich, powerful, immoral and degenerate only to fall before the hardy Greeks. The Greeks became powerful, but immorality sapped their manhood and vitality and they fell before the hardy Romans. The little city of Rome ruled the world; but licentiousness and debauchery weakened her and she was unable to resist the tide of barbarian invasion that swept in continuous hordes over the barriers of her empire, until it overwhelmed her. Similarly the fall of Constantinople in the

fifteenth century was caused by degeneracy, consequent upon dissipation.

Fifteen hundred years ago the hardy Norseman and fierce, fearless Vikings made their presence known and felt in Europe. They laughed at the perils of the deep, courted danger, burned villages and pillaged houses. The Anglo-Saxon race ever since has stood forth as the perfect embodiment of daring courage and adventurous aggressiveness. By its bold, daring, adventurous and aggressive spirit the Anglo-Saxon race has conquered every race that it has come into contact with. It has taken up Christianity and has shown its aggressive spirit in carrying forward civilization into the very heart of Africa and in carrying forward the missionary movement. That race, with its progressive spirit, is now developing and carrying still higher the twentieth century civilization. But just look at the facts: Israel, Greece, Rome, the Germanic and Saxon races are the five great races that have thus far made important contributions to civilization. Each race developed a peculiar genius along one line and perfected it in an organized and national life. Israel, as an ethical and religious genius, left her impress upon civilization; Greece, as a philosophic and artistic genius; Rome, as a military, practical and political genius; the Germanic races, as the embodiment of a free and independent spirit; the Anglo-Saxon race, as the manifestation of an adventurous and progressive spirit. After Christianity appeared in the world, each of these five great race stocks not only was influenced and modified by Christianity, but each left its own impress upon Christianity and contributed its own distinctive genius to it. Thus it was from the Hebrew mind and spirit that Christianity derived its conception of the ethical perfection of God and of the reality of sin as an alienation from God. It was from the Greek mind that Christianity obtained its conception of the immanence of the Divine mind in nature, obtained its notion that every visible thing was but the symbol and manifestation of an invisible thought. And here it is that Julius Cæsar made his indelible impress upon human history. He conquered the Britons, the Gauls and Germans; he cleared the Mediterranean Sea of pirates, enlarged and strengthened the Roman Empire in the far East, united and centralized the political life of Rome. Had it not been for the political and military

genius of Rome, and especially of Julius Cæsar, which conquered the civilized world, built magnificent roads and assimilated the conquered into one State, Christianity would not have been the force that it is to-day. Rome became the purveyor of the Hebrew and Greek mind and so conquered and unified the world that it was possible for Christianity to be disseminated over the entire civilized world. We find the Germanic spirit free and independent during a process which began with the Mediæval mystics and culminated in the heroic pleas of Luther for the sanctity of inward piety, of the soul's communion with God, and for individual freedom in studying and interpreting the Bible. Inward piety, philosophical and theological freedom have been the distinctive contribution of the Germanic race to Christianity, and it was from the Mediæval mystics and the German Reformation that Germany received its impulse.

But some one may say, What has the Anglo-Saxon race contributed in philosophy, theology and inward piety? Nothing. But what Rome did for the Hebrew and Greek mind the Anglo-Saxon race has done for the German mind. The Anglo-Saxon race has assimilated the results of the Hebrew, Greek and German genius and is aggressively carrying forward to all parts of civilization the indestructible elements contributed by the Hebrew, Greek and Roman mind. The Anglo-Saxon race is the advance guard of civilization and it is the source from which the great missionary movements have sprung. It is the embodiment of a progressively aggressive missionary spirit.

So the Negro race will never achieve much if it scatters its energy and attempts to blot out the precious traits of the race. We are a race possessing a lovable nature, a spiritual earnestness and a musical genius. The nineteenth century civilization, the nineteenth century Christianity, and especially the American civilization and American Christianity is absorbed in a gross materialism which takes away the spirit of love and depreciates the spiritual side of human nature. There is a felt want and need in our modern civilization and Christianity. The Negro possesses those spiritual and emotional qualities which can soften human nature and spiritualize religion and music. Here is his sphere. He must shake off the infirmities of the Negro race; he must cease imitating the vices of the Anglo-Saxon race; he must

acquire the aggressiveness and tenacity of purpose of the Anglo-Saxon race and develop all that is precious in the Negro genius. But the Negro poet, musician, artist and philosopher must remember that, if he is to accomplish something that will live forever and go down the ages, he must rise above the limitations of a Negro environment, touch the common heart of humanity, rise to the Universal and strike the Universal chord in the harp of God's world. Genius of whatever kind is an inborn quality of the human soul. It enables the possessor of it to constructively and creatively deal with the material at his disposal in unique ways, in ways that cannot be taught or learned. This is true of every kind of genius. It is the peculiar, the inexplicable psychical and psychological differences between men which causes one man to be a political genius, another man to be a military genius and another man to be a religious genius. The environment doesn't make the man, the environment only quickens the latent germ, only develops and brings out what already exists in the man, though perhaps only in embryonic forms. The environment may develop some qualities in a man, may modify others, may repress others. But it can never put into a man what is not in the man. The ideals and fundamental instincts which impel a man of genius or any great man are not imposed upon him from without. They come from within. They grow from within. They are the results of the innate tendencies of the man and they burst forth with the irrepressible vehemence of pent-up energy. The possibilities of every man's personality, the peculiarities of his genius exist, in a dormant state though it may be, in the man and are independent of the man's environment.

While environment may modify a man's original endowment, still the way that a man shall choose or decide at the crises of his career, at the critical moments of his life, moments in which the character is formed or changed, when a man chooses his calling or decides upon any line of action, this is something that is not determined by circumstances, but is accounted for by his inexplicable soul life and by his freedom of mind in choosing and willing. Cæsar's decision on the banks of the Rubicon was not caused by mechanical forces external to himself, but arose out of the depth of the experience of the man. The righteous indignation of Luther at the sale of indulgences was not caused

by the physical forces which acted upon his sensuous organs, but arose out of the spiritual nature of the man.

The other central fact is that if the soil was fertile and the sower had not come and cast his seed the spiritual life of mankind would not be what it is now. If the conditions were all right for a political revolution or religious awakening, but if the great man had not come and set the forces and tendencies into operation and roused men, the course of human history would have been far different. As to whether, if Christ or Mohammed or Buddha or Cæsar or Alexander had not lived, other men of genius would have taken their places and done their work, we do not and cannot know. But we know of no other men of their age who could have done the work they did. And if these other men of genius had lived, we do not know whether the conditions would be the same. But the positive fact that we do know is this: a few unique individuals, coming at the time they did, exerted a tremendous influence upon human history and determined its course, destroyed empires, founded new ones, and were the founders of religion.

Each one of the three great religions, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity, some one of which influences almost every tribe and nation upon the earth, has been the fruit of the thought and inspiration of a single individual. We must take account of the general condition and civilization of the people at the time that Siddartha, Mohammed and Christ arose, as we must also of the general characteristics of human nature as modified by its environment. We must consider the spiritual needs and longings and hopes and aspirations of man. But the dominating force and essence of each one of these three movements was the genius and personal power of the man who gave his thoughts and life to the world to meet its needs.

Before Mohammed's time, the Saracens were men of a narrow iconoclastic spirit and were scattered into a few Bedouin tribes. But what did Mohammed do? In the brilliant words of Professor George Burton Adams: "Putting into definite and striking form the unconscious ideas and aspirations of his people, and adding a central and unifying teaching, and inspiring and elevating notions from various sources, he had transformed a few scattered tribes into a great nation and sent them forth under

a blazing enthusiasm upon a career of conquest entirely unparallelled in motive force and extent."

Mohammed starts out with a few Bedouin tribes and a territory six thousand miles in diameter was occupied and conquered within a hundred years. True it is that the tendencies towards Mohammed's results existed before Mohammed was born. True it is that Mohammed did not build out of chaos. True it is that the Semitic race was an intensely religious race. 'Tis a fact, also, that the conquests of the Mohammedans were easily made, because the races which they overthrew were old, weak races and that when the Arabs met the young and vigorous Franks they were turned back. These three causes partly account for the rise of Mohammedanism, but they do not wholly explain it. A psychological cause remains to be explained, namely, the influence of the personality of Mohammed upon the minds and hearts of the Arabs. The tendencies of the tribe and the intensely religious nature of the Semitic race needed the powerful personality of a Mohammed to put the vague, floating desires and tendencies to unity in religion, language and government, into a definite and clear shape. The creative genius and powerful personality of a Mohammed gave the people a deep channel to work in. If Mohammed had not come and unified the tendencies and desires of his race, no one can tell what the history of those Bedouin tribes would have been.

And with regard to Luther. The fact that there were a religious movement in Switzerland by Zwingli, a movement in France led by LaFevre, a movement in Spain, a desire for reform in Italy, which were independent of each other and of Luther, the fact that some of these movements were before the time of Luther, have led some historians to believe that the Reformation would have come if Luther had not lived, although it might have come later and perhaps in some other country. And some see in the Reformation nothing but the bursting forth of forces working unseen beneath the surface. But these men lose sight of the central fact. No one questions that for a moral and spiritual reformer to exert great influence the times must be ripe and the conditions favorable. He must come at the proper time. But suppose a Luther had not come along and applied the match? Who can tell but the combustible material might never have burst into a conflagra-

tion? Who can tell but what the volcanic fires might have continued to smoulder and ferment instead of belching forth in a stream of hot lava that blazed and burned its fiery path to the sea, if Luther's rugged and heroic personality had not come in the nick of time, as it were, and set the forces and tendencies into operation.

The influence of the truly great in every form of development, in every line of activity, is enormous. But important in the history of the race as is the influence of a great discoverer, explorer, inventor, military leader, statesman or thinker, more important still is the influence of great individuals and a few rare personalities in the religious development of the race. The reason is obvious; the discoverer, explorer, inventor, military leader and statesman makes a change in the external structure of life which reacts upon the individual; but the founder of a religion or prophetic seer works directly upon the hearts and characters and minds of men. A Christopher Columbus, a Julius Cæsar, an Alexander, a Charlemagne, a Napoleon Bonaparte, ceases to exert a personal influence upon men after his death, but the life, the words and writing of a Buddha, a Mohammed, a Newman, a Luther, a Paul, a Christ, continue to inspire and awake the spiritual nature centuries after he is dead.

But it may be asked, Why is it that whereas a great thinker or inventor or discoverer can only hasten the onward march of civilization, yet to a few religious geniuses, often men of narrow views, but possessed of indomitable will, energetic natures and a burning enthusiasm, it has been given to change the course of history, to create history and to found religions and empires? Can we explain it by saying that mankind loves to follow illusions and mirages and hence will follow those men who embody its dreams and illusions? No. No religion has its hold upon the world and upon human nature by reason of the error that is in it or the illusions that it contains, but by reason of the truth that is in it. And Buddha became such a spiritual force and factor in history and founded such a world-embracing religion, because his religion met the spiritual needs of the Eastern mind, which desired an escape from the ills and misery and sin of this life.

Mohammed, Buddha, Luther and Newman or any narrow fanatic or enthusiastic reformer sways men as a speculative thinker

and scholar never can, not because of the illusions which they follow, but because the ideals which they embody and their own intense and powerful personalities are able to appeal to and stir the deep-lying ethical and religious impulses of the human soul. It is because they can liberate the heroic in men and touch and vivify human nature in its inmost depths.

But how account for the magical spell which is wielded by a great man? How account for the secret of the enchantment of his magnetic presence over the hearts and minds of men? Mankind is ruled by kings, because hero worship is an instinct of the human soul. We see Roman soldiers blindly following Cæsar. We see a Richelieu, a Calvin, a Bismarck erecting a liberty-crushing despotism and ruling with a rod of iron. Nay, from the French soldiers, who instinctively bowed before Napoleon and obeyed his every nod and call, as though he were a frowning Zeus hurling his dreaded thunderbolts from the rugged heights of Mount Olympus, up to the noble Oxford youths who eagerly hung upon the lofty words of Newman, so strangely fascinated and overawed by the moral sublimity and spiritual transcendency of the man, we see all men dominated by the man of superior intellect and stronger personality. There are certain instincts as fundamental as the distinction between right and wrong. There is an instinct about that sense of reverence, that sense of yielding ourselves to that which is above us, and it is this that partly explains the superlative influence of a great man. For it explains the influence of the personality of a great man upon the minds and hearts of his contemporaries, and this influence of one personality upon other personalities is an important element in the effect which any great man produces upon his own and following ages. But as to whether that man's word, when it has been spoken, or deed, when it has been done, will be taken up by a tide that no one can control and swept onward, no one can predict, as that belongs to conditions that lie beyond the ken of finite mortals. The conclusion of our study of history would seem to be that it is great men with the breath of the Almighty upon them, great men inspired by ideals, who are the making forces in history.

When one looks at the magnificent civilization of Babylon and Assyria, at the still grander civilization of Greece and Rome, one

notices a striking similarity in the causes which led to the overthrow of these nations. The same sad story is told of all. By reason of their heroic character, simple way of living and sturdy virtues these four nations acquired vast riches and great power. Babylon became rich, luxurious and corrupt, and fell an easy victim to the hardy and sturdy Persians. Then the Persians gave themselves up to fast and loose pleasures and dissipation. They then became physically weak and cowardly. On the plains of Marathon and Salamis the vast hosts of the Persians were routed by the small but valiant bands of the Greeks. And then followed that tale that causes cultured men to look back with saddened eyes to Greece. Greece, the land of beauty, culture and art, became the home of corrupt and degenerate sons of the old heroes; weakened by their dissipation they became an easy prey to Philip of Macedon, to Rome. We next see Rome rising in her might, gaining control of Italy, annihilating the Carthaginians, clearing the Mediterranean Sea of pirates, subduing the Gauls, Germans and Britons, extending her conquest to the far East and binding the whole civilized world into a unified kingdom, whose center and source of power was Rome—Mighty Rome. The power that Rome, that single city, showed in aggressively enlarging her boundaries and in assimilating the conquered nations into Romans and building up a strongly centralized state, challenges our admiration. But with the increase of wealth and power, luxury, cruelty, corruption, dissipation, physical weakness followed. Virtue and chastity became lost; family life became corrupt. The very plain and sturdy virtues by which the Romans gained power were lost, and the effeminate and degenerated Romans were not able to resist the tide of barbarian invasion which rolled over Europe. Mighty Rome was turned over to the barbarians. These four nations of antiquity serve us as a terrible reminder. But let us look a moment at the modern nations and see if immorality and atheism is a cause of their weakness and downfall. The fall of Constantinople in the fifteenth century was due to the corruption, dissipation and consequent physical degeneracy and weakness resulting therefrom. The partition of Poland was caused by the luxury, injustice, cruelty, fast and high living of the Polish nobles. Someone may here object that "Poland was overthrown by the greed of stronger

nations." That is true, but the life of the nobles sapped their physical energy and their unjust government and caste system took the patriotism and lofty spirit out of the middle class of Poland.

France is the best example in modern times of the full results of atheism. France, in the eighteenth century, forgot God and became atheistic. Then, when they believed that there was no future life in which virtue would be rewarded and vice punished, the Frenchmen lived solely for pleasure, sensuality. All Europe in the eighteenth century showed how scepticism and atheism are necessarily followed by crime and vice. But nowhere did there a worse atheism exist than in France and nowhere were licentiousness, sensuality, crime and vice of every description more rampant. And the most central causes of the French Revolution were the atheism of France and the corruption which resulted from it. The licentiousness, luxury, sensuality and love of pleasure of the nobles prevented them from regarding the rights of the people and made them grind every last cent out of the peasants. Then, when the French peasants were aroused, there was no fear of God, no belief in God and the future life to restrain them from the terrible crimes and wholesale murders that even now cause a shudder to come over us, whenever the French Revolution is mentioned. It is a fact of life and history that cannot be denied, that men and nations cannot live a perfect, ethical and moral life, when they think there is no God; as soon as men think there is no God, no future life, they invariably say with Greek and Roman atheists, with the Epicureans, "What is the use of all our striving, of all our suffering, of all our self-denial if there is no God, no life after this life? What is the use of our building up a perfect character and making lofty our whole nature, what is the use of building such a fine edifice of heroic manhood and noble womanhood only to see this fine manhood and womanhood destroyed and perish? Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. Let us live solely for pleasure and let us gratify our animal passions." That is the state of mind that atheism brings a man into; that is the state of mind that ruined Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, Poland, France; that is the state of mind that will sap the strength of and ruin any nation.

Some one may object here that "some atheists are good men, nay, even are heroic and noble men." A few atheists are, but very few. For it is a matter of biography that almost all of the atheistic philosophers, the great men of whom atheism boasts, are immoral men. Voltaire is one of a great number of them.

Very few men have that iron will, that herculean strength of character that, without belief in "an Eternal Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," without a belief that righteousness will finally conquer in this world and that somewhere in the universe, somehow or other, virtue will be rewarded—I say that very few men have that strength of character and iron will that, without a belief in God and immortality, they can suffer unpopularity and hatred and death for right's sake, can calmly face seeming defeat, through all disappointments and failures can be courageous or cheerful, can be proof against every temptation. Parnell and Mark Antony are only representatives of that class of strong men, not guided by religious motives, who have succumbed to temptations. Parnell was a Catholic, and a church member I think, but God and religion did not mean much to Parnell. His religion was not the reality of his life.

I will only glance for a moment at the transcendent heroism of those who had a living faith in the ever-present and living God. Look at the old Hebrew Prophets, who sternly rebuked the Jewish multitudes and suffered persecutions, telling the truth and uttering the thoughts God inspired them with. Look at the Apostle Paul and all the other Christian martyrs, who, with singing and rejoicing, suffered persecutions and went to be torn into pieces by the lions in the Roman Amphitheatre or to be burned alive at the stake. Look at the intrepid Luther, fearlessly speaking the truth about religion; and when dissuaded by his friends from going to the Diet of Worms and to seeming suffering and death, boldy said, "If there were as many devils in Worms are there are tiles on the house roofs I would still go there!" Look at the old Pilgrim Fathers, who, in order to worship God in their own way, left their happy homes in England, came to bleak and barren New-England, heroically endured the frosts, famine and attacks of the Indians, and founded a commonwealth. That old, stern, heroic Puritan blood still courses in

the veins of their descendants. That blood caused Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison and other abolitionists to agitate the slavery question and to suffer for so doing. That old Puritan blood and faith in God caused John Brown to cheerfully die. Look at Chinese Gordon, the Christian soldier, the hero of the nineteenth century, sustained by his faith in God, accomplishing seeming impossibilities, calmly overwhelming odds and so cheerfully bearing the terrible strain at Khartoum and so heroically dying there. Look at the long list of Christian missionaries and martyrs of the nineteenth century, Henry Martyn, Percy Alden, Livingston, Armstrong and others, who have given up personal comfort and selfish ambition, lived for others and been happy in their heroic self-renunciation and self-sacrificing love. Consider that the backbone and strength of England rests in her religious faith and moral stamina.

I know that my proof has not been a strictly logical one. I know that I have barely touched upon some important points. But the subject with which I have to deal is so complex and so wide that it can only be illumined by flashing sidelights upon it from different positions, by looking at it from different points of view.

CHAPTER III.

Teleology in Reality; or, in what Sense is there a Teleological Movement in the World? Is Man One of the Final Purposes of the Universe?

There is one sentence in Hamilton Wright Mabie's essays in literary criticism which equals the best of Emerson's epigrammatic sentences, which could condense a whole system of philosophy into a single phrase. And this sentence will form the text of this chapter.

"Through personality the universe reveals itself, and in the high and final development of personality the universe accomplishes the immortal work for which the shining march of its suns and the ebb and flow of its vital tides were ordained."

I shall endeavor to unfold the meaning of that sentence in this chapter and to throw the illumination of its light upon the great problem of man's immortality.

But, before we proceed, it will be well to glance for a moment at the line of thought already traversed. I have endeavored in the two preceding chapters to show that the universe and man are only to be understood upon the hypothesis that they are the expressions and forthputtings of an immanent, rational, ethical and benevolent world spirit. Then we took up the objection raised by the pessimist, that the sin and suffering and misery and moral evil in the world introduces a discord in the world ground and indicates some imperfection in his nature.

But in those chapters we saw that altruism was as universal a principle as egoism, both in the animal and human world; we saw also that from the time when the nebula began to condense and contract into revolving fluid balls, up to the present time, the whole process of evolution has tended to the producing and perfecting of the spiritual nature of man. This looks as if the universe were ethical to the core and that love and benevolence were imbedded in the very structure of the universe. Then we saw that the hypothesis of man's immortality would resolve the difficulties involved in the problem of evil.

Now, the pessimist may say that I am arguing in a circle; for we cannot prove that God is love unless man is immortal, and we cannot prove that man is immortal unless God is love. But our adversary does not distinguish between positive arguments and negative objections. It is by our positive argument that we prove that God is love. On the hypothesis that God is love we prove that man is immortal. And upon the supposition that man is immortal we can show that the sin and suffering in the world does not invalidate our positive proof that the world is the eternal expression of a rational and ethical Personality.

Thus far, instead of arguing in a circle, there has been a steady progression in our argument. Now we will try to discover what is the destiny of man; but, before we do that, we must see what is man's place in the cosmos. And that will be the burden of this chapter.

The old Ptolemaic astronomy placed the earth in the center of the solar system, around which all the other planets revolved. In the eyes of the old theology man was the lord of the earth; the entire solar universe was created for him and his comforts and he was the center of cosmic space. The earth in this conception was not only the center of the solar system, but was the largest and most important planetary body in that system.

The earth and its revolving planets were formed but for one purpose, to be the terrestrial stage and scene of action in which man would perform his part in the drama of life. Man was a monarch, whose throne was the earth, whose canopy was heaven and whose kingdom was the universe. And this view was given classic expression in Pope's beautiful Essay on Man:

> Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
> Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine;
> For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
> Suckles each herb and spreads out every flower;
> Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
> The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;
> For me the mine a thousand treasures bring,
> For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
> Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
> My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But this childlike naïve belief in the special creation of nature and her forces for man's use and comfort vanished, like the

mists before the rising sun, when Copernicus revealed the fact that the sun was the center of our solar system, around which the earth as well as Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn revolved. Then, with the invention of the telescope, the new astronomy disclosed the truth that those dim, fixed stars, which twinkle faintly in the distance, are light-shedding suns and centers of other solar systems with their revolving planets. Our sun is at least a million times larger than our earth. Julia McNair Wright in her fascinating book on astronomy says that, "Most of the fixed stars are larger than our sun. Sirius is supposed to be as large as eight suns like ours. Vega is as large as thirty-eight suns."

Think of that, Vega, a star-sun, is forty million times larger than our earth. And when we reflect that some astronomers declare that in space there are nine thousand millions of star-suns, with their wheeling planets, we can form some idea of the insignificance of our earth in the solar system. But when we remember in the words of the same author that, "As to distance, one tries in vain to realize it. The nearest fixed star is trillions of miles away. Light travels at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, yet so far off are the stars that it takes their light from three and a half to many thousand years to reach us. If to-day one such star suddenly perished, for a thousand years the light that has already left it would be streaming to us,"—we are appalled by the size and vastness of this universe.

But when we reflect that there are nine thousand millions of shining suns with revolving planets in space; that most of these are more than a million times larger than our earth, and that some of them are ten million times larger than our earth and one of them forty million times larger; when we reflect that Canopus, Rigel and Betelguese are a million times larger than our sun, which is a million times larger than our earth; when we reflect that it takes light, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, over thirty thousand years to reach us from the farthest star-suns and three and a half years from the nearest star-sun, we see that our earth is to the universe as a mere drop in the ocean; compared to the whole system of light-giving suns and gravitating satellites, our earth is but a

tiny speck in the universe. It becomes the height of absurdity for man to say: "For me those shining suns in the infinite spaces shine and sparkle and are set like diamond studs in the dark heavens." Then man seems dwarfed into insignificance.

But another line of reflection takes man down from his self-erected pedestal or egoistic pride. This thought is expressed by Pope when he says:

> But errs not nature from this gracious end,
> From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
> When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
> Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

It is a fact that Nature seems to pay no regard to the life and comfort and happiness of man. The dreaded lightning, the raging cyclone, devastating fire, and flaming and smoking volcanoes spare no human being that is athwart their destructive paths. The ocean engulfs the helpless souls who jump from a burning ship, summer's heat and winter's cold spare neither saint nor sinner. Nature seeks not to please man. She does not ask what he desires. And if man is to survive he must step in line and adjust himself to Nature and her moods.

The principle of the survival of the fittest holds universal sway in nature. And by the survival of the fit, Nature does not mean the intellectually, æsthetically and ethically fit, but those who can best adapt themselves to their physical environment. In the desert, the Bedouin Arab will survive where the Christian saint will perish. In the wilds of Africa, the Hottentot stands a better chance of living than the Caucasian philosopher. Nature says to man: "I don't care whether you are wise or foolish, honest or dishonest, pure or impure, brave or cowardly, adjust yourself to my conditions and you will live." Nature does not wait on man. You must conform yourself to her ways, or else you will suffer, starve or perish. Nature takes no account of your ignorance. You may not know that your next step may plunge you down a precipice to instant death; you may not know that the mode of life you are living will injure your health and bring you to a premature death; but you must pay the penalty just the same. Nature punishes you as much for your ignorance as for your perversity and willfulness and wickedness. In vain do you pray for Nature to yield and spare your life or that of your loved one.

But not only is Nature thus careless about the individual welfare and happiness, but she ruthlessly cuts off the most sensitive and highly organized souls just as they are beginning to bud. Those who have read the "Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature" and the introductory essay, "Brief Introduction and Notes to Literary Criticism," by Edward Tompkins McLaughlin, and seen the memorial volume published soon after his death, will say that his prose and poetic writings reveal rare gifts for a man just turned thirty. He had just been appointed full professor of Belles Lettres at Yale, had spent years of study of Dante and mediæval and modern literature, had begun essays upon Dante and other forms of mediæval and modern literature, and had just begun to give the world the fruits of his study and reflection when he was cut down by typhoid fever at the age of thirty-three.

I well remember, when a freshman in Yale University, twenty-one years ago, while assembled one Tuesday afternoon in Linonian Hall for our exercise in English composition, a rather small, black-haired man, of somewhat feminine appearance and manner, strode nervously into the room. He began in a pleasing, delicate, conversational voice to talk about literature in general, restlessly twirling his slight mustache or twisting his watch chain. There was something about his ardent way of speaking that riveted my attention. I soon forgot his dainty appearance, his feminine voice, his seeming embarrassment and nervous mannerisms and became fascinated by the noble thoughts and beautiful sentiments that easily and naturally flowed in a limpid stream of delightful sentences from the inspired lips of the speaker as he spoke of the literary traditions of dear old Yale and the refining and ennobling influence of the study of literature.

I went out of the place a changed man. I saw that there was an indefinable something about this delicate and sensitive man that I lacked and wanted to possess. Such was my first impression of Professor Edward Tompkins McLaughlin, a man who opened up before my eyes and the eyes of many other undergraduates the vista of the æsthetical and spiritual beauties to be found in literature.

Professor McLaughlin was one of those rare spirits who represent the happy blending of philosophical and practical gifts with the poetic temperament. He was an Emerson, but an

Emerson in whom the poet predominated over the philosopher, in whom the philosopher was lost in the poet. He combined the broad and profound scholarship, the sound sense and fine literary taste of a Lowell with the rare imaginative and poetic gifts, the delicate humor and deep spirituality of a Newman. I do not know whether he had that perfect ear for music which would place one in the front rank of lyric poets, although he wrote some short poems that were gems. But if ever a man had the creative imagination, the dainty, fancy and literary feeling and spiritual sensibility of a true poet, McLaughlin was that man. He had a sure and unerring literary sense. His poetic intuition, aided by his spiritual sympathy with and responsiveness to all that was noble in sentiment or beautiful in expression, would penetrate to the heart of the matter in a way that a profound literary scholar or keen critic never could. He instinctively discerned the secret of the magic beauty of a phrase, or the haunting music of a line.

Had he lived, he would have given to the world essays which would have combined the insight of a Carlyle with the delicate fancy and quaint humor of a Lamb. Indeed, he might have sent forth books like Mabie's "Essays in Literary Interpretation" and Santayana's "Poetry and Religion," essays which register the high-water mark of American literary criticism, and are fit to be placed alongside of Matthew Arnold's essays in Criticism and on translating Homer. But McLaughlin's essays would have been more imaginative in quality, more poetic in feeling. A delicate vein of sentiment and humor would have run through and pervaded them. They would have been characterized, too, by a quaint fancy and been bathed in a dreamy atmosphere. His "Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature," which had not received his final touch, and his other writings which I have mentioned, showed his genius in its budding stages. He was one of those sensitive and strenuous souls, like Emerson, who felt an inner prompting to preach the gospel and carry the glad tidings of great joy, but his broad faith could not be confined within the limits of any definite religious creed, so he chose literature as his pulpit. Had he lived, he would have delivered his message to the world. It might not have been as philosophical as were those of Carlyle and Emerson, but it would probably have been the message of Mabie, touched with the sentiment of Ik Marvel's "Dream Life" and Curtis's "Prue and I."

Like Newman in his famous St. Mary's sermons, he would have searched the human soul and lured it back to the forgotten dreams and forsaken ideals of its youth in language that would have charmed men with its beauty.

What sane gardener would cut off a rose just as it is beginning to blossom forth into a glorious flower and distil its delicious odors? And yet that is what Nature does when she cuts off, before its prime, the budding genius of gifted and noble souls like Charles Ray Palmer, Edward Tompkins McLaughlin and John Keats. These, and other rare spirits, have been cut off before they could do their life work, before they could reveal their powers to the full. And humanity is the poorer for their loss and suffers for their premature death.

If, then, Nature goes on her way regardless of the fact whether she crushes or bruises men, either physically or spiritually, how then can man be so presumptuous as to say that this earth was only created for man's use and comfort, and the forces of the universe to run man's errands and perform his bidding? Does it not look as if Nature had purposes of her own to fulfill and that man is only one of the many instead of the only final purpose that is being realized in the universe?

But while man is not the only final purpose in the world, yet the adaptation of the earth to man, the part the mystery of sex has played in the evolution and development of life and the evolution of man in history, clearly show that man is one of the final ends for which the creation of the world was planned. And in the morning of creation God saw that his divine process would culminate in the evolution of and development of man's spiritual qualities.

Whether the earth was purposely designed and consciously fashioned for man's uses, the fact remains that the earth is especially adapted to man and his comforts. If the forces of wind and water and fire and electricity are destructive of man, yet, when they are mastered and harnessed by man, they do his work for him, carry him over land and sea, run his errands and carry his messages. Even the deadliest poisons, like iodoform, carbolic acid, and corrosive sublimate of mercury and creosote, are useful to man as germicides and disinfectants. Even poisons like arsenic, strychnine and phosphorus are useful in the animal

economy for retarding tissue waste, repairing tissue waste, and stimulating the formation of new cells.

From the most poisonous herbs man has distilled a balsam for his wounds. The bark and roots can be made to discover their hygienic properties and given as medicine to purify our blood and tone up our stomachs. Indeed, Nature has, in the curative properties of her roots and herbs and fruits and acids, remedies for every conceivable ailment of man. But, though these forces and powers are at the disposal of man, they are not given him gratuitously, but must be wrested from Nature by his brain and sweat. And, though the elements of Nature and the animals which are so terrible and destructive of man can be made to work for him, they must first be harnessed and bridled and curbed. This earth furnishes food for man, protects him against summer's heat and winter's cold, and shelters him against the storms and cold, chill blasts of winter. She furnishes him with wool and cotton with which to clothe his body, with coal and wood with which to cook and warm his house; with candle, kerosene, gas, electricity, with which to light his streets and houses. Nay, she furnishes him with implements with which to work and subdue his environment, both vegetable and animal, to his needs.

But man must work hard and wrest Nature's secrets from her, either by force or cunning. The earth, with her pathless woods, trackless forests, fertile soil, with her copper, coal, oil, gold, silver and diamond mines, is lying a rich prize for her conqueror, man. But she waits for pioneers like Vasco Da Gama, Christopher Columbus, Daniel Boone to pierce her unexplored depths. And she needs a genius like Eli Whitney, Robert Fulton, Watts, Stevenson, Edison, Tesla and Bell to bring her boundless wealth within the use of their fellow men.

But besides these powers and forces of nature, which man must bend to his purposes in order to utilize them, it is true that Nature, silently and unsought, ministers to man's wants. The winter's frost breaks the shell and husk of seeds in the earth, and purifies the atmosphere. The bracing wind causes the blood to circulate in our veins and sets our nerves tingling. The cold freezes our ponds and gives us ice to preserve our meats and cool our drinks on warm days. Springtime comes, when all

nature wakes to life; the rain moistens and fertilizes the soil; the light and heat of the sun warms and vivifies the seed, and this combined play of sun and rain on the soil and seed gives us the profuse growth of vegetable life, the ultimate basis of all animal existence, and that divine beauty that intoxicates our eyes with joy. The wood and the vegetation that decays in rivers are metamorphosed into coal which cooks for us, warms our houses and runs our engines, thus propelling our boats through the water, our railroad cars over the land, and furnishing the motive power in our machine shops and manufacturing industries. The lightning purifies the atmosphere of noxious odors; that same electricity serves man in numberless ways. The vapor is absorbed from the ocean and it wends its way heavenward. In the skies, it is condensed into rain and comes down in those cooling and refreshing showers which put an end to the drought and prevents us from dying of thirst. Thus we see that Nature bountifully satisfies our need for food, drink, clothing and shelter.

Then, too, the beneficent change of the seasons, the beneficent variety of day and night appeals to us. It is not so cold in winter that we freeze to death, nor so hot in summer that we die of heat prostration. Thus we see that there is a nice adjustment between the temperature of man's body and the outside heat. If man lives in the frigid zone, Nature protects him with fur against the bitter cold; in the torrid zone, she gives him wide-spreading trees. If it were perpetual day, man could not get his adequate amount of sleep and nervous and mental recuperation, as witness those persons who turn night into day, who work or sport at night and sleep in the daytime. If it were perpetual night, vegetables and plants and fruits and flowers could not grow, man would grope about in darkness, and plant and animal life could not grow and develop as it has. Indeed man would neither be physically nor mentally the being that he is now.

Man is the right size and has the proper organs for utilizing his environment. Suppose man were six inches or sixty feet, instead of six feet high; suppose he lived five hundred or a thousand years, instead of seventy years; suppose he were not an erect being, but walked on all fours; suppose his hands and

fingers were not fitted for grasping, man's life on earth and his development in its history would be totally different from what it is.

The whole significance of the evolutionary hypothesis is beautifully brought out on page 307 of Royce's "Spirit of Modern Philosophy." Professor Royce says: "It is only after a patient scrutiny has revealed, as is the case with the doctrine of evolution, a vast unity in a long series of phenomena; a growth like this which links civilized to savage men and savage man to an animal ancestry; and the animal ancestry to unicellular organisms and these to the inorganic matter of a primitive earth crust, and this crust to an antecedent fluid earth ball, glowing, and parting with its bulky satellite, the moon; and this glowing ball to a primitive nebula; and perhaps this nebula to a previous manifold streaming of multitudinously clashing meteors,—it is only then, I say, when such a book as this splendid history of life lies open before us, only partly deciphered, daily more clearly read by science, that we have a right to ask: 'Who, then, is this self, and what manner of life is this he writes in this book, itself merely a waif from the last tales of endless time, just as the endless time also is merely an illusory form wherein the self is pleased to embody and manifest this truth? Its illusory form is not wholly an illusion. For the Self is all that is and his world is the chosen outcome of his eternal reality. Beyond all these illusions must lie a meaning deeper than we have ever yet comprehended, higher than our thought will soon reach. What fragment, then, of the meaning does the story of evolution convey?' "

Professor Henry Jones in his "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher" gives the best answer to these questions that I have yet seen. He says on pages 209-211 of that book: "Granting the hypothesis of evolution, there can be no quarrel with the view that the crude beginnings of things, matter in its most nebulous state, contains potentially all the rich variety of both natural and spiritual life.

"If out of crass matter is evolved all animal and spiritual life, does that prove life to be nothing but matter; or does it not rather show that what we in our ignorance took to be mere matter was really something much greater? If 'crass matter' contains

all this promise and potency, by what right do we still call it 'crass'? It is manifestly impossible to treat the potencies assumed to lie in a thing that grows, as if they were of no significance; first, to assert that such potencies exist, in saying that the object develops, and then to neglect them and to regard the result as constituted merely of the simplest elements. Either these potencies are not in the object, or else the object has them in it, and is, at the first, more than it appears to be. Either the object does not grow, or the lowest stage of its being is no explanation of its true nature.

"If we wish to know what any particular living thing means, we look in vain to its primary state. We must watch the evolution and revelation of the secret hid in natural life, as it moves through the ascending cycles of the biological kingdom. The idea of evolution, when it is not muddled, is synthetic—not analytic; it explains the simplest in the light of the complex, the beginning in the light of the end, and not vice versa. In a word, it follows the ways of nature, the footsteps of fact, instead of inventing a willful backward path of its own. And Nature explains by gradually expanding. If we harken to Nature and not to the voice of illusory preconceptions, we shall hear her proclaim at the last stage, 'Here is the meaning of the seedling; now it is clear what it really was, for the power which lay dormant has pushed itself into light, through bed and flower and leaf and fruit.' The reality of a growing thing is its highest form of being. The last explains the first but not the first the last. The first is abstract, incomplete, not yet actual but mere potency; and we could never know even the potency, except in the light of its own actualization.

"From this correction of the abstract view of development momentous consequences follow. If the universe is, as science pronounces, an organic totality, which is ever converting its promise and potency into actuality, then we must add with Edward Caird 'that the ultimate interpretation even of the lowest existence in the world cannot be given except on principles which are adequate to explain the highest. We must "level up and not level down"; we must not only deny that matter can explain spirit, but we must even say that matter itself cannot be fully understood, except as an element in a spiritual world.'

"Thus the movement of science is towards idealism. Instead of lowering man, it elevates nature into a potency of that which is highest and best in man. When Nature is thus looked upon from the point of view of its final attainment in the light of the self-consciousness into which it ultimately breaks, a new dignity is added to every preceding phase. The lowest ceases to be the lowest except in the sense that its promise is not fulfilled and its potency not actualized, for, throughout the whole process the activity streams from the highest. It is that which is about to be which guides the growing thing and gives it unity. The final cause is the efficient cause; the distant purpose is the ever present energy; the last is always first."

That is what we mean by evolution, and before I examine the theory in detail, I desire to make three remarks with reference to it:

1. The evolutionary hypothesis is not an established fact or truth. It is merely a working hypothesis with a high degree of probability.

2. If the evolutionary hypothesis be true, so far from its being contradictory to a philosophical conception of human history, it cannot be understood save upon such a view. For how could seventy different kinds of atoms build up one world, an orderly and harmonious cosmos? How could life come from non-life? How could mind come from the non-mental, consciousness from the unconscious, human reason from blind instinct, ethical sentiments from animal instincts? Only if matter were the manifestation of mind and contained the promise and potency of the higher spiritual life.

3. If evolution be true, it only indicates that the whole creation has been groaning and travailing to evolve the higher spiritual qualities of man.

Dean Everett has so many wise and profound things to say with such lucidity and beauty of style about evolution that I must quote him once or twice more. He says evolutionists say "That these results have been produced by the play of external forces acting upon these organisms. But there was a tendency from the beginning to produce the harmonious and complex universe. And if the organisms and environments were coöperative in working together, why they were

the correlative and harmonious elements which were bound up in the world from the beginning. The play of the germ and the environment isn't an accidental play, because they are bound together. We must recognize this organic tendency and organic unity in the universe as the movement of the world ground. There is an inherent tendency in the organisms to produce the higher forms of life. The result of excessive forms of aggregation is the cosmos as we find it. It is idle to say that something must have come together and why not in this form as well as in another? It must strike somewhere in the series and it is not remarkable that it should strike in one place rather than in another. The integration of which Herbert Spencer speaks is that which would result from differentiation. It is impossible to draw an absolute fixed line where chance stops. The original atoms must have been endowed with the possibilities of producing this universe, or else it is a mere chance by which this harmonious world was produced. In the general structure of the world we have geometrical results, we have movements in an ellipse, etc. The world is continually producing a condition in which it can support life, and when life appears, it moves to ever higher and higher forms. The principle of natural selection is supposed to produce organic beings. Could it produce this result, unless it was the working of teleological principles moving in and through the world process?" I think Dean Everett is right.

Now, how can we account for the wide leap from inorganic compounds to organic life, from plant to animal life; from animal life to man? We can't do it, save upon the hypothesis of the forthputting and energizing of an Absolute Mind, immanent in the world and realizing through the method of evolution his own divine purposes.

Thus all through the millions of years, we find an upward movement from undifferentiated star dust to differentiated worlds; from inorganic compounds to simple plant life; from simple plant life to complex plant life; from complex plant life to lower forms of animal life; from lower forms of animal life up to higher forms of animal life; from higher forms of animal life up to primitive man; from primitive man, controlled by passions and instincts, to civilized man, dominated by conscience. Doesn't this upward trend through millions of years, culminating

in man, look as if a divine plan, a divine idea was being realized through evolution? Must we not say, that evolution cannot create anything new; but can only evolve what has already been evolved? Must we not interpret the process of evolution in the light of the highest products? If the atoms produced man, they must contain man's intellectual, æsthetical and moral faculties in embryo in the germ. But the truth of the matter is, that we cannot understand evolution, save as it is the method of the world ground in creating beings and manifesting himself.

And now to sum up what I have been saying. When we consider how this world is adapted to the wants and needs of man, how important and necessary a part the differentiation of the sexes has played in the development of organic life, it is hard to believe that a process, which in an upward movement culminated in man, did not have in mind, in the very beginning, the production of rational self-conscious, ethical spirits. The scientist may say that man is a legitimate child of Nature, springing from Nature by a natural process, according to natural organci and biological laws. Natural laws of organic and biological evolution account for man.

I do not deny this, but what I affirm is this: man emerges at the end of this process of organic evolution because these natural laws, these biological laws, are nothing but the modes of operation of the Divine Mind and Will—God's method for realizing his ideas and manifesting himself in temporal forms.

As we go back in thought to the time when God evolved the world out of primeval mist and chaos and sent five hundred million suns, with their revolving planets, whirling into space to chant the song, "The hand that made us is divine," we behold the unfolding of a mighty cosmical drama. The primitive star dust in the form of a hot, gaseous vapor began to contract, whirl and throw out rings, which cooled off and condensed into planets, revolving around a central sun. Our solar system was one of the countless myriads thus formed. The earth was at first swallowed up in water. Then the dry land appeared. Somehow protoplasm, a germ-like cell, containing wonderful potencies and possibilities of development, found a lodgment upon this planet and started a cycle of development that reached its culmination in the evolution of man, a rational self-conscious spirit. It looks as if the

whole creation were groaning and travailing for the advent of man. Seventy odd kinds of atoms, composed of whirling and revolving ions, could never have accidentally gotten together and built up this cosmos. The blind play and fortuitous concourse of atoms could never have produced this wonderful universe. Some Guiding Mind is needed to account for it.

But the question arises, could not man have been evolved and developed as a spiritual being without carnage in nature, without this ruthless destruction of animals, without animals tearing and rending each other in their slime, without such waste of material? Could not the same end have been obtained without such a bloodthirsty and painful process? These are the real questions involved in this vexed problem.

But, if it is true that selfishness and cruelty have played such a great part in the evolving of life, altruistic forces have been at work in the universe from the first. The love of mate for mate, the love of the mother for her offspring,—without this animal life could not have been preserved. In this love of the female animal for her child, we see a divine spark that unites the animal to God. And especially, when we come to human life, we see that love in some form or other, whether low or lustful or high and spiritual, is the ruling passion in men and women. If this principle of love holds such universal sway in nature, does it not indicate something as to the nature of the World Ground? Again, if the whole course and trend of history and evolution has tended to a higher and richer and nobler expression of the same passion, doesn't it show that the World Ground is a loving personality, rather than a cold, pitiless Absolute? We have not the undoubtable proofs that God is a loving father, as we have that the World Ground is rational, æsthetical and moral to the core; but we may have a rational hope with a high degree of probability attached to it.

The method of God's procedure in evolving and developing life. It is because God is operating in and through the laws of organic life that man comes into being. Man is finally produced on this earth because God had him in mind from the beginning.

The scientist may again say that God did not consciously design this earth for man; but that man is the natural offspring of the earth, springing from biological germs that have been generated by the parent organisms.

That is no doubt true, but the parent offspring has the power to throw off seed germs, and these seed germs, in a certain peculiar manner, develop into human beings, only because God's plan and will is immanent in the organism and germ from the start.

The question, is there a teleological movement in the world, admits of but one answer. That man is one of the final purposes that this universe was intended to realize, does not admit of a doubtful answer. But when we ask, is man the only final purpose that this universe was intended to serve, or is he the supreme final purpose that this universe was intended to serve, we are asking far different questions. The fact that Nature, in her obedience to inexorable laws, never swerves from her path to please man, that she frustrates his most cherished hopes and dearest wishes, ruthlessly and permanently destroys the fairest flowers of human blossom when her laws are disobeyed or man happens to stand athwart the path of her titanic forces, such as the cyclone, volcano, lightning or angry waves, forbids us believing that the only purpose this earth exists for is to produce man. Nor again can we ever know whether the creation and eternal preservation of finite moral personality was the supreme and most important final purpose God had in mind when he manifested himself through this universe.

I cannot do better than close this discussion by quoting from the chapter, Light Thrown upon the Problem of Immortality, in my work, "The Agnostic Tendency of Modern Thought," which I hope to publish some time in the near future:

"Now with such a theory of the presence of Absolute Mind in finite minds as their immanent source and ground, immortality is not only possible but probable. For we share in the life of the Absolute Life, as the Apostle says: 'In him we live, and move, and have our being.' But if our spiritual and mental life has no abiding and permanent ground in an Absolute Self-Conscious Life, which is in touch with it all the while, why, then, with the decay of the brain tissues, immortality is an impossibility.

"Unless there is an Infinite Self-Conscious Life, an infinite spiritual life, with whose life our spiritual life shares, why, then, the only consistent theory is that thought and all mental life is a product of the brain. But if the mental life is not a product

of the brain or has no source in an Absolute Life, whence does it derive its life and its varied complexity? It is only because our mental life shares in the life of absolute mind, that the mind, while in reciprocal influence with the brain, can transcend the brain and live in a mental and spiritual kingdom, which is not translatable in terms of matter or physical unconscious life?"

CONCLUSION.

Herbert Spencer says that the Absolute is unknowable. Some scientists claim that the universe was formed by chance as the result of the blind and fortuitous concourse of atoms. Some philosophers say that the universe was formed by blind necessity, that unconscious reason created the universe.

How do we know man? We know him through the works that he does,—so we can know God. In daytime, the city streets and buildings, the works of man, so absorb our time and thoughts that we don't get out into the country and think of budding and blossoming nature, as the life, the forthputting and manifestation of a creative spirit. In the nighttime, the glare and glitter of the city lights, man's creation, so dazzle us that we don't have time to think of the far-off stars, the flaming and whirling chandeliers of heaven, that are held in their places by the laws of gravitation, in the blue-domed vault of God's vast cosmical cathedral—a cathedral whose immensity, complexity, grandeur and sublimity dazzles the imagination, in its highest flight.

The law and order reigning in the heavens above, the law and order reigning in the atomic world, show that God does not work by chance. Then the geological study of the earth, the study of astronomy and the long and slow process of biological and historical evolution show that God does not hurry, but takes his time.

We have found out four things about the Author of the Universe, the Architect of the cosmical cathedral, and the Geometer of the Heavens. He puts on a robe and garment of beauty every spring. He has created a vast cosmical cathedral, in which the laws of mathematics are crystallized into blazing suns, with their revolving satellites. Then He works by law and

not by chance. His method seems to be that of slow evolution of forces, residing within the organisms and atoms rather than of interference from the outside. Our first thought is that God is a being of vast worlds—embracing intelligence, and of wonderful power.

Then, too, we really know that we are the children of Nature, the offspring of the Universe. The moral imperative is the deepest law of our being. It wells up in us spontaneously. It rises from the abysmal depths of our being. It speaks with a more than human authority. It seems to come from a superhuman source and to issue out of the life of the Eternal One. To seek and will the morally good is a law of our being, as it is a law of water to flow down hill, for incense to rise or for fire to burn.

These facts ought to give us some insight into the basic nature of the Being who brought us onto the stage of existence, onto the scene of action. The offspring gives some token of the nature of the parent. The structure gives some indication of the mind of the architect. If the universe were not ethical to the core, how could the moral imperative be implanted in us as the fundamental law of our being? Is not the wisdom of the ages crystallized in the thought, "the voice of conscience is the voice of God."

Every reflective mind has contrasted the reign of God in nature and the reign of human ideas in the mind. We find necessity in nature and freedom in the human personality. The same God who created matter with its laws also created mind with its ideals. And in this resides the tragedy and pathos of human life. The unchanging laws of matter frustrate our desires at every turn, prostrate us on a bed of sickness and finally destroy us, as a sentient personality. Nature seems to pay no regard to the wishes of man and brings to naught his choicest plans. The laws of matter decree that the cycle of our existence as sentient beings will be sooner or later brought to an end. Our physical bodies are made of perishable materials and will sooner or later crumble and decay and mingle with the material elements, from which they came.

On the theory that the production of the physical happiness of sentient beings was the final purpose of the universe, we find

ourselves confronted by difficulties that we cannot surmount. But on the theory that one of the final purposes of the universe was the development of man as a spiritual being, his unfolding as an ethical personality, we can have a philosophy of life that is not set at naught by the facts of experience. On the assumption that the divine spark survives the dissolution of the body, we can see the rationale of the World Spirit's mode of procedure. On the assumption that the grave ends all, the universe is an enigma, a sphinx riddle and an unsolved problem. The human mind demands an explanation of the universe. Only one explanation will satisfy it. Nothing short of the immortality of the human personality will satisfy human reason, in seeking for a rational explanation of the meaning of the universe and the meaning of the creation of man.

But the "how" eludes human analysis and defies human speculation. And the "why" of God's mode of procedure also escapes our observation. It is verily true that we see through a glass darkly. At the best, we only have vague hints, intimations, guesses and surmises. We but see the unfolding of a colossal cosmical drama, whose inner forces escape our ken, and whose final outcome escapes our finite vision. But we have a clue to the secret of the universe, to the mystery of existence, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, that may lead us through the wilderness of doubt, a key that may guide us through the labyrinth of speculative inquiry.

That man, as a rational and ethical personality, was finally evolved, after long eons, after the groaning and travailing of ages, as the highest product and fairest flower of the universe, ought to give some token and indication of the purpose and plans of the creative spirit, who didn't stop in his creative forthputting, in his historical unfolding and terrestrial manifestations, when he had flung millions of huge, flaming balls of fire with revolving planets into the distant spaces, but called on the whirling ions that form the atoms, upon the circling atoms that form the molecules, upon the molecules that build up matter, to do something more than form whirling and blazing rings and worlds out of gaseous vapor and primæval mist, until the growth forces, inherent and latent in matter, finally evolved life, then sentient life, then rational, ethical spirits.

We whose life rarely exceeds four score years, and whose period of productive activity rarely exceeds two score years, have not sane perspective, as a God who has all eternity at his disposal, for whom centuries are but a moment of time, whose omniscience embraces past, present and future. But we must believe that God has some purpose in manifesting himself in the world of mind and matter and in creating the universe, and us as a part of the universe.

May not the Hebrew sages have been right when they said that man was made in the Divine image and that the purpose and end of his existence was to grow into the likeness of his Maker? May not the Presbyterian Catechism have been right when it said man's first duty was to glorify God and that he could glorify God by making his body the temple and dwelling place of the Holy Ghost. The desire to have spiritual children, to reproduce himself in his creatures, may be one of the ideas that the Creative Spirit is endeavoring to realize in this vast cosmos.

Necker, sometimes profound, oftentime eloquent, uttered a profound truth when he said: "There is some magnificent secret concealed behind this superb proscenium which the drama of the world gives utterance to. We will never believe that our imagination only outsoars the limits of time to furnish us with a simple plaything. It is not worth while deceiving us if we have but an ephemeral existence."

I cannot better close this hovering around the porches of philosophy than by quoting the words of one of the men who has stood for the best in Yale life. When I was an undergraduate at Yale there were three men on the faculty whose academic position enabled them to mould the lives of the students. I refer to ex-President Timothy Dwight, a New Testament Greek scholar, a sagacious administrator, whose wisdom, grandeur of soul, and kindliness of nature, made him a beloved president; to Dean Henry P. Wright, a man of remarkable poise, balance, sweetness, and serenity, with ability to call out the highest and best in a student's nature, whose worth the University recognized by erecting Wright Hall in his honor; and to Dean Andrew W. Phillips, who irradiated the dry subject of mathematics with his keen wit and genial personality, whose services to the University

have been eloquently referred to in Professor William Lyon Phelps's article in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*. Dean Phillips has penned a few lines on the Shadows on the White Mountains; they contain the philosophy of a mathematician who has the Browning optimism; and I cannot better close this discussion than by quoting these lines:

THE SHADOWS ON THE MOUNTAINS.

The floating shadows in the Great White Hills
Fill me with rapture, and my whole soul thrills,
For, on the ground, I have before my eyes
The image of the clouds that deck the skies,
Shadows ourselves; what shadows we pursue
Of substances beyond our own purview.
The Universe, yes, all that we find here
Is but the shadow of some vaster sphere,
And man, created in God's image, he
A shadow, truly of that God, must be.

CHAPTER IV.

The Great Man in History—An Estimate of Gladstone and Bismarck, the Two Greatest Teutons of the Nineteenth Century, and of Frederick Douglass, the Greatest American Negro of the Nineteenth Century; and a Glance at John Henry Newman, the English Preacher, who was a Compeller of Men.

History is replete with the deeds and achievements of those strong men who, by the sheer force of a commanding personality, have dominated and ruled their fellows. The story of how that bold adventurer of royal blood, William the Conqueror, infused his own reckless and daring spirit into his followers, crossed the English Channel, and triumphed on that memorable day at Hastings; the story of how the greatest orator the world has seen since the days of Demosthenes, William Pitt the Elder, the man who could silence an opponent with a glance of his eagle eye, without the prestige of wealth or rank or the backing of a political machine, with the King and his cabinet, with the House of Lords and the House of Commons opposed to him, breathed his own heroic spirit into a discouraged and disheartened people, fired the English nation with his own faith and passionate patriotism, charged it with his own ardor and enthusiasm, roused it out of its lethargy and started it upon that career of conquest which ended in wresting the supremacy of the sea from France, and driving the French out of Canada and the Mississippi Valley, and caused England to become the mistress of the sea and the Anglo-Saxon race to become supreme in America,—has ever captivated and fascinated men.

The student of history knows that the races which have largely shaped the world's history, such as the Anglo-Saxon, the Germanic, the Latin, Hellenic and Jewish peoples, have looked back upon an illustrious past and drawn inspiration from their heroic leaders, who tower in their colossal grandeur like Alpine peaks. Such men are Moses, Paul, Pericles, Alexander the Great, Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Mirabeau, Luther, Bismarck, Samuel Adams, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln,

William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner. But educators and missionaries know that young men often admire without seeking to emulate the heroes of other races. But when they behold one of their own kith and kin rising from obscurity to fame, challenging the admiration and commanding the attention of the world, they feel, "We too can do the same," and there enters into their own souls that intrepid, dauntless spirit which laughs at danger and adversity and transforms the very obstacles and difficulties that confront them, the very opposition they encounter, into stepping stones by which they mount the heights of human achievement, rounds by which they climb the ladder of fame. It is true that glorifying the great men of a race is a way of uplifting the whole and that nothing can be better for the inspiring of a race than holding up before its members the possibilities for their own development, which their leaders have shown them. If, then, the Negro race is to be uplifted out of the illiteracy and superstition in which it has been left by two hundred and fifty years of slavery, it must produce leaders whose greatness is a prophecy of the possibilities of the race. The question may well then be asked, "Has the Negro produced such leaders in the past or are there any such who are living to-day?"

Scholars and thinkers differ in the criterions by which they judge greatness, and differ in their definition of what greatness really is. Who is a great man, has long been a question that has divided the critics. I believe that a great man is a man who impresses his contemporaries and posterity, either by exceptional ability or transcendent character, or the dynamic force of an iron will. And when I speak of a great Negro, I do not mean one of whom our Anglo-Saxon friends say, "He is smart for a Negro," or, "If he had the advantages of education and opportunity to prove his worth, he would have made a splendid record," but I mean one who has fulfilled the promise of his youth and who, when measured by the same standard by which we estimate the worth and value of a white man, will be weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

I have met several Negroes of remarkable ability. Some of them are talented and capable to an unusual degree. As I look over the list of our prominent Negroes, it seems to me that there

are over two hundred colored men whose actual achievements have registered the high-water mark of Negro capacity and made history for the Negro race. And there are one hundred colored men whose brilliancy or genius or achievements have dazzled the most hostile Anglo-Saxon critics. And I believe that there are thirty colored men who have won world-wide fame and ten whose names are familiar to almost every schoolboy in the land. Possibly some of those whose names I have omitted are just as talented as those I have included, but I am speaking of those colored men whose ability has crystallized into deeds that mark a distinct advance for the Negro, who by concentrating and focusing their ability and powers for the attainment of a definite object, have achieved some definite work, or produced some definite and distinct impression upon their contemporaries.

Some may wonder why I have not included many versatile colored men among my Negroes of exceptional ability and remarkable achievements. This is the reason: for many years I have been a careful student of history, and a careful observer of men; and I have done more thinking than I have reading, and I have often reflected upon the reason why many brilliant and gifted men do not loom up in colossal proportions in the works of Carlyle, Emerson, Matthew Arnold, Macaulay, Green, Taine, and other great writers. I have discovered the reason. A versatile man of rare gifts who dissipates his energy, who does not stand for the achievement of some one definite task, who does not write a great book, or make a great speech, whose name is not connected with some one great cause, or one great idea, never makes a distinct and powerful impression upon the world.

The men of one idea, who hammer away in their deeds, writings, sermons, and speeches to embody and realize it, are the men who move the world, and make history. And that is why Hon. Archibald H. Grimke and Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois, while no more capable than a score of other Negroes, are in the limelight of the public gaze to-day.

A man must have some positive convictions, some clear-cut and well-defined ideas and policies to make an impression upon the world, or be a positive factor in the world's progress. A man who is merely tactful and diplomatic, who merely goes with the crowd, who merely swims with the prevailing currents of popular

opinion, who merely floats upon the crest of the popular wave, is usually a negative quality in human history. I have met so many of our prominent men, men holding good situations, who seem to have no ideas of their own regarding the higher and industrial education of the Negro, and his civil and political rights. They merely echo the popular cry, when the world is looking for a voice and not an echo. I cannot regard them as great men, and they wonder why they are sidetracked and passed by for Dr. F. J. Grimke and Dr. DuBois; they wonder why these two have the center of the stage to-day. The reason is so clear that a child can see it; each of these men stands for some one great idea, and they will live in Negro history, because they have been as zealous as Mohammed and the Apostle Paul in propagating their faith.

In my estimate of the relative worth of our great men, living and dead, my judgments may not always run in the conventional ruts and grooves of opinion. That is because I try to see men and measure them through my own eyes, rather than through the eyes of other men. Only one man out of a thousand really thinks for himself. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men in every thousand allow others to do their thinking for them. They take their ideas ready-made from others. They go with the crowd and blindly worship popular idols. That is quite natural, since man is a gregarious animal, and goes in flocks and crowds. That is the psychology of the mob and of mob violence: one man inflames the crowd and then they all go crazy.

Here in America, wealth is deified. There is only one standard and estimate of success in America, and that is the ability to make money. I wonder whether the lowly Nazarene, St. Paul, St. John, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Vergil, Dante, Demosthenes, Cicero, Seneca, Epictetus and St. Augustine would be appreciated at their face value if they were living in America to-day.

I suppose that the reason why American scholarship is so shallow and superficial to-day, in comparison with English and German scholarship, is because of the prevalence of materialistic standards and estimates of success in this country. I suppose the reason why we have few men of the caliber of Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner in Congress to-day, the reason why most of our statesmen are mere opportunists, the reason why we have

not a philosophic statesman of the type of Burke in Congress to-day, the reason why few of the men in American public life to-day are scholars and philosophers of the type of Gladstone, Bryce, Duke of Argyll, Marquis of Salisbury, Balfour and Morley is because in America we prostrate ourselves before the brazen calf, we bow before the Baal of materialism, and worship no god but the Almighty Dollar. The Negro is an imitative being. He has not yet in large numbers reached the reflective stage where he does his own thinking and forms his own ideas of conduct and character, and hence he swallows whole the teaching of his Anglo-Saxon friends, and blindly accepts the leaders his white friends select and choose for him. Usually a race chooses and selects its own leader because he is the exponent and representative of the ideals and hopes and aspirations of the race. But it seems as if we were not out of our swaddling clothes yet, and our Anglo-Saxon philanthropic friends must present us with a leader, as a father presents a toy to a child, saying, "Now, little colored man, see what a nice little leader your papa has chosen and selected for you. Take good care of him. Don't hurt him. He is your Moses, follow him."

And if little Sambo says, "Daddy, I wants to choose my own boss. I don't wants no toy Moses. I wants a real leader," his Caucasian spiritual father will become shocked and offended, and will regard him as an ungrateful wretch. And if Sambo does not hear in every tintinnabulation of the Moses set up for him to worship the Vox Dei, if he does not attach papal infallibility to every casual word of his toy leader, his Caucasian spiritual father will brand him a fool or knave. It seems to be a crime now against the State, a capital offense, for a colored man to say that he believes he is a man and not a monkey. And it seems to be a sin against the Holy Ghost, a sacrilegious and impious defiance of the decree of the Almighty, for a colored man to say now that he believes he has a soul as well as a body.

I have no objection to our Anglo-Saxon friends, North and South, recommending leaders to us for our reception or rejection; but I question the efficacy of the attempt of some of our friends to choke us into submission, to strangle free inquiry, and to adopt the methods of the Spanish Inquisition in forcing leaders upon us. In the days of the Spanish Inquisition, they burned heretics

at the stake, roasted them alive, broke them over the wheel, and tortured them at the rack.

We are supposed to have outgrown that now. This is supposed to be the age that tolerates freedom of thought in religious, pedagogical and political matters. But there are some Northern philanthropists and some trustees of Southern high schools and State colleges who will throttle the nascent Negro manhood by refusing to aid or employ educated colored men who believe that the Negro has a soul to be developed, a mind to be trained and quickened, as well as a body to be fed and housed and clothed.

And I would say to our Anglo-Saxon friends, North as well as South: "Don't club us if we don't bend the knee in humble submission to the fetish you give us to worship." And I would say to any aspiring Negro leader: "Advocate your own theories as to the civil and political rights of the Negro and as to his industrial education as much as you please. It is your divine right, your privilege and prerogative. But, by any means, don't use your white friends, who control the political patronage of the United States, who contribute to Southern schools, who control the schools of Washington and other Southern towns, who control the State colleges of the South, don't use your white and colored friends who edit white and colored newspapers and magazines to annihilate and crush those colored men who have the honesty and courage to speak and write as they think. God gave them an intellect whose nature and essential being is to evolve thoughts.

"The American Negro will accept any leader who makes his appeal to his reason and conscience; but he will never graciously accept a leader who is rammed down his throat after he has been beaten into insensibility and bound hand and foot." And I would say to our Caucasian friends: "Please don't extinguish the spark of manliness that is burning faintly in our breasts."

I have said that the prevailing standard of success in America is a materialistic one, and that the Negro has, in a large measure, naïvely accepted this standard. We frequently hear half-educated upstarts, who are more smart than wise, and who possess more flippancy than brains, say: "We like to see a man do something. We are tired of so much talking." And it is quite the fashion now to sneer at and ridicule our orators and literary men.

But I believe that the men of thought, rather than the men of action, have been the ones who have set into operation forces and tendencies that are moving yet.

The man who can think and write and talk, creates and propagates the ideas, that when planted in the minds of the masses rouse a million men to arms and to action. Who caused the miraculous spread of Christianity over the Roman Empire? A few talkers and writers. Who was responsible for the rapid rise and growth of Mohammedanism? Who formed the scattered Bedouin tribes into a mighty nation that swept all opposing it like a devastating cyclone or the resistless rush of Niagara, before Charles Martel, the hammerer, and hurled back the frenzied and fanatic Saracen hosts at the battle of Tours? One talker and writer, Mohammed. Who roused the Grecian states to rebel against Philip? One talker, Demosthenes. Who roused a million men to arm themselves, cross a continent and die by the thousands in the attempt to capture the Holy Land, from the Mohammedans? One fiery fanatic, one impassioned orator, Peter the Hermit. Who applied the match that caused the combustible material to burst into the flame of the Protestant Reformation? One monk, Martin Luther, a man who nailed ninety-five theses to his church-door at Erfurt, defied the powers of earth and hell, feared neither man nor the devil, and roused the German people to the fever-heat of enthusiasm by his eloquent sermons. Who caused the Calvinistic conception of the sovereignty of God, the Calvinistic ideas of civil and political liberty, to become such potent forces in England, Scotland, and America? One thinker and writer in Geneva, John Calvin. Who started that Puritan Reformation that ended in toppling King Charles from his throne and beheading him? A few writers and preachers. Who were responsible for the production of those ideas of the natural rights of man, which worked in the minds of the French masses as a fermenting leaven, which intoxicated them with the desire of battle and lust for blood, which so stirred them that they threw aside the restraints of reason, law and religion, beheaded the King and Queen, and for a few months made the streets of Paris run and reek with the blood of thousands of France's noblest citizens? Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot and the French encyclopediacs of the eighteenth century. Who called the minute

men of '76 to arms, who rang the alarm bell that welded the thirteen colonies into a formidable and resistless army? Samuel Adams, Otis Hancock, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and a few other talkers and writers. Who uprooted the iniquitous system of African slavery, of traffic in flesh and blood, that was embedded in the very institutions of the land, protected by Congress and the Supreme Court, and sanctioned by the Church? Why, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Sumner, Frederick Douglass, and a few other thinkers and writers, who crystallized the sentiment of the North, and made their appeals to the hearts and consciences of the nation.

Verily, it is true of the thinkers, writers and talkers, one shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight. The thinker is the High Priest of modern society.

When God turns loose a thinker upon this planet he releases and sends forth a force that shakes the earth from pole to pole, overturns established institutions, overthrows monarchies, changes dynasties and ushers in a new and better order of things. The hand is the hand of the doer of deeds and the achiever of results; but the brain which conceives and shapes the idea is the brain of a thinker. Hence, the motive force, the motive power, of any work, issues and emanates from the mind of some thinker.

One book, the Bible, has revolutionized the history of the world. One book, the Koran, has changed the map of Asia and decided the fate of nations. One book, Homer's "Iliad," became the literary bible of the Hellenic race; Achilles, the hero of the "Iliad," became the ideal hero of Alexander the Great; and Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans could hold the Pass of Thermopylæ against the Persian hosts, because the courage and heroism of the Greek race was fed on Homer's "Iliad."

One book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sung its way to the hearts of the American people and made friends for the poor slave by the thousands. One book, a dusty Latin Bible, worked the spiritual transformation in Luther that resulted in the Protestant Reformation and changed the faith of half of the civilized world. One book, "The Souls of Black Folk," has placed DuBois on the throne of Negro leadership, through the dynamic force of the written word.

What is diviner than the gift of speech, the power of one man to stamp the impress of his individuality upon hundreds and thousands of other men? One man, Demosthenes, with no other weapon than his tongue, roused the Greek states to rebel against Philip of Macedon. One man, Savonarola, by the torrential impetuosity of his eloquence, ruled gay Florence with a rod of iron for many years. Two men, John Wesley and Whitfield, through their ardent preaching, started Methodism upon its triumphant career. One speech of Patrick Henry inflamed the Southern Colonies against Great Britain. The peroration of one speech of Daniel Webster crystallized the Union sentiment of the North. One speech of William Jennings Bryan swept him on to the saddle of Democratic leadership. One speech of Booker T. Washington did more to make him famous than twenty years of hard work in building up Tuskeegee. Yes, a few writers and orators can turn a country upside down.

In Part I of this book I take up two hundred colored history makers. But, after I speak of them, I desire to mention and refer to three hundred very intelligent and very talented Negroes. In ability and attainments they are the peers of many and the superior of some whom I include in my two hundred great Negroes, whose actual achievements marked a forward advance for the race. Some may think that this is a hypercritical distinction, and that I am indulging in the hair-splitting that characterized the mediæval scholastic philosophers and the Jesuits. But you must understand my point of view. I am a historian and not a biographer in this essay. What is the difference? A biographer eulogizes a man or woman whom he admires, or loves, or he critically portrays the life and character of a man or woman who interests him, while a historian records the deeds and achievements of those men and women who have made history. So, while my two hundred great Negroes in my chapters upon Colored History Makers, may not be superior in education and ability to my three hundred strong Negroes in my chapter upon Some Prominent Negroes of To-day, or to several whom I have not mentioned in this essay, they have made history for the race. And how can the members of a despised, proscribed, ostracised race, a race with circumscribed and limited opportunities, make history for the race better than by breaking across the color line

and forcing recognition from the more powerful and more dominant race. So, other things being equal, preference in this book will be given to those who have broken across the color line. To recapitulate, I have three groups or classes of the prominent Negroes I catalogue and classify and assign to their respective places. First, I have my talented and remarkable Negroes, such as the twenty-five who distinguished themselves in Northern and Western colleges, and the three hundred I will mention in the chapter on Prominent Negroes of To-day, and one hundred more I could mention. Then I have my two hundred Negroes who have made history for the race, and then, lastly, I have my thirty exceptional Negroes and my ten Negroes of world-wide fame.

Now this is no arbitrary distinction of mine. Conspicuity is the universal criterion of greatness. How does a man or woman live in history? He or she must do, achieve, discover, invent, write, say or teach something to attract attention. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, is an example of a man who, while not a great doer of deeds, great thinker, writer or orator, was nevertheless a great teacher, and a remarkable inspirer of young men. A man of genius who buries his talents or hides his candle under a bushel does not make history. It is true that many a budding genius does not unfold his latent powers, because they are frozen, chilled, discouraged and depressed by a cold and unsympathetic environment, and that many a great man never had the opportunity or chance to let out his speed and unlock and let loose his stored-up energy.

There are two classes of great men, those who seize the opportunity that is presented to them and make the most of it; and then there are those men who create and make the opportunity that rides them into greatness; they are restless, resistless, aggressive and combative natures; they rise in the world because the life-principle, the impulse to grow and develop and force their way through, around, over and under obstacles and opposition, in their effort to reach the sunlight of fame is born in them. Oliver Cromwell, Gladstone, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, Booker T. Washington and W. H. Lewis are instances of the former type of great men; while Julius Cæsar, a great statesman, jurist, grammarian, writer and

orator of power, William the Conqueror, the Earl of Chatham, Disraeli, Theodore Roosevelt, Martin Luther, Bismarck, Mirabeau, Napoleon, Frederick Douglass, William Monroe Trotter, W. E. Burghardt and DuBois are instances of the latter type of great men. Were it not for the Puritan Reformation, Oliver Cromwell would have died an unknown farmer. Had it not been for the agitation preceding the Revolutionary War, Patrick Henry would have died unknown to fame. Were it not for the Civil War, U. S. Grant would have died an unknown saddler. Were it not for the anti-slavery agitation and the Civil War, the greatness of Abraham Lincoln would never have impressed the world. Circumstances made Toussaint L'Ouverture, and emergency called him forth. How ably he seized the flying opportunity, the world well knows. He rode on the wave of a revolt of slaves into power and he directed that wave.

Now, for the latter type, I will take Frederick Douglass, Bismarck, Gordon and Newman. The work of Frederick Douglass has not the permanent value of that of Toussaint, but Toussaint did not create the opportunity that made him famous as Douglass did. Like Martin Luther, Frederick Douglass was a giant intellectually, morally and physically. Born a slave, the love of liberty, the desire to rise in the world, was innate. He picked up pieces of spelling books and readers from the gutter, dried them and so learned to read. He used the planks in the shipyard for a blackboard, the crayon for pencil, and so learned how to form figures.

He learned how to read, write, cipher and spell against his master's wish. He thrashed the bullying overseer and fought a mob on the docks of Baltimore. Thrice thwarted in his desire, plans and efforts to escape, he did not despair. His fertile brain successfully devised the plan whereby he and his wife escaped from slavery. The whole world knows the story of his life in freedom. Like a spirited racehorse that stands with head erect, nostrils distended, pawing the ground, on fire with the desire to let out his marvelous speed, Frederick Douglass sniffed the air of freedom, gave himself the word "go," started from slavery and went down the racetrack of progress in the face of opposing winds of race prejudice and across the country roads of achievement with lightning speed. He was like a game, gritty, nervy,

halfback, who, with lowered head, set jaw, and dogged determination, strikes the opposing rush line at full speed. Frederick Douglass faced the formidable rush line of human slavery, determined to win his freedom, or die in the attempt. He charged into it; it swayed; it bent; it broke! First his head came through, then his whole body, and he broke clear through the walls of slavery. But he did not stop. He kept on. He dashed down the field of achievements with plenty of steam and speed to let. He threw off the halfbacks of American prejudice, bowled over the fullback of jealousy of other smaller Negroes and made a touchdown after a one-hundred-and-ten-yard run, from goal line to goal line—from the depths of slavery to the heights of fame.

This is no fanciful picture. When Frederick Douglass came to New Bedford he secured work as a common laborer, preaching occasionally in a colored Methodist church. It happened that one of the Abolitionists heard him preach one Sunday and was impressed with his eloquence. He was invited to be one of the speakers at an anti-slavery meeting.

His soul was on fire with a righteous indignation at the cruelty of slavery. His address that day brought tears to the eyes of several ladies, and Garrison waxed eloquent. Then he was employed as an anti-slavery orator. He was stoned, rotten-egged and beaten into insensibility by a mob. His life was threatened. Again and again he faced and defied mobs. Sometimes no inn, or hotel, or home would receive him, because he was colored. But he did not despair; he soon became the honored guest of the most distinguished men in England and America. And he wore his honors gracefully. He was marshal of the District of Columbia, recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia, and United States Minister to Hayti. He died worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars. So we see that Douglass went from the very bottom rung of life's ladder, a slave, to the very top, a distinguished and famous man. Before we take up Bismarck, Gordon and Newman it may be well to glance at the career of Gladstone, who represents a different type of the great man from Douglass, Bismarck, Gordon and Newman.

Gladstone, physically, mentally and morally represents the acme of human development. He was of almost herculean size

and strength. He was a ripe, classical and Biblical scholar, blessed with a splendid physique, a strong, rugged, yet kindly countenance, and a rich, ringing, baritone voice. As an orator, he was almost the equal of Chatham, and was the peer of Mirabeau, O'Connell, Webster and Phillips. But the influence of Napoleon, Bismarck, Carlyle, Emerson, Goethe, Newman, Kant and Hegel upon the political and spiritual life of the nineteenth century has been deeper and more far-reaching than Gladstone's.

While Gladstone was the grand old man of the nineteenth century, we must remember that he changed sides on almost every public question that was brought before England during his political career. He was an opportunist. At first he was a protectionist, and then he was a free trader. At first his sympathies were with the Confederates, and later he saw the justice of the cause of those who fought to preserve the Union and abolish slavery. He belonged to all of the different political parties at different periods of his life. He began his political career as a Tory, then he became a moderate Conservative, afterwards he joined the Whig Party, then he became a Liberal, afterwards a Radical, and finished his career striving for Home Rule for Ireland. Of course it indicates that Gladstone was unusually quick and keen in his perceptions, that he kept his eye open, was alert in noticing the trend of affairs and swift in adjusting himself and his views to the new conditions; it shows that he had an open mind and a teachable spirit. But it also shows that Gladstone was not gifted with that political genius which intuitively discerns the trend of affairs, that he was preëminently endowed with that philosophical mind which would not be deceived by the appearance, but would penetrate to the heart of the matter, trace causes to their effects and thus forecast the future. Gladstone's shifting policy indicates that when he was once in error he did not always remain in error but would return to the right path; but it also indicates that Gladstone's first judgments were not always correct and that he often missed the mark on his first shot.

Like Newman, Gladstone possessed an intellect of wonderful subtlety and was a remarkable dialectician. But as was the case with Newman, his subtlety and keen dialectic was often employed

in making himself believe what he wished himself to believe and in raising hair-splitting distinctions, which the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages and the Jesuits delighted in. Gladstone's feeling and prejudices often biased his judgments; and the calm judicial mind of the philosopher was not one of his leading traits. The fact that Gladstone chose third-rate men for his assistants, by whom he was often ill advised, because he could easily manage them, because they would not contradict him, and which brought Chinese Gordon, the Bayard of the nineteenth century, to his death at Khartoum, shows that he lacked Bismarck's knowledge of human nature, Bismarck's knowledge of the way to handle men. And Gladstone's work as a statesman lacked the unity which was characteristic of Bismarck's statesmanship. Gladstone was not like Bismarck, a statesman who saw from the beginning the end to be realized, saw what materials and forces which the times and conditions furnished could be selected as means to realize that end. Gladstone was one of the noblest and most gifted men of the nineteenth century, but he was not an epoch-maker—not the creator of an epoch.

Gladstone was one of those men who coöperated with the ideals of his own age. He was a splendid representative of the best humanitarian spirit of the age. He was an incarnation of the modern democratic spirit. In him were personified and embodied the best forces and tendencies of the age. But Gladstone did not overthrow any existing social order nor did he create those moral, social and political ideals for whose realization he so nobly strove. Now we come to Gladstone's important measures. Gladstone, in an effective manner, worked in harmony with the spirit of the age and modern currents of thought and feeling. He assisted the stream of English history in flowing in the direction in which it was already moving, but he did not turn it into new channels nor give it a deeper channel in which to work.

The modern spirit of liberty was formed by the meeting of the electric currents of thought and feeling which were set in motion by the Protestant Reformation. It was guided by the philosophers of the eighteenth century. It attained to full size in the American Revolution and burst like a meteor in the air before the astonished eyes of Europe in the French Revolution.

And, like the irresistible rush of a mighty river, it has been sweeping everything before it in the nineteenth century. It has been pulsating in the blood of the Anglo-Saxon in the present century, and if Gladstone had worked against the spirit, instead of checking it, he would have been overwhelmed by it. Thus we see that Gladstone was not one of those statesmen who made history; but Bismarck is the statesman of the nineteenth century whose personality determined the course of events in his day. He was not as versatile a man as Gladstone; he was not as broad and sympathetic and kindly in nature; he was more narrow in his sympathies and prejudices. His questionable political methods, his unscrupulousness and cruelty as a statesman, such as when he offered to aid Russia in crushing Poland in order that he might win over Russia, so that she would remain neutral while he dismembered Denmark; such as when he used Austria as an ally and then picked a quarrel with her and cemented ties of friendship with Italy, her natural enemy; such as when he deceived and outwitted the French emperor and Russian diplomats so that they would not disturb him while he was conquering the Austrians,—suggest that Bismarck derived his political ideals from Machiavelli's "Il Principe," and clearly shows that Bismarck was morally inferior to Gladstone. But Bismarck played the more important rôle in the affairs of men. Gladstone's was a nobler, more beautiful, and sweeter nature; but Bismarck's was a more colossal. Gladstone was preëminently a man of moral, Bismarck of dynamic greatness. The world was slightly a better world because Gladstone lived in it; but it was a decidedly different world because Bismarck lived in it.

Then, too, Bismarck worked against the progressive and democratic spirit of the nineteenth century. He could not form any permanent party in the imperial legislature after the Franco-German War, but was compelled to rely upon shifting combinations to secure his ends, using Peter against Paul one day and Paul against Peter the next day. Bismarck could only obtain executive control of the treasury for the purposes of the army, and force his army measures through, by several times bringing Europe to the very verge of war. He could only maintain his ascendency in the Reichstag by "adopting a protective tariff which hampered the free development of the natural resources

of Germany." His attempt to crush the Roman Catholics in Germany was thwarted by their passive resistance. His attempts at colonial expansion in the South Pacific and in Africa were only partially successful. His work as a domestic statesman, in which he resorted to arbitrary measures and temporary expedients, was only crowned with temporary success, because he was fighting against the spirit of the age; but it shows the tremendous power of the man. Then, too, the arbitrary measures and temporary expedients of his domestic policy were absolutely necessary to the carrying out of his ruthless foreign policy. And it is highly improbable that any other than the iron hand of Bismarck, any other than the blood and iron policy of Bismarck, could have welded the German unity.

But what did he do that has permanent value? The one aim that dominated his career was welding the German people into a unity. The end that he kept constantly before his mind was the uniting of all the Protestant and semi-Protestant states of Germany into a confederacy and unity of which his Prussia should be the controlling factor, of which his Prussia should be the heart and mainspring. And of course Austria was to be excluded by peaceful means, if possible, by forceful, if necessary.

How did he realize that end? In 1861 Bismarck saw that the first step to be taken would be the strengthening of the army. The Chamber refused to do it and he dissolved it in defiance of the Constitution and public opinion. Then he set to work to consolidate the powers of Germany and to strengthen its foreign relations. With what success everyone knows. He soon had the best disciplined army and best disciplined nation in Europe. The result was that Germany entered the Franco-German War, in which the process of welding the German unity and fusing the various elements was completed, with a thoroughly trained army and a united confederation that was a tribute to the fertile mind and personal power of Bismarck. After the war he saw that the *sine qua non* of Germany's preserving peace and being the arbiter of Europe was the possession of a strong army and the forming of effective alliances. He set to work to do that. What was the result of his policy? He found his Germany fifth in the list of European powers; he left her second to none. He found Germany broken up into many jealous and discordant states;

but out of them he created a united Germany. United Germany is a glorious monument to the political genius, the iron will, the indomitable spirit, the blood and iron policy, and the diplomacy of Bismarck.

Bismarck's work was crowned with success. But it was a success that cannot be attributed to the spirit of the age, or to the social and political forces working unseen beneath the surface in Germany. It was a success that was in defiance of the political and social forces of the nineteenth century. It was a success that was in defiance of the Constitution and public opinion of Germany. It was a success in which Bismarck's personality was the dominating and controlling factor in the whole scheme. And without him Germany would not be where she now is, and the political history of Europe would be different from what it was in the latter half of the nineteenth century. And, from an æsthetical standpoint, what a sublime spectacle Bismarck's career presents—an end kept constantly in view, a skillful adaptation of means to an end, a knowledge of the levers by which men are moved, and that remarkable foresight and keen insight into the springs of human action, backed by a massive personality of herculean determination and superhuman energy!

Critics may say that Bismarck was unequal to guiding the Germany he had created so that it would move and develop with the tendencies of the age, they may say that Bismarck has left uncompleted a work which only a statesman with the democratic spirit and humanitarian nature of Gladstone, a veritable champion of liberty and a believer in the rights of the people, could do; but the fact remains that it was Bismarck who created this united Germany, and that without the planning mind and guiding hand of Bismarck, Germany would not be what she is to-day. Whether Germany ever plays the leading part in the world's history or not, whether she becomes a destructive or beneficent agent, the fact remains that Bismarck is the embodiment of titanic force, directed by a gigantic intellect, and that that force and that intellect changed the map of Europe and made Germany what she is to-day. No great statesman or military leader has ever dominated the men and events of his time to a greater degree than Bismarck. And in Bismarck we see one man whose personality is woven in the very web and woof and texture of history.

I will now introduce Chinese Gordon, and I believe that he, together with Bismarck, Gladstone and Newman, will go down in history as one of the spectacular and picturesque figures of the nineteenth century. Bismarck's, Gladstone's and Newman's title to fame is secure. Gladstone, as a statesman, has not done for his country what Pericles did for Athens, Cæsar for Rome, Charlemagne for feudal Europe, William the Conqueror for early England, Richelieu for France, Peter the Great for Russia, Frederick the Great for Prussia, Chatham for England, in former centuries, or even what Cavour did for Italy and Bismarck for Germany in the nineteenth century. But when we consider Gladstone as a statesman, orator, Greek scholar, and Bible student; when we reflect that his nature, like a mighty organ, responded to the humanitarian waves and currents of the thought and feeling of the nineteenth century; that at eighty years of age he had the physical vigor to fell the oaks of the forest, we must recognize that, taking him all in all, Gladstone is the finest specimen of manhood physical, mental and moral, that the nineteenth century has produced. Both physically, mentally and morally he has reached the acme of human development, and in that lies his title to immortal fame.

Cavour was the creator of a United Italy, in the same sense that Bismarck was the welder of a United Germany, out of discordant elements; yet the Germany that Bismarck fashioned is such a powerful military machine that he may well be regarded as the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century.

And now we come to Chinese Gordon, the Christian soldier and martyr. He brought no great war to a successful close as did Washington, Wellington, Grant, von Moltke and Garibaldi. But his brilliancy as a soldier, his efforts to break up the African slave trade and his fervid religious faith stamp him as the Bayard of the nineteenth century, as the knight who was without fear and without reproach. Not since the days when the Knights of the Round Table sought so earnestly for the Holy Grail has such a chivalric warrior donned the plumed helmet, buckled on his armor, seized the battle axe, set his lance in rest and wandered over the world in search of adventure, longing to rescue the weak and oppressed.

And his buoyant faith and sturdy heroism in the last days at Khartoum and the tragedy of his life, these have glorified his life with an immortal halo and lighted up his last days with the undying flames of romance. He went down to his grave at Khartoum covered with a blaze of glory.

Cardinal Newman was not such a potent intellectual force as Kant or Hegel, not such a potent scientific force as Darwin or Helmholtz, not such a potent literary force as Goethe or Browning, not such a potent moral force as Carlyle or Emerson, and yet he is the most chivalric and picturesque spiritual hero of the nineteenth century. There is something spectacular about Newman's setting his lance against the intellectual forces of the nineteenth century, vainly hurling himself against the aggressive force of the human intellect, vainly attempting to stay the advancing tide of human thought. And then consider him as a man. Froude, the biographer of Cæsar, says that Newman possessed the noble head, the Roman nose, the firmly compressed lips, the determined jaw and commanding personality of Cæsar; that, like Cæsar, he was a born leader, compeller and ruler of men. When we reflect that no other master of English prose, no other writer of melodious English in the nineteenth century was such a magnetic preacher and illustrious leader of men as Newman, and when we remember the dramatic and tragic close of his spiritual career, we must admit that he was the most interesting spiritual hero of the nineteenth century.

While Newman and Chinese Gordon were not epoch makers as Bismarck was, while they were leaders of forlorn hopes and lost causes, yet the fact that they created the opportunities that made them famous, the fact that they were leaders rather than followers of public opinion, the fact that they conceived and followed out a definite plan of action, the fact that they were such remarkable leaders of men, show that they were men of dynamic as well as moral greatness and hence belong to the Douglass and Bismarck rather than the Gladstone type of great men. Noble, gifted and brilliant as he was, Gladstone was an opportunist in politics and, like Roosevelt, belonged to the type of statesmen who met the emergencies as they arose, rather than the Richelieu, Chatham, Burke and Hamilton type of statesman, who planned and built for the future.

CHAPTER V.

Roosevelt and the Negro—The Man of Thought Versus the Man of Action—Roosevelt, Joseph Benson Foraker, Oliver Cromwell and Charles Eliot Norton as Typical Great Men.

Newpaper reputation does not necessarily determine a man's greatness but it does determine a man's fame. In this connection I once heard Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard say, "Fame is the newspaper reputation of future generations." Great is the power of the press. The newspapers make men nowadays. They made Booker T. Washington and Theodore Roosevelt. They began talking about these two men and soon everybody was talking about them. Ask ninety-nine men out of one hundred why Booker T. Washington and Theodore Roosevelt are great men and they will hem and haw and say, "One built up Tuskeegee, and the other one organized the Rough Riders, etc." Undoubtedly they are remarkably successful men of action. But the real reason the man thinks they are great is because every one is talking about them. And the newspapers started people's tongues a-wagging about them. That is why the career of the former was meteoric.

The newspapers can transform a pigmy into a giant. But there is one thing they cannot do, they cannot reduce a colossus to the size of a dwarf. Genius will shine even through a black skin and in the midst of squalor and poverty. Ragged clothes cannot obscure its luminous rays. Character cannot be hid, even if it resides in a garret. It will make its presence felt even though masked under a dark complexion. The greatest thing God ever created is a human soul, and if God makes a man great, man cannot unmake him.

Comparisons are odious. But I regard Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard as fully great a man as Theodore Roosevelt, who is one of the most forceful personalities of the present century. The country does not think so. This is the speculative, sensational and picturesque age, the age of the doubting Thomases. Unless a man does something that we can see with our eyes;

unless he makes something that we can smell and taste; unless he builds something that we can touch and handle, and feel and weigh and measure, we don't think he has done much. Theodore Roosevelt is a great man. He is smart and magnetic. He is big and he carries the big stick. He is the embodiment of the fighting, aggressive spirit of the Anglo-Saxon. The spirit of the Vikings, of the old sea rovers, who braved the dangers of the deep, still lives in him.

Professor Kelly Miller, in his masterly analysis of ex-President Roosevelt's personality in his pamphlet, "Roosevelt and the Negro," says: "A man almost or wholly without Anglo-Saxon blood, he is the ideal embodiment of the Anglo-Saxon spirit, which glorifies beyond all things else the power of doing things,

> "The Celt is in his heart and hand
> The Gaul is in his brain and nerve."

This is only partially true. While Roosevelt is the embodiment of the rash, reckless and restless Viking spirit, the incarnation of Anglo-Saxon fire, dash, energy and enthusiasm, he yet lacks the critical and analytical intellect, the calm, judicial mind and the cold, phlegmatic temperament of the typical Anglo-Saxon of whom Wellington, Washington, Webster, Lincoln, Spooner, Root and Grant are splendid specimens.

This was abundantly illustrated by his hasty though well-meant decision in the Brownsville matter, when he discharged colored soldiers without the form or semblance of a trial, and his wholesale throwing out of the colored delegates from the South at his Chicago convention in August, 1912. The impetuosity of the Irish, the "hot heart of the Scot," the fire and enthusiasm of the Huguenot, and the dogged determination, the grim stubbornness of the Dutch are all blended in Roosevelt's unique personality. He might be called a cosmopolitan, who possesses all of the virtues and some of the faults of those great race stocks.

Roosevelt's real greatness is not in what he has done but what he is. There are a score or two of men now living in America who could do what Roosevelt has done, if given the opportunity. Brainy, brilliant and brave men like Roosevelt live in every age. But educators with Professor Norton's insight into art and literature and history and life, educators who blend sturdy vigor of character with gracious and winning manners,

who blend the strength of a Phillips with the grace of a Curtis, are rare. Sometimes only one such lives in a generation. Norton was not only as great a critic as Matthew Arnold but he was as great a teacher as Thomas Arnold. We applaud the man who can lead a thousand men in a charge and who can control a thousand politicians. But we ignore the man who can reproduce his personality in the lives and characters of a thousand students.

I have carefully considered the work of Roosevelt as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Governor, as prime mover in the suit against the Northern Securities Company, adjuster of the anthracite strike, handler of the Miller case, promoter of the Panama Canal, pacificator of warring Russia and Japan, and investigator of the Standard Oil secret rates; but I do not see what Roosevelt has achieved that is of permanent value, besides doing a lot of talking and writing about the strenuous life, and displaying a great deal of physical courage, and manifesting a great deal of titanic energy. Roosevelt will go down in history as a spectacular, picturesque, interesting, fascinating, dominating and masterful personality, who possessed a wonderful amount of personal magnetism. He may stand out in American history as Cromwell does in English history. He will appear as a master politician and a born leader of men. He has won the confidence of the masses and has not wholly alienated the sympathy of Wall Street. That in itself is a remarkable achievement. But I do not believe that he will be regarded as a constructive and creative statesman of the type of Chatham, Robert Peel, Richelieu and Bismarck, or a philosophic statesman of the type of the Marquis Ito, Alexander Hamilton, Charles Sumner and Edmund Burke. He has not the ponderous legal mind and is not the constitutional lawyer that the late Senator William M. Evarts of New York was. It may be questioned whether he has the inimitable wit of Tom Reed or the rare common sense and quaint humor of Abe Lincoln and Uncle Joe Cannon, who recalled the shrewd, kindly Yankee. Roosevelt is not as big and brainy as Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner and James G. Blaine. He is not more brainy nor more brilliant than Roscoe Conkling. One may wonder why he dominates the country as neither of these four did. It is not so hard to see the reason why. The name "Rough Riders" tickled the popular

ear. The charge of Roosevelt and his Rough Riders up San Juan Hill caught the οἱ πολλοὶ and made Roosevelt more popular with the masses than Charles Sumner was. To see a wealthy man, a dignitary of the State, lay down his office and go to the firing line appealed to the young American mind. Then, too, Roosevelt's attitude toward the trusts shows that he is more courageous than Webster, and more honest than Blaine. This gives him the confidence of the people, for they believe that he is a lover of fair play and means to do the right thing by them. Is it that big heart, that big soul of his that endears him to men? But I now come to the real secret of Roosevelt's popularity. Webster never had the stage to himself. Calhoun was as strong in intellectual and moral force. Clay was as magnetic an orator. And they divided the honors with him in Congress. Then, too, the sudden rise of Wendell Phillips as an anti-slavery orator focused the attention of the country upon him. Both Blaine and Conkling were men of strong, masterful personalities and imperious natures. They were born leaders and rulers of men. They were two intellectual giants, two titans pitted against each other. The result was that they crippled each other's influence and divided the attention and admiration of the country.

Now Roosevelt had no Clay, no Calhoun, no Conkling, looming up in the public eye, as gigantic as himself. Since the deaths of Sumner and Blaine, and the retirement of Conkling, there has been no commanding personality in American public life, with the possible exception of Justice John M. Harlan of the Supreme Court bench and Senator J. B. Foraker. McKinley was far-seeing and magnetic, but not forceful enough to be a great man. He was a fascinating but not a commanding personality. The same might be said of the genial, scholarly and eloquent Senator G. F. Hoar. Tom Reed, a big man physically, intellectually and morally, a dogged fighter, calm, cool and deliberate in debate, keen and sarcastic in invective, admired and respected, but dreaded and feared, lacked the gift of eloquence. Bryan, Bourke Cochran and Chauncey M. Depew possessed it in a preëminent degree. But people are afraid of Bryan because of his free silver heresies and socialistic notions. They believe that Cochran plays to the galleries, and they question his sincerity. They regard Depew as a financier, and a felicitous after-dinner

speaker, but question his earnestness of convictions. Hearst possesses brains, resourcefulness, ambition, energy and a masterful personality; but it remains to be seen whether he is a statesman or a shrewd politician. Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator Spooner, Senator Elihu Root and President Woodrow Wilson are almost as strong intellectually as Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner and James G. Blaine. But they are too quiet and reserved, not strong and dramatic enough, not sensational and spectacular enough, to appeal to and fascinafe the popular mind. LaFollette and Jerome have the necessary dash and nerve, the brilliancy and magnetism, but they are small in stature, and Americans, like their heroes, must be large in size. Now Taft is a big man, big physically, mentally and morally, and an able man in every respect; but he is not as sensational as Roosevelt or Bryan, and America demands that her heroes be picturesque figures. Hence, Roosevelt stands out because he lives in an age of little men. He has no Fox and Burke to share his greatness as Pitt had. He has no Disraeli and John Bright to draw the popular eye and attention from himself, as Gladstone had. When I say that this is the age of little men, I do not mean small intellectually and morally, but there are few men now living who possess the qualities of leadership, few who can command the attention and challenge the admiration of the world.

Some say that Senator Bailey, Ben Tillman, Hoke Smith, Governor Blease of South Carolina, Governor Vardaman and Tom Dixon are breezy enough to attract attention. Undoubtedly Bailey, Tillman and Hoke Smith are men of unquestioned ability, but they are narrow-gauged men and extremely prejudiced. And Blease, Vardaman and Dixon are nothing but "bombastes furiosos," howling dervishes and sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. They are all banty roosters in comparison with Roosevelt.

Mark how tactful Roosevelt is; first he catches the masses by settling the coal strike and bringing suit against the Northern Securities Company. Next he catches Wall Street by his handling of the Miller case and by refusing to make a wholesale assault upon Wall Street. This shows that Roosevelt is a man or resourcefulness and that his policy is in keeping with his idea of a square deal. It is only as regards the Negro question

that he has failed to carry out his square-deal principle to its legitimate conclusion.

The Americans are hero-worshippers. They soon get tired of one hero, like a child of a toy, for a trivial pretence or pretext, drop him as they did Admiral Dewey, and are then on the look-out for a new hero, as a child for a new toy. And it seems to be the duty of the newspapers to find and discover real heroes, and to make them known to the rest of mankind. If no real heroes exist, then it is their business to create and manufacture heroes, and serve them up to the palled taste and jaded appetite of the Americans, always craving a new sensation. That is the cause of the former unparalleled popularity of Booker T. Washington and Theodore Roosevelt. The deaths of Phillips Brooks and James G. Blaine and J. C. Price and Frederick Douglass left a void and a vacuum in the public mind. Like an infant crying in the night, these American people cried out for a black and white hero. And the newspapers saw that these two answered the bill better than any others.

America is the country of deeds and achievements. There is a hunger for the heroic, for the picturesque, in the American's nature. When he reads of the ancient heroes and the daring deeds and miraculous achievements of Samson and Hercules, of Jack the Giant Killer and Robin Hood, of Rob Roy and Richard the Lion-Hearted, when he reads of the influence wielded by an Alexander the Great, a Julius Cæsar, or a Napoleon Bonaparte he weeps because these quiet, peaceful times, this commercial, ease-loving age has no sensational, spectacular and picturesque personalities to match against these. Dare-devil Diavolo, who loops the loop on a bicycle; Prodigious Porthos, who goes down a steep incline and makes a flying trip in the air on a bicycle; Death-defying Gabriel, who breaks records with his famous automobile, called the "Dragon," satisfies the American's hunger for the display of nerve-thrilling, hair-raising feats. But there is not enough dignity and respectability to these. Now Roosevelt, the bear killer, the lion killer, the elephant killer and the rhinoceros killer, the leader of Rough Riders, the tamer of politicians and fighter of the trusts, can do enough stunts to dazzle the eye as much as the tight-rope walker or trapeze performer. Then his grandiloquent manner and his tragic posing throws the mantle

of sublimity around all his acts and actions. Roosevelt is the greatest grandstand player since the age of Napoleon. So, then, we must regard Roosevelt as the Hercules, the Jack the Giant Killer, the Richard the Lion-Hearted of the twentieth century. He has more of the qualities that make a popular hero than any living man. In the early Greek and Roman days they would have deified such a heroic figure and made a demigod of him. He was a find for the newspapers, and they who catered to the tastes of a sensation-loving age would not let such material and stuff for breezy and catchy articles pass by unnoticed.

President Thomas Miller of the State College in Orangeburg, S. C., says: "Roosevelt's fame will never die. He will never become like Blaine and Conkling, a sad relic of departed greatness. His dare-devil dash into a conflict, uninvited and unexpected, will make him live in the popular mind. But he will live more strongly and favorably amongst the young and hopeful."

While the American's ideal Anglo-Saxon is a bold, lion-like character, his ideal Negro is a meek and humble man like the good old Uncle Tom of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel, who, on bended knees, pathetically and piteously cried, "Please, Marsa," or like the traditional conception of the lowly Nazarene, who was brought "as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth." Goldsmith's parson in his "Deserted Village" answered this description. "At church, with meek and unaffected grace, his looks adorned the venerable place." We look upon Uncle Tom as a mythical character and despair of seeing his counterpart in real life.. When we hear of Christ advising us, if a man slaps us on one side of the face, to turn the other to him; if a man takes our coat, to give him a cloak also; advising us, if a man makes us go one mile with him, to go two miles with him, we despair of actually living this out, and the common sense of mankind has come to believe that these words are to be figuratively and not literally taken. But, miracles of the century, in Booker T. Washington we have an Uncle Tom in real life, a man who poses as one, believing literally in these lofty words of the lowly Nazarene!

Why, he outdoes Uncle Tom and Goldsmith's parson. His sympathies go out as much to those who fought to enslave his

people as to those who fought to free them. In every attempt that has been made to degrade and humiliate the Negro, to rob him of his civil and political rights, to curtail his educational privileges and opportunities, to reduce him practically to helpless and hopeless peonage and serfdom in the Southland, in short in every attempt made to dethrone the Negro from his humanity and wrest from him the sceptre of manhood, Booker T. Washington sees nothing but "blessings in disguise." Why, I really believe that if the entire Negro race in America were to be submerged in slavery again, Booker T. Washington's head would be lifted above the troubled waters and turbulent seas; his grave, majestic, Jove-like countenance would be seen, and from his wise lips would issue forth some philosophic declaration, or glittering generalization, or grandiloquent platitude, or eloquent commonplace, proclaiming that enforced servitude was part of the grand plan that the Divine Providence had in store for the Negro. Great heavens, was ever such faith and patience seen since the days of Job; such love since the days of Christ, and such humility since the days of Uncle Tom? Why this was the eighth wonder of the world! Could the newspapers pass by this wonderful discovery, this marvelous being, and not parade him before the public gaze? Why, of course not. But Dr. Washington carried his optimism so far that the judicious questioned his sincerity.

ROOSEVELT AND THE NEGRO.

I trust that it will be permitted me to digress from my analysis of Roosevelt's personality and take up his attitude upon the Negro question. For nearly a century the history of this country has centered around an oppressed and outcast race. There were three settlements in America that shaped the history of this country—one in Plymouth Rock, another in New York and still another in Jamestown, Va. The Pilgrims who crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower* were seeking a land where they could follow the dictates of their conscience in moral and spiritual matters. They developed a theocracy, a system of town government, gave to New England history a sombre character, and to New England manhood and womanhood an austere morality and rugged vigor. Nineteenth century culture has caused this

sturdy strength of character to blossom into refined and gracious forms. The Dutchmen who landed in New Amsterdam were traders and fortune hunters. They settled in New York, which was at the mouth of a beautiful river which flowed through a fertile valley. And so New York became the commercial center of America, as New England became the fountain-head of learning and religion, the source from whence flowed moral, religious and intellectual reforms. The colonists who landed in Jamestown, Va., intended to find nuggets of gold and return to England immensely rich. Instead they planted tobacco and settled in Virginia. Cargoes of slaves were brought over.

Then, in New England, sturdy, independent farmers were the dominating forces. In the Southland, there was seen the growth of an aristocratic class, owning large plantations, managed by slaves. Feudalism, the system of a serf class, of a subject race, was revived in America as it was dying out in Europe. It began to die a natural death in America. Slavery was abolished in the North after the close of the Revolutionary War. Whitney's invention of the cotton-gin gave an impetus to slavery in the South. Then began the antagonism between the puritan and cavalier class, between slave and free labor. Then came the abolitionists, John Brown, civil war, emancipation, reconstruction and disfranchisement.

It seems to me that the Negro question is a more baffling and perplexing one than the Panama Canal, or railroad-rate regulation, or that of the trusts, and yet Roosevelt has not a word to say about it. There is only one thing Teddy has not tackled, and that is the most vital thing—the rights of man. He seems to hesitate and fear to tackle it. I admire Roosevelt for the open-hearted welcome he extends to the helpless and needy, for his lofty conceptions of the rights of others and his efforts at all times to maintain them. But I must say, thus far, he has dodged and evaded the only question or issue confronting him which will test whether he is, or is not, a constructive and philosophic statesman. His dining with a colored man, his appointment of Crum, his decision upon the Cox postmaster issue, and his appointment of Ralph Tyler as auditor of the Navy Department are nullified by his supplanting Postmaster Thorpe and United States Marshal Deas with white men, by his dismiss-

ing the colored soldiers, by the low ideals held before colored youths in his addresses at Tuskeegee, Hampton and Howard Universities, and by his wholesale barring of Southern Negro delegates at his Chicago convention. As to whether the provisions of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution should be or should not be enforced, as to whether the South's representation in Congress and the Electoral College should be or should not be cut down, as to whether the Southern legislatures should be permitted to defy and set at naught the Constitution of the United States,—on these questions Roosevelt thus far has given no decided and definite answer. Roosevelt is a clever opportunist, rather than a philosophic statesman. He seems more intent upon finding out what the people want and of catering to their wishes than in propounding the eternal principles that must be applied to all conditions and problems.

Any solution of the Negro problem that does not recognize that the question at issue is as to whether the Negro is a man, a full-fledged man, and is to be so regarded and treated, is a nostrum that temporarily allays the fever and postpones the crisis, but does not reach the heart and seat of the disease. Now I have looked in vain in Roosevelt's utterances and actions for evidence of a clear, well-defined policy regarding the Negro's place in American politics. My ideal statesman is a man like Edmund Burke, who discerns the principles that should guide and control the destinies of a nation for a century or two after his death. I must confess that I do not know the President's attitude regarding the Fifteenth Amendment and the action of the Southern States which practically nullifies it. I am inclined to think that Roosevelt is a clever and adroit actor, who plays to the galleries and looks to the side of the house from whence the greatest applause comes.

I believe that Roosevelt is free from race prejudice. He is the master politician of the twentieth century and the greatest political leader this country has yet possessed. But he is not a far-sighted statesman.

That I am not alone in this interpretation of his attitude towards the civil and political rights of the Negro, appears from the following editorial in the Springfield *Republican* in the fall of 1905, entitled "The President's Silence":

"In his address to Southern people he has nowhere alluded to the political rights of the colored race.

"The President has completed his tour of the South, and it may now be said, as a matter of record, that in not one of his speeches did he speak a word in support of the maintenance of the political rights of the colored race under the federal constitution. The nearest he came to such an utterance was at Tuskeegee, where he said: 'It is not only the duty of the white man, but it is to his interest to see that the Negro is protected in property, in life, and in all his legal rights.' The phrase 'legal rights' is hardly broad enough, as commonly used in public discussions of the questions relating to Negro citizenship, to include political rights. Had Mr. Roosevelt wished to make himself unmistakably clear in support of the colored race's political status, he would undoubtedly have added a significant word or two at that particular point.

"In no other address did the President approach the subject, while in his speech before the colored citizens at Jacksonville, Fla., he seemed by implication to discourage a policy of race assertion in politics. 'It seems to me,' he declared, 'that it is true of all of us that our duties are even more important than our rights. If we do our duties faithfully in spite of the difficulties that come, then sooner or later the rights will take care of themselves.' Applied to the question of the Negro's political rights, this means that the Negro should not bother himself about them while concentrating his efforts upon the question of industrial efficiency, moral progress and good citizenship.

"These facts concerning the President's Southern tour are not emphasized for the purpose of attacking him, but with the object of correctly interpreting current history. Before the tour began, the *Republican* pointed out with some detail the development of the question of the political status of the colored race since Mr. Roosevelt became President, showing that the tendency has been for it to sink lower and lower. And we said: 'One cannot help being curious to know whether his attitude has been modified by his four-years' experience in office and whether he will refer to the question at all—that is, in its political aspect—in his greetings and declamations to his Southern audiences. To students of the Negro situation in the United States the tour becomes an event

of exceptional interest because of its organic relation to the course of events.' Curiosity is now satisfied. The President spoke sensibly and well in several places on Negro education, and most admirably did he denounce lynch law in the presence of the governor of Arkansas. But concerning the colored race's right to participate in the politics of State and nation he was everywhere silent.

"This silence is open to a discouraging interpretation, especially from the point of view of those who were emancipated politically by the Fifteenth Amendment. It is to be said that the President could scarcely have wooed the white South so gallantly and fervently had he gone into the political phase of the race question, yet the query now arises whether the renewal of the *entente cordiale* between the President and his mother's people, for which there are many reasons for satisfaction, involves on his part the abandonment of the colored folk to the political helotry to which the white race of the South has consigned them."

I realize that the race question is going to be solved not by any laws passed by Congress, nor by any President's messages, but in the hearts and consciences of the American people. The President may and ought, however, and Congress may and should, assist in the molding of public opinion, in the crystallizing of public sentiment. A statesman who merely sneezes when the public holds the snuff box is a figurehead and not a true statesman. A true statesman is a man like Bismarck, Chatham, Charles Sumner, Joseph Benson Foraker, and Hon. J. Warren Kiefer of Ohio, the chivalric defender of the three famous war amendments, who stands at the pilot wheel of the ship of State, with keen eye, clear mind and steady hand, knowing where lie the dangerous rocks and treacherous shoals, and discerning, through the mists and fog, the calcium lights that show the uncertain mariner where the harbor is. But unless he can compel his contemporaries to see as he does, the statesman will be a Cassandra, prophesying in vain, rather than a Pitt, who induces his country to share and act out his insight.

THE BROWNSVILLE EPISODE.

Now for a word regarding the much-discussed Brownsville episode. Notwithstanding the fact that it is doubtful whether

the colored soldiers shot up Brownsville; notwithstanding the fact that even if it were true that some of the soldiers shot up Brownsville, Roosevelt went too far in discharging the entire battalion without honor and forbidding their re-enlisting in the army or employment in the civil service; notwithstanding the fact that Roosevelt erred in sending all of the Negro soldiers to the Philippines and in deciding not to enlist any more colored soldiers—I say notwithstanding all of these facts, I am not inclined to be as harsh with Mr. Roosevelt as the other leaders of my race are. I do not believe that he was actuated by race prejudice. I believe that he is almost as free from race prejudice as Senator J. B. Foraker, the Bayard of the nineteenth century, the knight who is without fear and without reproach. I believe Roosevelt, like Senator Foraker, means to do the right thing by the colored people. Wherein does Roosevelt, the discharger, and Senator Foraker, the defender of the colored soldiers, differ? Senator Foraker is guided by far-sighted statesmanship, Roosevelt by present expediency.

I trust that I may be permitted to digress for a moment and speak of the Ohio senator.

Had not Senator Foraker stood in the breach, like the doughty monk in Froissart's Chronicles, and defied Roosevelt's discharge order of the colored soldiers, the press of the country would have passed it by with only a passing reference, for Senators Spooner and Patterson, while endeavoring to be fair and just to the Negro, conceded considerably more to the South, in replying to Senator Tillman, than Charles Sumner would have done; and Senators Foraker and Nelson were, alone, uncompromising in demanding fair play for us.

It required the highest kind of courage, for one man, almost single-handed and alone, to pit himself against a powerful and popular President, who was solidly backed by the administration. I heard the speeches of Lodge, Daniels, Tillman, Spooner and Patterson. I remember how the people crowded the doors before the galleries were opened on the Saturday afternoon Tillman spoke. But the man whose masterly massing and marshalling of facts and arguments, whose brilliant analysis, scintillating wit, and impassioned eloquence held the audience spellbound, and called forth applause again and again from the galleries, was Joseph

SENATOR JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER

The idol of the Grand Army and the hero of the Brownsville controversy

Benson Foraker. By his ability, eloquence and courage, Senator Foraker commanded the attention of the country, focused its gaze upon an incident that would otherwise have passed by almost unnoticed and called the world's attention to the valor and worth of soldiers of African descent. His address before the Army of the Cumberland, his Memorial Day address at Arlington, rose to the high-water mark of American eloquence; but the effort which will cause his name to live in the annals of the United States Senate was his chivalric defense of the Black Battalion. And he retires to private life with the proud consciousness of rising to the dignity of the occasion, when an orator of Wendell Phillips' brilliancy and fearlessness was needed.

While I question whether Roosevelt is a conservative and creative statesman, while I doubt whether he has the analytical mind of the philosopher, I still regard him as the greatest dynamic force and the most tremendous personality in the world to-day. He is a dynamic force not because of his statesmanlike insight, but because of his magnificent virility and titanic energy. He is a great doer. What part would Roosevelt have played in the world's history had he been living in other times and ages, and been pitted against Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Martin Luther, Oliver Cromwell, William the Conqueror, William Pitt, Mirabeau, Napoleon, Bismarck, Gladstone, George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, James G. Blaine, Roscoe Conkling and U. S. Grant I do not know. I believe, however, that the dynamic power of Roosevelt's personality and his self-assertive individuality would have forced him to the front whenever and wherever he had been born. But I doubt whether he would have mastered the warring elements, as Alexander the Great and Hannibal, as Cæsar and Napoleon, as Luther and Cromwell, and as William the Conqueror and William Pitt did. If I could make the distinction, I would regard Roosevelt, George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, Mirabeau, and Bismarck as nationally great men, and Rooseyelt of lesser stature than Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Bismarck, while Cæsar, Napoleon, Hannibal, Luther, Cromwell, William the Conqueror and Chatham are world-great men. "Oliver Cromwell, before whose genius," in the eloquent words

of Macaulay, "the young pride of Louis and the veteran craft of Mazarin had stood rebuked—who had humbled Spain on the land and Holland on the sea, and whose imperial voice had arrested the sails of the Libyan pirates and the persecuting fires of Rome," was, in my opinion, a world-great man, the greatest man the Anglo-Saxon race has yet produced. I trust that I will be permitted to digress and say another word about Cromwell, whom I regard as the most tremendous moral force since the days of Martin Luther, as a type of the world-great man. Paxton Hood says of him, "Cromwell performed his work on our own island, but he did not leave it. He humbled the proud empires of Europe by a glance. It took battles to raise him to his place of protector, but he became the dictator of Europe by the magnetism of a great intelligence."

Cromwell was such a titanic figure, towering above ordinary mortals like Colossus, because he was a man of dynamic, moral and intellectual greatness. Cæsar, Napoleon and Cromwell, the three greatest men who have figured in human history, were all shot out of revolutions. They emerged from a stress and a storm of agitation and discussion. They arose in the midst of warring factions, tempestuous elements and turbulent parties, who didn't know where they were going or what they desired, and at the same time would not brook the iron hand of the master. The man who, under such circumstances, could mount to the seat of leadership, seize the reins of government, master the situation and curb and control the lawless and unrestrained passions and riotous spirits, must indeed be a strong man. And that is just what Cæsar, Napoleon and Cromwell did. Only in Cromwell we see a military and political genius, a born compeller and ruler of men, a dynamic force in human history, who was at the same time inspired by a moral idea. In his moral sublimity, rising to the lofty altitudes of thought and feeling upon which Moses, Paul, Luther and John Brown dwelt; as a military genius, almost matching Napoleon and Hannibal; in political sagacity and genius as a ruler, measuring up to Julius Cæsar—might we not regard him as the most sublime if not the greatest figure in human history?

Now for an analysis of Cromwell's personality. In the first place, he was a man of indomitable will-power and dynamic

force of character. Standing five feet ten inches in height, with a rugged physique, noble head, broad brow, massy, waving locks, prominent nose, firm lips, massive jaw, rough, strong features, shaggy, craggy eyebrows, beneath which gleamed and glistened bold, fearless eyes that seemed to look through one, Cromwell, with a face expressing calmness, self-possession, strength and kindness, impressed every one with his elemental greatness. One unconsciously felt that he was in the presence of a big man, of a human lion. The force and magnetism of that commanding personality, of that leonine presence, was felt in the halls of the Long Parliament, upon the battlefields of Marston Moor, Naseby and Dunbar and in the office of the Lord Protector. In this respect he was like Cæsar, Napoleon, William the Conqueror, George Washington and other great soldiers. But then, too, Cromwell could do what neither of these four could do, what Hannibal and Alexander could not do. Through his moral earnestness, religious fervor and blazing enthusiasm, he could inspire and fire the Ironsides with the faith that moves mountains, with an invincible courage that has never been paralleled since Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans for three days held the pass of Thermopylæ against a million Persians. When Cromwell at Marston Moor thundered out "Charge in the name of the Most High," the Puritans charged not as brave men do who go down to certain defeat and death, as the Light Brigade did at Balaclava, or the cuirassiers and Old Guard did at Waterloo, but with the resistless impetuosity and torrential force of a conquering army that sweeps everything before it as is moves forward.

Napoleon found a perfect fighting machine created for him. All he had to do was to set it in motion. But Cromwell was compelled to construct his own fighting machine and breathe into it his own spirit. Then Cromwell possessed a prophetic insight, the foresight I believe that Gladstone lacked and that Roosevelt does not possess in a preëminent degree. Cromwell could have brought order out of chaos in the days of the French Revolution. When the debate was raging in the Long Parliament, when Pym, Hampden and the other Puritans were pitted against the defenders of King Charles and Stafford, when John Pym was expounding the constitution and shrewd lawyers were gracefully threading their way through the mazes of the labyrinth of legal technicali-

ties, Cromwell's clear eye saw that the issues would be settled, the perplexing problems would be solved, the fate of England decided upon the field of battle, and he began to make preparations for the conflict that he knew was coming on. Then the problem was how to organize a body of men who could successfully stand off cavaliers and aristocrats, who were inspired by the traditions of chivalry and royalty.

Cromwell knew that religion was a more potent conjurer to nerve men to deeds of heroism than any ideals of chivalry, and he worked that spell and charm for all that it was worth. He so breathed his own ardent, religious faith and flaming enthusiasm into the minds and hearts of the sturdy Ironsides that they became fired and charged with the fanatical faith and dauntless courage and enthusiasm of the followers of the prophet Mahomet. Mark how at the battle of Marston Moor, after the dashing Rupert had annihilated the Puritan's center and Goring had cut to pieces the Puritan right, Cromwell—calm, cool, steady, collected, self-controlled and calculating—held the restless left wing in leash until the proper moment came, then let it loose or, rather, hurled it forth to overwhelm the seemingly victorious Rupert! Then, notice at Naseby, where Charles I met his Waterloo, how Cromwell moved around among his men, nerving them like some incarnate god of war! See how he decoyed the fiery Rupert and Charles from their vantage ground into the plains, where the odds were even! Observe how, when Ireton was defeated on the left, how when Fairfax was hard pressed in the center as was Wellington at Waterloo, Cromwell with his old Ironsides on the right swept Sir Marmaduke Langdale and his forces from the field and then rallied to the aid of Fairfax and, turning the tide of victory in his favor, moved across the entire field like a tidal wave! Mark how he took Tredajh, hanged the fighting Bishop of Ross before the walls of Clonmell, before the very eyes of the garrison, and broke the back of a formidable rebellion in Ireland! Then reflect that at Dunbar, without losing more than twenty men, Cromwell slew three thousand Scots and took ten thousand prisoners! Cromwell there concentrated all his forces against one flank of the enemy, cut it to pieces, spreading confusion and consternation in the Scotch army and thus routed the Covenanters. Witness the rapid moves by which he suddenly

and unexpectedly stormed Worcester. Cromwell, in war, waited until the opportune moment came and then he struck hard. It was when he had been victorious on the field that Cromwell showed his political genius. He saw that England needed the iron hand of a master, seized the sceptre of authority but not the crown, dissolved the Rump Parliament in April, 1653, and so held in check his political enemies that, powerless to harm him when he was living, they desecrated his dead body in his grave. Then, when all England, Scotland and Ireland acknowledged him as lord and master, he sent the terror of his name across the English Channel. He never left England. All the old lion had to do was to sit in his chair and roar, and France, Spain, Holland and Italy, the Pope and the Libyan pirates heeded that roar. Did ever man before inspire such terror, such awe? Did Roosevelt dominate America and overawe Europe as Cromwell dominated England and overawed the continent?

Returning to my subject, I will say Booker T. Washington and Theodore Roosevelt are eminently practical. They embody and represent the tendencies of this practical age. And that is why they were once so popular. They follow rather than lead public opinion. But the practical man is very rarely a creative and constructive statesman, very rarely a political philosopher; very rarely does he create an epoch and shove forward the car of civilization. The practical man meets the present emergencies, present-day evils, the present-day difficulties. He bails out the water and patches up the leaks, but the constructive and creative statesman plans and builds for the future. He prepares the ship of state for the future storms that she must encounter on the high seas of statecraft. He looks down the vista of time with the prophet's vision or seer's sight. He sees all of the problems in the light of the eternal and immutable principles of righteousness and justice which decides the fate of nations and destinies of mankind. He recognizes that no problem will be settled until it is settled right. He discerns, like the Revolutionary fathers, the universal principles that are involved. Expediency would have caused Cæsar to pause on the banks of the Rubicon, William the Conqueror to pause before crossing the English Channel, Luther to pause before burning the Pope's Bull, Cromwell to pause before driving the members out of Parliament at the point

of the sword, locking the door and walking off with the key in his pocket, Chatham to pause before plunging England into war. But they trusted the larger vision and went forward to change the course of history. Roosevelt cannot be classified with these far-seeing statesmen, still we must regard him as the greatest living man of action. Had he been living at the time of the French Revolution, Mirabeau, Marot, Danton, Robespierre and Napoleon would have found Roosevelt a power that must be reckoned with, though I do not believe that he would have dominated Europe as Cromwell and Napoleon did.

But for reasons that I have given in the first chapter and in this chapter, I believe that the men of thought rather than the men of action have been the real makers of the world's history. Like the beneficent influence of the Gulf Stream, theirs has been a silent and unseen influence. But many a shore has felt the kindly influences of their power. They rule the minds of the masses and dominate the imaginations of the men of action. Thoughts and ideals rule the world. And men are only great in so far as they realize and embody ideas.

So anxious are we to do something and to see others do something, that we don't stop to ask, after all, "Is this the best thing to be done, and if so, is it the right way to do it?" We like to do for the mere sake of doing. Don Quixote did something. He fought windmills. Carrie Nation did something. She smashed saloons with a hatchet. Alexander Dowie, Elijah II, did something. He founded Zion City. Must we regard them as great? No. We are too restless, in too much of a hurry to do things and see others do things. This is the practical age. Men are now looking for results and results alone, and I believe we underestimate culture for its own sake. We don't inquire about the permanent value of the results. The fact that a man does something is not important. What he does and the significance of his action, that is the important thing.

I have said that I regard Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard fully as great a man as Theodore Roosevelt, and that I regard the man of thought as a more potent factor in human history than the man of action. Once in a while a man of action like an Alexander, a Cæsar, Charlemagne, a William the Conqueror, changes the course of human history or decides the

admired the grace and ease, the dignity and serenity, with which Norton defied the public opinion of the country.

Just as I absorbed and assimilated Norton's fearlessness of public opinion, so other Harvard students absorbed and assimilated the courtly dignity of his bearing and the grace and sweetness of his manner.

When the aged Apostle John was banished to the isle of Patmos, when his fellow apostles had been persecuted, killed and crucified, he was still comforted by the Holy Spirit. His imagination projected itself into the future, leaped out and painted some of the sublimest pictures that can enter the mind of man. With the eye of faith, he looked down the vista of time and beheld "The Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven," a house not made with hands, whose builder and maker was God. The faithful may not see the New Jerusalem that John saw in a vision, a city with streets of gold, walls of jasper and gates of pearl. But we do behold a human society reconstructed upon the ideas and principles laid down by the Prince of Peace in the Sermon on the Mount.

As I visit Boston again and observe the subway, the elevated system, the Charles River bridge and the magnificent buildings around Copley Square and Beacon Hill, I am constrained to admire the constructive genius, the engineering skill that can create and call into existence those splendid buildings and works; and I am compelled to recognize that these magnificent material achievements are but the embodied thoughts and crystallized ideas of men, nothing but the ideas of men taking form and material shape. Yea, the works of man's hands are but the ideas of man realized and visualized and put into tangible material form. All the architectural achievements of modern times, such as the Congressional Library at Washington and the sky scrapers and Brooklyn Bridge of New York, all of the institutions of human society, all of the governments and religions of the world are but the embodied thoughts of man, are but the ideals of the human mind taking form and material shape. The glories of the physical universe pale into insignificance before the stupendous achievements of the God-given intellect of man.

From the times when primitive man lived in caves and learned by the bitter lessons of experience how to conquer nature and

wild beasts, exchanged weapons of wood and stone for steel swords, spears and shields, left the flint age, the stone age, forever behind him and emerged from the rude, barbarous civilization of those primitive times, until the present age, which witnesses the most complex civilization the world has yet seen, mankind has ever sought to express himself, sought to give tangible form and shape to his ideas, sought to embody his ideas in laws, governments, institutions, social customs, the fine arts and religions. Our complex modern civilization, with its artificial culture and its social usages and manners that constitute the life of refined society, is nothing but the ideals of man realized, embodied and objectified. Ideas have ruled history in the past. Ideas still rule men to-day. And men are only great in so far as they embody and incarnate ideas in their personalities. The man of ideas, then, is the uncrowned king of modern society.

Grand and glorious as is the physical universe, magnificent as are the starry heavens above, they all pale into insignificance before the splendors of the human mind and the stupendous achievements of the intellect of man. The Psalmist asks, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Man differs from the lower animals not because he walks upright, wears clothes, uses tools and talks, but because he has been endowed by the Almighty with reason, imagination, will and conscience. The glory and grandeur of man resides in his marvelous intellect. And the greatest miracle of the world's history is not the wonderful play of light and electricity in the light-bearing ether, it is not the law and order that reigns in the heavens above, but the most mysterious miracle in the cosmos's evolution is that man can make what is but a thought, an idea and an ideal in his mind take visible form and shape, transform his physical environment and create the complex machinery and institutions of modern society and modern civilization. Man is not satisfied when he has put a roof over his head, put clothes upon his back and food into his stomach, but he goes on and seeks to realize in his own personality, in the lives of others and the institutions of human society, the intellectual, æsthetic, moral and religious ideals of the human mind. That being the case, the

greatest men in human history are the men who think, the men whose minds are prolific with fertile ideas. For a thought can transform a continent, erect cities, overthrow governments, establish institutions or rouse a million men to arms and action. Yes, a few world-thoughts, a few great ideas, have revolutionized human society.

The unique influence which the late J. Pierpont Morgan exerted in organizing the financial and industrial forces of both hemispheres on a colossal scale, never before witnessed by the world, resulted from his being preëminently a man of thought, endowed by nature with a comprehensive mind, as well as an iron will and powerful physique. A man of Bismarck's force of character, with a breadth of interest and view that the Iron Chancellor did not possess, the dominating figure of American finance, one of the great personalities of modern times, gives eloquent testimony to the dynamic power of constructive and creative human thought.

The greatest man in history is the man of thought, the man who launches forth the world-idea into the sea of human thought. After him in rank comes the man of action, who realizes and embodies these great ideas, these world-thoughts, in his deeds and achievements. That is why history will assign Theodore Roosevelt, the modern Hercules, the great doer, a lower rank than it will assign Moses, Paul, Mohammed, Luther, Rosseau, the propagators of religion and social ideas; Homer, the world-poet; Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Kant, the world's philosophers, and Pericles, Cæsar, Richelieu, Pitt and Alexander Hamilton, the world's statesmen.

CHAPTER VI.

A Chapter from My Autobiography—My Boyish Dreams and Youthful Resolutions.

Booker T. Washington's Tuskeegee and business league are valuable ideas, but he made the mistake of his career in holding up to contempt and ridicule the literary, artistic and musical aspirations and dreams of his race, and in belittling the political ambitions of his people. He has lost the sympathy and coöperation of some of the most powerful and influential men and women of his race. Perhaps Booker T. Washington is a great man, one of the greatest men the Negro race has produced, possibly one of the greatest men this country has produced; but certainly not as great a man as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner or Phillips Brooks. He has been a man of one idea. And, like most men of that type, he has underrated and underestimated some of the elements necessary to the rise and development of his race that are just as necessary and fundamental as the idea he represents. But we must not criticize him too severely, because he is not an educated man, not a philosophic statesman who can throw upon the problems he discusses the light of the philosophy of history. To properly understand the Negro question a man must be a profound student of human history, must study the race question in the light of the historical evolution of the human race, must focus and concentrate upon it the scattered rays of the past experience of the human race. Bishop Stubbs, in his "Constitutional History of England," says that we can only know the present by knowing the past, because when we understand the past, we understand how the present came to be. I can only regret that a man as level-headed as Booker T. Washington, a man of his sane and judicial mind, did not study history and sociology in Yale or Harvard. Then he could have seen the Negro problem *sub specie eternitatis*. His are the limitations and narrowness of vision that any man must necessarily have who discusses a complex sociological problem, the interrelation and interaction of races, and is ignorant

of human history. Why do I say this? The late President McKinley, in his address to the Tuskeegee students a few years ago, told them to strive not for the unattainable. President Roosevelt a few years ago said at Tuskeegee that Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." He advised the Tuskeegee students to hitch their wagon to the earth.

It is a fact of human nature that a boy who does not aspire to be great and famed and rich, who does not aspire to rise above being a servant and menial, never amounts to anything. The indifferent workman is the man who always expects to be a servant or menial or hired hand or petty farmer. The only man who works overtime, who perfects himself in his calling, is the man who has the ambition to rise, and hopes some day to elevate himself above being a menial or hired hand or poor, struggling farmer.

I have stood on a dock in Brunswick, Ga., and watched some colored men load ships with lumber. The lazy and careless workmen were the men who had no desire or ambition to be more than wheelers and loaders of lumber. On the other hand, the bright, energetic workmen were the men who hoped to get the attention and win the approval of the boss stevedore or captain of the gang.

I have met firemen who knew nothing whatever about a locomotive and had to follow the directions of the engineer. Their only ambition was to be a fireman. Then, again, in Waycross, Ga., I met a colored fireman who could run a locomotive as well as any engineer. If the engineer should ever get drunk or suddenly be taken sick, this fireman could take his place and run the engine. When he first started out it was his ambition to be an engineer. He never realized his ambition, but he got the reputation of being the best fireman on the road and every engineer who ran on that road wanted him to fire for him.

I have seen gardeners who only aspired to be mere gardeners. Then I have met a gardener who aspired to be a landscape gardener. He never realized his ambition and he never became a landscape gardener, but he became a gardener who was sought after by many employers. Then I have seen coachmen who were only coachmen and nothing more. And I once ran across a coachman who aspired to be a veterinary surgeon. He never realized

his ambition and never became a veterinary surgeon, but became a coachman who was an excellent horse doctor and became indispensable to his employer. I have seen carpenters and brickmasons who aspired to be nothing more than good carpenters or brickmasons. Once I met a colored brickmason who, in early life, aspired to be a great builder. He never realized his ambition and never became a great builder. But when the Yale Gymnasium was in construction and some one was wanted to artistically put together the bits of clay that form the gigantic athletic figures on the front, so that they would look as if they were wrought out of one piece of clay, the ordinary brickmasons couldn't do it. But the colored brickmason who possessed an overwhelming ambition could and did, and received five and six dollars a day for it. I know a shop where rifles are manufactured. Some men are only satisfied to be good machinists. There is a colored man there who hopes to be boss of the room some day. He buys books upon machinery and engineering and has paid men to teach him mechanics and higher mathematics. He has never realized his dream of being foreman of the shop or boss of the room, but he is the best machinst in the room. I have seen farmers who never aimed to be more than struggling farmers and they never became more than struggling farmers. Then I have seen farmers who hoped to give up farming and go into business. They were the ones who worked overtime and made money out of farming.

I could take like illustrations from carpenters, printers, cooks, waiters and butlers whom I have met, but I will stop here. We can lay it down as an axiom that a man who has no ambition or hope of rising above his present calling and station and position in life never puts forth his best effort or perfects himself in any vocation. We can lay it down as another axiom that the only man who does his best work, puts his personality into his work and masters his calling and vocation is the man who makes his present position a stepping stone to a higher and better one, who aspires to be more than a hired man or a struggling farmer. The man who is content to remain at the foot of the ladder is usually a jack-of-all-trades and good at none. He cannot do his best work down there at the foot of the ladder, unless he has the ambition to rise and climb to the topmost round of fame. The poor shoemaker is the man who hopes always to be a mere shoe-

maker and nothing more. On the other hand, the expert shoemaker is the man who hopes some day to be more than a mere shoemaker. It may sound and seem paradoxical; but the spur that drives a man on to do his best, that nerves him to master his calling, is the dream and vision of his some day rising above and transcending his present position in life. We live by our hopes. The hope of some day being richer and more prosperous and more famous than he now is, is the only thing that sustains one in a life of toil and drudgery. It is the thought of some day transcending the narrow valley in which we are now living, shut in by the hills that hide the rest of the outside world from us, the dream of some day reaching the world that lies beyond our present horizon—these are the things that inspire and brace us as we go about our daily work and take up our humble tasks.

The apprentice boy works diligently and patiently with the chisel, thinking of the day when he will become a carver of note and distinction; he does not realize his ambition, but he becomes a finished woodworker. The student pores over his books and burns the midnight oil, dreaming of the time when the world will hang upon his eloquence, or go into ecstasy over his polished sentences or marvel at his scientific discoveries. He does not become the famous orator, writer or scholar that he dreamed of some day becoming; but he does become a good teacher, or an active public-spirited citizen. I remember meeting a modest New England farmer, a college-bred man, and a lawyer, who never became famous as a lawyer, never went to Congress, never became the mayor of his town, nor governor of his state, as he once dreamed of becoming, but he was a power in the local church and a power to be reckoned with in the annual town meeting—a splendid representative of the sturdy New England farmer!

Only one man out of a hundred thousand fully and completely realizes his youthful dreams and ambitions. But it is these heroic dreams and boyish hopes which throw the glamour of poetry and romance around the brow of youth and give the young man the courage and will to do and dare, to strive and achieve, to push and forge his way to the front. He does not reach the height to which he once aspired. He does not become as great and as powerful as he once dreamed of becoming. But he does serve

his day and generation. He does live an honorable and useful life.

If a man is only a farmer or mechanic, only a cook or shoemaker, it is better for him if he has read his Emerson and Carlyle, and surveyed human life from those mountain heights. He may return to dwell forever in the valley below, toiling at the plough and handling the pickaxe, but the memory of having once breathed the pure mountain air, of having once caught sight of the world that stretches beyond the toil and work; the memory of having seen the miles of rolling upland and lowland and meadow and field, interspersed with garden, grove and stream, bustling cities with church steeples, the cottages by the seashore; the memory of having seen beyond that the wide expanse of water; and beyond that a bustling city, whose harbor is studded with ships, whose church steeples rise above the other buildings and soar aloft in the ethereal blue, whose factories with their countless smokestacks send up the smoke that in the distance looks like a thin, airy vapor; and beyond that, the quiet mill towns, nestling among the hills and sleeping by some placid river; and beyond them the well-tilled farms and leafy forests which rise into the sun-kissed hills and ridges; and in the dim distance, fifty miles away, the vast, limitless ocean that stretches so far that it seems to lose itself and blend with the sky; and letting the eye glance in the opposite direction, the vision of grazing cattle and gathered hay and country towns basking in the sunshine or hidden by the trees, lying in the foothills of the rock-ribbed and cedar-crowned mountains that rise so high that their tops vanish in a purple haze,—these memories and these visions are the experiences of a lifetime to the farmer or workman who lives in his narrow world; they gladden his sorrows, cheer his toil and delight him in his lonely hours.

The world is a new world to him. Life has a beauty and meaning and significance that it lacked before. Life is richer and deeper than ever before. It means something more than drudgery and toil to feed and clothe and shelter the body and make both ends meet. It is vaster in its range and wider in its scope. I have sailed down the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Potomac and St. John rivers, and up Narragansett Bay. I have stood upon East Rock, West Rock, Woodbridge Hill, the Her-

mit's Cave, and Mt. Carmel Hill, near New Haven, Conn., and have stood upon Tower Hill, near Narragansett Pier, R. I.; and upon Eagle Rock, near Montclair, New Jersey. I have traveled the length and breadth of the Berkshire hills, and stood upon the hills of Staten Island, N. Y., and watched the ocean liners steaming past the statue of Liberty into the harbor of New York City; seen the ferry boats plying between New York and the Jersey shore; seen the mass of mighty buildings and skyscrapers that give New York City such a formidable aspect; and I know that just as the memory of these glorious moments and happy hours has shed its benediction upon my life, so the memory of having swept up to the gates of Heaven in the chariot of some lofty sage and seer has transfigured and uplifted the toiling mortal ever afterwards. He returns to the earth and takes up his daily tasks, but it is with gladness in his heart and a song upon his lips.

The turning point in my life came when I was a boy thirteen years of age. I well remember the day. It was the seventeenth of June, the day when the sailors' and soldiers' monument was unveiled on East Rock, at New Haven, Conn. There was a procession five miles in length. Soldiers and civilians and marines joined in the parade. The school children rode in barges and platform covered wagons. The soldiers drew up in line and cheered wildly as Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Scofield and Terry and an admiral rode down the line. Lunch counters and merry-go-rounds covered the fields that lay at the foot of East Rock and stretched away into the woods beyond or to the beautiful edifices along Hillhouse Avenue and Prospect Street. Scores of bands played patriotic airs; thousands of bayonets glistened and gleamed in the afternoon sun. The drives of East Rock and Whitney Avenue were crowded with thousands of brilliantly dressed soldiers; everywhere was joy and gladness. The sun's rays were not dazzling and piercing but warm and mellow. The smiling skies seemed soft and kind. The air was balmy and pleasant, fragrant with the breath of the flowery fields and blossoming earth.

Dazzled, bewildered, and dazed by that spectacle, Louis Fenderson and I walked home together. We talked and dreamed of war and fame. When the next Decoration Day came around we had organized a military company of colored boys. I was the cap-

tain and he the first lieutenant. With the assistance of Rev. Mr. Gedda and Miss Adeline Sanders we arranged a concert and bought our uniforms. Captain James Wilkins gave us a flag and on May 30, 1888, for the first time in the history of New Haven, colored boys in uniform, and with wooden guns, participated in the Memorial Day parade. The Grand Army congratulated us, and it was the proudest moment of my life. We were only fourteen years old, then. That was the first stirring of my boyish ambition that crystallized into deeds. It was the birth of patriotism in my soul.

There is one thing that I am grateful for, and that is that I was born in New England. I remember when I was nine years old that a young, brilliant Jewish teacher, Miss Fanny Ullman (now Mrs. Murray C. Mayer of Chicago), taught room No. 7 in the Dixwell Avenue Grammar School, in New Haven, Conn. She first distinguished herself by the vigorous use of a rattan stick, and in a few days convinced a few overgrown boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen that they were not men and women. Then every Friday afternoon she would read the life of Jack Hazard, stories of the early colonists and the French and Indian wars. After that I attended the Shelton Avenue and Gregory Street Schools. Miss Chapman, Miss Eleanor Howe and Principal George M. Hurd, now principal of the Beach Institute, in Savannah, Ga., told us, and read to us, about the Revolutionary heroes. The figure of Israel Putnam dazzled and captivated my boyish imagination. His daring feats and hairbreadth escapes thrilled me. I read the lines of Frederick Douglass, John Mercer and Langston. Then I entered the Hillhouse High School, and through Principal Whitmore, Miss Grace Weeks, Miss Petty and Miss Susan Sheridan I became interested in Elijah Kellogg's stories and Walter Scott's novels, and Froissart and the story of the Knights of the Round Table. I remember reading Ebers' "Homo Sum," and Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," in one day. And I waded through Ben Hur in four days. Then Mr. Lewis would enthuse over Xenophon; Mr. McAndrews, over Vergil; and Mr. Booth, over Geometry; and I remember that Mr. Gulliver was constantly saying, "Cæsar never had a Waterloo." I read Henty's and Eckstein's stories in those days. The combined result of all these readings was that when still a school boy I

began to feel the pulse-beat of the throbbing American heart. The New England ideals and traditions became part and parcel of my very nature, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I realized that I was colored, but, caring more for nature, books and athletics than for society, I never grieved over the fact that I was a social outcast. I took many a long walk, with my book under my arm and my dog trotting by my side.

There are four days in my life that I can never forget. Two I have already spoken of. And then I remember that on April 25, 1888, they celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of New Haven. The parade was fine but nothing extra. But after the parade Dr. Smyth, a Jewish Rabbi and other speakers ascended the platform in the middle of the Green. I managed to get near the speaker's stand. Most of what the speakers said was beyond my comprehension. But I did carry away three thoughts. This is a great country. And the Pilgrim Fathers, the founders of New Haven, the Revolutionary heroes, and the New England Abolitionists made it great. I didn't quite understand just what they did. But that big parade and the thousands of people who were assembled on the New Haven Green were for the purpose of honoring those men. That was the thought that lived with me.

I was too young to appreciate the significance of James G. Blaine's speech in the campaign of 1884. But I noticed how the bands played on the New Haven Green, and people jumped up and down, when his carriage went down Temple Street, and he alighted and addressed the people on the Green. I remembered hearing people say, "He is magnetic." "He is a silver-tongued orator." I had never heard those words before. But I thought that the people had such a big time because he was "a silver-tongued orator" and "magnetic." And I made up my mind then that I was going to be a a silver-tongued orator and have the band playing for me, and people having a big time for me some day. I received inspiration from these occasions. But I can never forget the afternoon when the funeral services were held over General Terry, in the United Congregational Church, New Haven, Conn. The people seemed sadder even than over the death of President Garfield and General Grant. It was a serious and solemn occasion. I was beginning to get old enough

to fully realize the significance and meaning of the patriotic occasions that so stirred my boyish heart. I began to not only feel, but to respond to the mighty pulse-beat of American Life, and I began to feel this is the most glorious country in the world, and it is a great thing, a grand thing to be an American citizen.

And now must I, at the bidding of a colored educator and his Afro-American followers, look back upon my youthful experiences and boyhood dreams, which have been to me a perennial well-spring of inspiration, which have put in my soul a spirit which never despairs, even when the clouds are heavy, dark and threatening, and difficulties are piled up mountain high around me; I ask, must I regard these ennobling experiences, these heroic dreams as vain and empty illusions?

And then I remember the summer when the mystery of life first dawned upon me. It was the summer before I entered college. I had just graduated from the Hillhouse High School in New Haven and was one of the commencement speakers on the programme in the graduating exercises. I was spending the month of August in Wilmington, Del., with my grandparents. I rowed and boxed and wrestled, played baseball, rode horseback, attended country picnics and camp meetings, addressed literary societies, heard George Anderson, Mandy Anderson and Lacey, brilliant colored politicians, speak; met Miss Kreuz, one of the noblest female educators of my race; met an accomplished school teacher who seemed to my boyish imagination the prototype of the heroines of fiction that I had read about. She was older than I; we never exchanged letters, but for eight years she remained the incarnation of all that I reverenced and adored in womanhood. With her delicate, refined features and patrician air, she impressed me as being a high-toned aristocrat. She could have married wealthy colored men, but none measured up to her ideals of manhood. When one of her scholars was sick with a contagious fever one Christmas vacation she risked catching it to carry the little child some flowers. She was rather austere; but was heroic. She once rode and mastered a vicious horse. I had just been thrown by the colt of a mustang, which I finally conquered, and I admired her physical bravery and believe to-day as I did then that she valued her honor and her virtue and purity more than she did her own life. Five years and a half elapsed

before I saw and met her again; but she was the touchstone, the standard by which I estimated and gauged other young women. If they measured up to her lofty and stoical idealism, I was interested in them; if they did not, I was not interested in them. When Tom Dixon or any other Negro-hater speaks slightingly of the purity and sensitiveness of colored women, I wish they could meet this lady and a few other colored women I know. I would like to enshrine her name in this book, but she is reserved and shuns notoriety and would strenuously object to my parading her name before the public.

My relatives and friends in Wilmington, Del., gave me to understand that they expected great things of me. I could tell of the singing or shouting at the country camp meetings on the last Sunday in August, when three thousand colored Methodists from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland met to have their religious jubilee. But the event that was stamped upon my memory was the excursion to Atlantic City the last week in August. Prior to that I had met a colored woman in Delaware, whose beauty Raphael or Titian would have immortalized had they met her, and heard a plain unpretentious girl sing "Cavalleria Rusticana," the "Angel's Serenade," and "Il Trovatore."

The volume, the range, the fullness and richness, the sweetness and tenderness of her voice were such that it would be difficult to adequately describe her singing. Homely as she was, when she poured forth her soul in song her face became transfigured and was lighted up with a divine expression. I can but regret that that wonderful voice was never cultivated and brought to the attention of the world, for she incarnated the Negro's gift of song. It is not quite popular nowadays to use superlatives in describing colored women; and this book is not a treatise or dissertation on the beautiful; but I would like to make a passing reference to the famed colored beauty.

In Jamestown and at Narragansett Pier I saw three Southern belles and beauties, who brought men to their feet by the score. At one Harvard Commencement, I saw a woman who looked like a twentieth century Hypatia. At one Junior promenade at Yale, I saw one New York beauty with the pure face and soulful eyes of an angel. I have met in New Haven, Conn., a woman

who seemed to me not to be a mere mortal, her face radiated such sweetness and serenity, her manners were so gracious and winning that she impressed me as Newman did Matthew Arnold. She seemed a spiritual apparition, she seemed a being from another world, taking flesh and dwelling among men. She might have passed as one of the vestal virgins who have become immortalized in Roman history.

And yet the oriental splendor and tropical luxuriance of this colored beauty possessed an indefinable something that defied analysis and left an indelible impression upon most people who met her, whether they were white or colored. She was a woman of about twenty-five years, of medium height. Her complexion was not as pale and colorless as the complexion of an octoroon but her rich blood manifested itself in the rich coloring of her face. The voluptuous curves of her features were relieved from sensuality by the fire that flashed from her eyes, by the intelligence and refinement that were written in the lineaments of her countenance. Pride and sweetness, vivacity and reserve, were expressed in that face, and she seemed the embodiment and incarnation of poise and serenity and complete self-possession. She was self-sufficient and was the center of the universe in which she lived. When I saw her, I understood why Homer sang of the fated beauty of Helen which caused the two great races of antiquity to fight for her. I understood why Cæsar could defy the conventionalities of Rome and why Mark Antony could barter away an empire for the sake of Cleopatra. There are many unpolished diamonds in the Negro race. Give us the ripening and refining influence of culture and we will produce a high type of men and women.

But an experience was about to come to me which was to supplant reflections on the beautiful with ambitious hopes and stern resolves and dreams of fame, which were to be the dominating factors in my life.

Over ten thousand colored excursionists from Wilmington, Del., Chester, Pa., and Philadelphia packed and crowded three excursion trains that day on the way to Atlantic City. As I leaned against the window sill I was thinking of my college career and the possibilities of the race. It was a sight that I can never forget, when the ten thousand excursionists alighted from the excursion

trains. There was beauty in abundance, pretty girls were popping up everywhere the eye glanced. But I soon left the colored throng and took a stroll up the beach. I had heard of the mighty breakers and mountain waves of Atlantic City and desired to see them. It was the second time in my life that I saw the ocean face to face. The waves came leaping, rolling, tumbling, pouring in one after the other. They foamed as they broke and seemed to throw up white spray and mist as they struck the shore. I never tired of seeing some mighty billow form and rise two hundred feet from the shore, towering above the preceding waves, gathering force and violence as it swept along, until it was ready to break over and upon the Philadelphia bathers. For an hour or so I watched the ocean, then I returned to the excursion grounds and boarded the car for a ride to a resort at the edge of the town.

After that came the five-mile walk down the Atlantic City board walk to the excursion ground. On one side was the ocean and the sturdy bathers, on the other the magnificent villas and cosy cottages. The board walk was covered with shops, stores, concert halls and merry-go-rounds, from which colored people were barred. Finally I came to what was a smaller edition of what afterwards became famed as the Ferris wheel. I will say in passing that I am in no way related to that noted inventor, though my Washington, D. C., critics characterized one of my Washington addresses as the "Ferris wheel revolving at the Bethel Literary." As the wheel revolved, I caught the bracing, invigorating ocean breeze. I suppose the cars, or rather seats, in the revolving contrivance rose to the height of fifty or sixty feet in their revolutions, high enough to get a bird's-eye view of Atlantic City, with its hotels, pleasure grounds and parks. But the music that accompanied the revolution, to us, then, seemed the most uplifting and suggestive that I have ever heard. I couldn't characterize it as a waltz or two-step. In some respects it recalled a waltz song I had once heard, in other respects it reminded me of the Polish National Dance or Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. There were some dreamy and sentimental passages in the selection, but they were variations from its dominant spirit.

A buoyant faith, a boundless ambition and an illimitable aspiration seemed to pulsate and breathe and speak in that piece. It

struck the heroic chords in one's nature, there was something in it that caused one to take a fuller and deeper breath. It seemed to cause the heart to beat a little faster; it seemed to send the blood coursing more swiftly through the veins; it seemed to set the nerves tingling for joy.

It spurred the imagination so that it reached out and painted the sublimest pictures that can enter the mind and dazzle the eye of man. It lifted me and sent me sweeping into the gates of the New Jerusalem. It caused me to dream of love and fame, but it suggested the thoughts and emotions that reach out towards that which cannot be expressed and put into words. I was thrilled, I was supremely happy, I hardly knew whether I was awake or dreaming. Between the sensation of being whirled through the air, between the tonic ocean breezes, between the moving panorama that was passing before my eyes as the cars ascended and descended, and between the subtle, soothing and suggestive music, for fifteen minutes, I was in paradise.

Something that had lain dormant in me before awoke. New forces and powers in my being seemed to manifest themselves. It was a longing after I know not what; a vague desire to realize I know not what, a craving to do and accomplish I know not what. It began with a love song, then passed to the ambition to strive and conquer and master and dominate the world. Then came the splendid, beatific visions, the ethereal sweep of the imagination, the aërial play of fancy.

But by and by the intangible desires and longings took the shape of tangible resolves. First there came the longing to meet and win the woman for whose sake I would risk and dare all things. Then came the desire to be a great and famous man. Then came the resolve to win laurels for myself and race as an athlete in college, to make the graceful dodging runs on the gridiron that should lift men and women off their benches, and send them into hysterics, to make the hazardous flying tackles that should electrify the spectators in the grandstands. Then came the determination to shine as a football hero, as a daring, plunging halfback, as a wild reckless tackler. Stepping from the whirling wheel, there was one thought uppermost in my mind; I was going to be an athlete, and a daring, reckless, death-defying football player. And what came of my dream of being an athlete?

The nearest I came to winning football honors was to play on the scrub side of the Freshman Eleven, and on a New Haven team. I did make a few brilliant runs and tackles, but it was before two or three hundred spectators in parks in Westville and Branford, Conn., and on the Cambridge Commons, and not before twenty and thirty cheering thousands in Hampden Park, Springfield, or the Polo Grounds, New York. What was the practical result of my ambition as an athlete? I became a fair boxer and a good catch-as-catch-can wrestler. Try as hard as I might, I could never put on avoirdupois and could never, when in college, weigh more than one hundred and forty pounds.

Some people cry down football, but unless sometime in his life the boy has the ambition to be a hero, to be a brave, fearless man, he will never amount to anything. And my type of a hero then was a man who, like McClung of Yale, could run through a field of tacklers, dodging this one and that one, or who, like Butterworth, could bowl over half a dozen men who ran with outstretched arm to throw him as he ran down the field, or like the slender, sinewy Hinkey, could dive through the air and bring down the most powerful runner. And I regard the birth and dawn in me of the ambition to be a football hero as one of the crucial and epochal moments of my life. It gave shape and direction to unconscious desires that surged in me for expression. It gave a healthy outlet for my tireless energy. I forgot the rapt singer, forgot the voluptuous beauty, and thought only of evanescent and ephemeral football fame. Why do I call this a crucial and epochal moment in my life? Pardon the comparison, but, like Hercules, I stood at the parting of the ways. The question was, should pleasure or ambition be the dominant passion of my life, should my leisure moments be spent in parlors and drawing rooms or in the gymnasium and in the woods. And I decided that pleasure should be sidetracked for ambition. What I aspired to do and be and become was not important. But the fact that in my college days I was invulnerable to the siren's deceitful lay and seraph's soft murmur; the fact that the stoical rather than the epicurean type of life caught my youthful fancy; the fact that a life of striving and achieving rather than a life of sensuous delight and luxurious ease allured and held captive my youthful imagination,—this was all-important with me. Later

the dream of being an athlete gave way to the dream of being a scholar and writer. And I will now describe the experience from which was born and generated the passion to rule and dominate and master men, to move among them like Ulysses among his followers on the Plains of Troy, who seemed to King Priam to resemble some great ram moving among his flocks.

The new experience that revealed a new world to me came when I was twenty-one years old. It was my first visit to New York. I had hurriedly passed through the city before en route to Wilmington, Delaware, but it was the first time that I ever lingered in the city. I remember the wonderful Easter parade on Fifth Avenue, when New York society was on foot, the thrilling sermon of Dr. Greer, the pure, sweet voice of the rapt soloist, the glorious singing of the surpliced choir, and the majestic roll of those organ notes that seemed freighted with a superhuman meaning. I remember the colored people's parade on Sixth Avenue, the large congregation at the St. Mark's Literary and the small but select crowd in the little Presbyterian Church. I remember the bracing breeze that swept through Broadway the next day, the rosy cheeks and buoyant, elastic walk of the lovely women blooming with health in the first flush of youthful beauty. Then at night I strolled along the walk bordering Central Park. The invigorating spring breeze buoyed me and seemed to put new life and vim and vigor into me. The stars stood out bright and clear against the dark background of the cloudless sky. Central Park seemed shrouded in mystery and gloom. I only felt the thrill and exultation of physical life and physical vigor.

Then I was ushered into a colored fair, where I received my entrée into the colored society of New York. I there beheld an accomplished West Indian girl, a fascinating quadroon, and an octoroon with passionate, drooping, love-laden eyes, shaded by heavy lashing eyebrows. There was a langourous charm in her rich, splendid beauty. Her contralto voice was rich and soft. It was a caressing voice. It throbbed and quivered with latent passion. And then I was introduced to a girl who almost rivaled her in beauty. She was a quadroon with large fearless eyes that bespoke a frank, open nature; her manner was calm, tranquil and serene. Nothing seemed to disturb her equanimity, poise and balance; she was modest, quiet, unassuming, and winning in

manners. She was handsome and fascinating and yet neither she nor the dashing, coquettish octoroon struck the deepest chord of my nature and aroused the ambition to do and dare and strive and achieve. I retired home shortly after midnight and yet it was two hours before my college mates and myself could sleep. Such a flood of sensations had poured into our souls the two days that we had been in New York. We felt the stirring of the rich metropolitan life of the great city and were dazzled, confused, perplexed. We discussed the question as to whether the metropolis of the nation offered a career to educated colored men.

The next day I crossed over to a Jersey town to see an old friend. I missed her but met her younger sister. A vision of radiant loveliness greeted my eyes when she appeared at the door; she represented the Castilian type of beauty. She interested me because she was a girl of ideals, was undesirous of being a dressmaker, loved music and elocution better than she did dressmaking; did not know just what she wanted to do or become, but longed to become a famous woman. She had positive views and convictions of her own and severely criticized the fops, dudes, sports and dandies whose only vocation in life seemed to be to parade Sixth Avenue dressed in the height of fashion. She had the making of a woman, I thought.

That night a reception was given two other Yale students and myself and I remember how, fresh from my philosophy classes, I discoursed upon philosophy in grandiloquent fashion, trying to impress the audience that philosophy was a practical study. "How deep and profound he is for a young man," the assembled guests said. But I know now that all the wisdom of life is not confined to books on philosophy. But the next day was the day of days for me. It was my first visit to Central Park and there I saw New York life from its highest to its lowest depths. I started from Fifth Avenue, where Broadway runs into it at Madison Square. For a few minutes I watched the ladies who represented the aristocracy of New York descending from their carriages and shopping. As I walked up Fifth Avenue to the Park, I thought of the wickedness of the great city, and yet I saw women and young girls whose faces revealed purity and maidenly modesty and refinement.

I was all eyes and ears, drinking in the experiences of the moment. No one seemed to notice me, an insignificant colored

youth wending his way up Fifth Avenue. Some of the faces in the rapidly moving vehicles expressed pride and haughtiness. I wondered if the time would ever come when my gifts as a writer or orator would command the attention of the country and compel even the reserved and dignified aristocrats of New York City to regard me not as a Negro, the member of a despised and proscribed race, but as a man among men.

Feeling the thrill of life and health in every fibre and bone of my being, responding to the breath of spring that was in the air, I soon shook off these reflections; feeling that it was a grand and glorious thing merely to be alive and to drink in the joy of the present moment. What care I for what the world thinks of me? I mused, as long as I have life and health. Every fibre of my being felt the shock and thrill of buoyant spring life. My nerves tingled for joy. Entering Central Park, I came into a new world. It was shortly after noontime. Not yet had New York society rode through it in their stately carriages. The common people and middle classes had taken possession of it. It was in early April and was the first warm day in spring. The Saturday before Easter was damp and cloudy; it rained slightly, while bracing and invigorating breezes swept over New York City on Easter Sunday, and on the following Monday and Tuesday the air was slightly cold and chilly. But it seemed as if everything responded that Wednesday to the soft touch and warm kiss of the sun. The glare of the sun was softened and mellowed by the haze in the atmosphere. There was just enough haze in the atmosphere to produce the dreamy effect of an Indian summer day. Only the pulsing and bounding spring life bespoke joy and gladness. The buds on the trees were beginning to open into leaves; the buds on the bushes were beginning to blossom forth into fruit and flowers. The grass was beginning to push itself up. The birds sang or chirped merrily. The little children romped gleefully. How happy the mothers seemed as they danced their children upon their knees or fondled them tenderly! Every one threw off care and restraint and gave him or herself up to the joy of the present moment.

I passed through the avenue on which, on both sides, the statues of the famous men of other times and ages stand like silent sentinels. The very presence of these statues in the Park preached a sermon that was more eloquent than words. They

reminded us of the fact that while our earthly bodies were perishable, a man with a mighty soul could do the deeds whose memory would live in the hearts and minds of men when the bronze statue dedicated to preserve their memory had crumbled into pieces.

About four o'clock I stood upon a hill near the northern entrance to the Park, about to leave it. I looked back and noticed what a brilliant and kaleidoscopic effect was produced by the shifting play of sunlight and shadow. Then I saw the magnificent carriages, with the handsomely dressed occupants rolling through the Park and going towards Eighth Avenue. Society was now making its presence felt and known. The children stopped their running and playing and watched the display of wealth and fashion. The boys paused in the baseball game to gaze at the passing of New York's four hundred. The mothers stopped dangling their babies and looked at the horses, equipment, dresses and jewels of those fortunate society queens. What a blessed thing it is to be rich, I thought. What a silent tribute and homage every one pays to the great and rich. Soon I passed a public square where the children danced, sang, and kept time to the music of a hand organ. The passing of the rich did not disturb their childish joy nor mar their happiness. Then I called upon the self-possessed and serene quadroon whom I had met the other night. Proud and self-sufficient in the consciousness of her beauty, she was supremely happy. I envied her glorious unconsciousness of the fact that she belonged to an ostracised, despised and proscribed race. She seemed to accept American race prejudice as a fact just as she accepted gravitation or the fact that fire burned. She was perfectly oblivious to the fact that she was labeled, tagged and catalogued as a member of an inferior race. Hers was not the divine discontent with her actual condition which would prompt her to prove to the world that she possessed all of the elements of womanhood. She opened her eyes wide with surprise and amazement when I told her that I expected some day to startle and surprise, to astonish and electrify the world and demonstrate the ability of the Negro to scale the heights of eloquence, delve deep into the psychology of the human mind and grapple with the profound mysteries of metaphysics.

Poor girl, I thought, as I slowly wended my way through Central Park, as the sun was going down, covered with yellow glory and bathing the skies in a radiance of golden colors. Soon the western sky was dyed with a faint pink, then a crimson and then a blood-red color, while night stole softly over the heavens. I mused, "your soul is not awakened, you know not what life means," and yet why should she not be happy? She was a queen in her little circle, her colored gallants took her to the theatre, balls and parties; they presented her with beautiful bouquets and delicious candy. At Christmas time they showered upon her valuable presents, rings, diamonds, pins, and gold watches. She held regal sway in her little court.

That night, I met the dazzling colored beauties at the brilliant bazaar again and escorted the exquisite West Indian lady home. Sensitive and refined in spirit, she realized what it meant to be a member of a despised race. She was inclined, however, to give way to a melancholic fatalism. "There is no use struggling against fate," she said. There had dawned upon her the consciousness of the impassable gulf that separated her from the rest of the human family. But there had not entered into her soul the heroic resolve to overleap the barriers and the wall placed around her by the Anglo-Saxon race prejudice.

There was one woman I met at the brilliant bazaar who had resolved to lift herself out of the miry clay and make history for the Negro, and that was Miss Lizzie Frazer, who enjoys the distinction of being the first colored teacher in a mixed school in New York City. And the exquisite and dainty West Indian soon followed her and afterwards became a minister's wife.

The next morning I crossed over to Brooklyn. It was an inspiring sight to watch the ferryboats passing to and fro, thronged with eager passengers. I walked five or six miles in Brooklyn that day. I thought nothing of the beautiful quadroon and octoroon girls; I was charged with the throbbing and pulsing life of Fifth Avenue and Broadway and longed for the day to come when I would step out from the college elms and venture forth, battle with the world and win my place. I returned to New York. As I approached the home where I was invited to dine there flitted across my vision the beautiful octoroon with

the drooping eyes, the blushing cheeks and caressing voice. She expressed the hope that she would see the college boys again but said that she was going to a reception that night, and then she vanished. It was a year and a half before I saw her again on an excursion, and she seemed much older; her eyes retained their melting tenderness, their velvety beauty, the liquid glamour that impressed me at first, but they had lost some of their former brilliancy and lustre. There were rings and circles under her eyes, her cheeks were pinched and the color partly faded from them. The pace of the high life of New York was beginning to tell upon her; love of dress and finery and flattering admirers, too many theatres, balls, receptions and card and wine parties had reduced her in fifteen months from a dazzling beauty to a faded rose.

That night I addressed the St. Mark's Lyceum upon "Human History as a Revealer of the Supremacy of the Moral and Spiritual Life of Mankind." It was my maiden effort as a platform lecturer and it was pronounced a wonderful address. It was talked about for many months in New York City. Afterwards Mr. George W. Allen, the president of the Lyceum, told me that it fell upon their ears as Bryan's speech did upon that Democratic convention that nominated him for the Presidency.

In some respects, as I look back upon it, it was the Sophomoric effort of a college Senior, who had read his Emerson and Carlyle, his Browning and Milton, and who, ignorant of real life, was expressing his youthful faith, hopes, dreams, aspirations and ambitions. It did not differ materially from the average commonplace oration, or class day address of the high school or college graduate.

But in some respects it did differ from the average commencement oration, or class day address. In a way it was the most wonderful address I have ever delivered or shall ever deliver. There was a quality to it that few college orations have. For the first time in my life I had witnessed the spectacle of the surging, seething life of humanity, which reminded me of the sea breaking into a thousand strands of foam and spray as it struck the sandy shore. And my address echoed and reëchoed with the distant roar of the surging and seething of that life. It echoed and reëchoed with the hum and murmur of those

multitudinous voices. It thrilled and pulsed with the buoyant Easter faith, with the joy and radiancy and splendor of that Fifth Avenue parade on Easter Sunday. It throbbed and quivered with the bustle, ambition, the passion and energy that was reflected in those men who rushed hither and thither on Broadway, hurrying as if their lives depended upon this or that car or elevator, that gleamed from the eyes and rounded cheeks of those women who walked as if the world lay at their feet. And then there breathed through it the spiritual faith of that Wednesday afternoon in Central Park when I saw the glory of God reflected and revealed in every blade of growing grass, in every bud that was expanding into leaf and flower and opening up its beauty to the world.

I do not wonder that that address impressed that audience: it was delivered before a Washington Literary two years later, when President McKinley was inaugurated. L. M. Hershaw was president of the Literary then, Professor J. W. Cromwell was secretary. Visitors were there from every section of the country; there was not the fire and passion, the enthusiasm and energy to its delivery that characterized the New York address. But even then it made an impression. Professor W. H. Richards of the Howard University Law School walked home with me that night. He was interested in me because I was such an idealist, because I was so ambitious and optimistic. But he was afraid lest becoming disillusioned by the world, and being disappointed in realizing my hopes and dreams, I would grow bitter and pessimistic. He gave me kindly warning. I smiled at his words then, but now I realize how true they were. In college a man is appreciated at his face value, but you must force and compel the world to appreciate your worth and value—force and compel the world to respect you. College honor is high; the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount is incarnated in the college ideals, and the Golden Rule is enthroned in the college world. But in the outside world, if you do not stand up and assert yourself as a man, people will knock you down and run over you. The world does not give any man recognition gratuitously. Whatever recognition you get from the world you must wrest and wring from it. The college world is no more a microcosm of the real world, no more the real world

in miniature, than is the Newport harbor the Atlantic ocean in miniature.

The next morning after the lecture before the New York Lyceum, I crossed the river to visit the lady of the Jersey shore who wanted to be great and yet did not know what she wanted to be or become. I admired her for her soaring ambitions and idealistic dreams, but I thought she would be an exotic in New York City and was a product peculiar to the Jersey shore; so I shook my head and said to her, "To breast the rolling waves of New York life, and buffet with those mighty billows, one must move in a straight line towards some definite point, towards some goal." She who dreamed of such wonderful things married a man whose vocation in life was humble but whose spirit was manly and noble.

In the afternoon I walked for an hour on the Bowery. In the evening I visited the brilliant and dazzling bazaar again, was introduced around and again, was fascinated by the glitter, glare and brilliancy of those lights and that aristocratic society, but was impressed by the hollowness and artificiality and mockery of it all. There was ambition there, the ambition to make money and dress and wear diamonds, but not ambition to play an active part in that rich metropolitan life. And yet why should they have such ambition? Many a talented and gifted colored man, who would be a leader of his people in a Southern city or a prominent citizen in a small Northern or Western town, has gone to New York City and been overwhelmed by that life, just as a swimmer who can float and swim gracefully in a mill pond is buried beneath the mighty ocean waves breaking upon the shore, swept off his feet and out to sea by the undertow and drowned. And even if he has the strength and vitality to play with, laugh at, and ride upon the storming breakers, there is the Chinese wall of American caste prejudices that confines his activities to a narrow and circumscribed area.

Soon I boarded the Elevated on the way to the *Richard Peck,* and in a few minutes I was listening to the splash of the dark waters, and watching the brilliant lights of those massive buildings, which seemed studded with scintillating diamonds, recede from view. The stars overhead shone calmly and softly down upon the sea. There was no sound in nature save the kiss

of the angry waves as they parted before the prow of that swift twin screw steamer, the pride of the Long Island Sound. But the calm and peace and quiet of nature was strangely contrasted with the stormy thoughts, the mighty hopes, the heroic resolves, that raged in my mind. Then I retired to my state room, but not to sleep. I reflected that I had not seen what I had expected, what they told me I would see in New York. When I left New Haven I dreaded lest I should shudder at the exhibition of vice and poverty, the misery and wretchedness of New York City, or I expected to be dazzled and captivated by the scintillating brilliancy of New York's Colored "Four Hundred". And yet it was not so. The walk through the Bowery made no impression on me whatever. The dazzling and brilliant society of the colored aristocracy did not sweep me off my feet. But what my colored friends had not told me about, what I did not expect to see and experience in New York City, was what impressed me. The wealth and fashion of Fifth Avenue, the tense commercial life on Broadway; the people who represented the rank and file of the New York life, the democracy of modern civilization and the middle class, which is the backbone and sinew of any country, coming out to enjoy the first warm day of spring in Central Park; the romping children and fond mothers; they were the things that generated in me the mighty resolve to be a man and compel the country to recognize me. I had dreamed before of being an orator and philosopher, but then for the first time was born in me the passion and the desire to dominate and master men. That New York experience was the dawn of manhood's ambition.

But Mr. Washington and his admirers will ask, "Was this experience translated into dollars and cents? What was the cash value of it? How much money did it put into my pocket?" A celebrated German philosopher was asked a similar question a century ago about philosophy and he replied: "Philosophy can bake no bread. But it does give us God, freedom and immortality." If eating, drinking and sleeping, if toiling for food, clothes and shelter were the end of life and living, why then this experience would be an illusion and an empty dream.

But Hamilton Wright Mabie once said that the hours and moments when high hopes are generated in the human soul are

the tablelands of inspiration which are like the mountain ranges which catch the rain and give it forth as the springs that cool parched lips and issuing forth into streams prevents their drying up in summer drought, thus preventing suffering and misery in the valley below.

So from that New York experience I gained the insatiable ambition, the indomitable spirit, the will that cannot be overcome or conquered, the determination and resolve to fight on and forge to the front, which will yield and give way to no obstacle or opposition. It is worth more than a fortune to me.

This book, whatever its worth or value, is the outcome of that youthful experience. I have passed from the optimism of the college student to the disillusionment that contact with the world gives; and have now arrived at manhood's rational faith.

I hope and trust that the reader will not think that I am too self-conscious and too desirous for fame, but when a schoolboy of twelve years I read John Mercer Langston's orations and addresses, and when a schoolboy of thirteen years I read Frederick Douglass' Life. These did not electrify me like the four experiences that I have just described; but they set me to thinking, they made me realize that I with a few million Negroes were living in a little valley, shut in by the hills of American race prejudice, and that the world living beyond those mountain barriers despised and looked down upon us who lived within. Then I asked, "How can we who live in the valley win the respect of mankind?" And the answer came back, "By your deeds and achievements you must climb over those mountain barriers and let the world know of your intellectual and moral worth." That is why I set out to get an education. And that is why I turned aside from putting on the finishing touches to two philosophical works and a volume of literary and historical essays to tell to the world the deeds and achievements of the Negro race.

"But what has he done?" the practical, impatient and unsympathetic world will ask. The contrast between what men hoped, aspired, longed to be and become and what they actually are, the contrast between what they dreamed of achieving and what they accomplished constitutes the pathos in the lives of most men. The tragedy in my life has consisted in the fact that I

possess the spirit of the demigod, the ambition of a Hercules, and that this titanic energy is yoked to the body of an ordinary mortal.

In the summer of 1896, I did two men's work at Narragansett Pier. For five successive weeks, I worked as waiter in one hotel and night bellman in another, working from sixteen to eighteen hours a day and only getting from four to six hours sleep out of twenty-four. The second year I was at Harvard I worked five hours a day in Memorial Hall and took full courses. The last year at Harvard I attempted to work five and six hours a day in a boarding house and take full courses in college. Even though I had a constitution of iron I soon found that there was a limit to my strength. Then a few years ago I attempted to pastor a church in one town and be assistant principal in a school two hundred miles away. And now I am forced to accept the sad fact that I cannot do two men's work, that with all my ambition and energy, like other men, I must follow the maximum eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for leisure.

The world has expected colored men to be smaller editions of Booker Washingtons, yea Booker Washingtons in miniature, instead of taking them as they are. Nature has endowed him with the skill to organize and marshal forces, the patience to worry over and bother with petty details, the spirit to swim with the popular currents of thought and feeling. She has fitted others with the eye to see, the heart to buck against opposition, the tongue and pen to thrill and electrify men. Their training has been along philosophical, literary and oratorical lines. Not until they fail along those lines, can the world justly pronounce them failures. The world must judge a man from what he aspires and strives to be and become, recognizing that not every man is endowed with ten talents. All I am or ever hope to be is expressed in this volume. It was not wholly written from other books, for I left my library behind me during my eleven months' lecture tour through the South. My only literary companions were a slender volume containing selections from Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and a little pamphlet upon "The Inspiration of the Bible." This book, then, was written out of my heart, out of my experience with men and

women. It expresses my life dreams, hopes and aspirations. Upon this volume, then, I will stake the reality or unreality of my youthful dreams and experiences.

How strange are the ways of Providence! I was trained to be a teacher of Philosophy, Sociology and English Literature.

Ten years ago my ambition was to occupy the chair in philosophy, sociology and English literature in some of the big Negro colleges and universities. The Lord withheld the opportunity from me to teach my specialties in some of the big colored colleges and universities, but he opened up the way for me to gain a richer, wider and deeper experience as a lecturer and newspaper man. Even in crossing and thwarting our cherished plans, the Almighty offers us blessings in disguise. Just see how His wisdom transcends our petty judgments.

I had dreamed of teaching colored students in college metaphysics and the philosophy of knowledge, but in this little volume I will teach the Negro race the philosophy of life. I had dreamed of teaching colored students the principles of sociology; but in this book I am applying the principles of sociology to the Negro question and giving the world a sociological view of the Negro and his many problems. I had dreamed of pointing out to colored students the secret of the elusive charm and delicate beauty of the style of Ruskin and Newman, of Curtis and Mitchell; and behold I have written a book which though lacking in the gorgeous imagery and lyrical cadence of Ruskin's periods and the grace and ease of Newman's sentences, which though lacking in the poetic beauty and poetic mysticism of some of DuBois's pages, may yet for a few months be studied by Negro orators and students as an attempt at sledge-hammer eloquence. What do I mean by sledge-hammer eloquence? Cato ended every address with "Carthage must be damned." Kelly Miller has told us of the colored preacher who once ended every sentence of a prayer with "Obertrow de works of de debil." Now there is one idea that runs through the book as a sort of string that prevents the beads flying apart, no matter what chapter you read, no matter where you open the book, no matter what subject I am discussing, somewhere in the course of the chapter you will see my discussion, clinching that idea. And if you read the book from cover to cover that one idea will be so

impressed upon you that you cannot forget it. I discuss a hundred different subjects in this book. Now you will be carried off into a discussion of eloquence, now of music, now of literature; now you will be carried through pages of history and now through discussions in psychology and philosophy, but will finally discover that all of these diverse roads lead to Rome, and that is what I call sledge-hammer eloquence. No matter how far you wander from the track to pick berries in the bypath, you will find yourself in the main road again.

My attitude of mind towards the world may seem rather combative, but a man is unconsciously but powerfully influenced by his ideals and heroes. When I was a schoolboy in New Haven, there were seventeen men who dazzled my boyish imagination. Moses, Paul, Luther, John Brown, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips were my moral and spiritual heroes. The Earl of Chatham, Mirabeau, Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner were my political heroes. Frederick Douglass was my ideal orator; I regarded him as the godlike, incarnated in a dusky skin. But William the Conqueror, Oliver Cromwell, U. S. Grant, Oliver Perry, Israel Putnam and John Paul Jones were my fighting heroes. In the latter part of the book I pay my respects to Cromwell, Grant and Perry. While Cromwell appeals more to me now than any other soldier, when I was in my early teens Israel Putnam and John Paul Jones were my fighting gods. Putnam's sturdiness as a farmer, his descent into the wolf or bear's den and his daring feats and hairbreadth escapes in war, appealed to my youthful imagination. Many an afternoon, on my way home from the Shelton Avenue School, I would stop in one of the lots on Dixwell Avenue, drop under a tree and read the life of Israel Putnam until the glow in the western sky indicated that the Sun was giving up his dominion of the sky and Night was about to spread her drapery over the heavens. Then I mused what a blessed thing it would be to be a farmer and fighter like Israel Putnam. The rugged strength of Putnam's character, the sturdiness of his sterling nature, made a powerful impression upon my impressionable mind.

And can I ever forget the first time I read about the cool daring and grim, dogged courage of John Paul Jones, who lashed an old, burning and sinking ship, the *Richard,* to the *Serapis,*

and when ordered by the English captain, Pearson, to surrender, defiantly cried out, "I have not yet begun to fight; sink me if you can! If I must go to the devil, I would rather strike to him than to you." Whenever I am disheartened and discouraged by the rebuffs of the world, whenever the odds are against me, whenever I am fighting a hard, uphill fight, I think of the heroic words of the intrepid, indomitable and invincible commander of the *Richard,* "I have not begun to fight yet." Then I tighten my armour, get my second wind and plunge into the fray again.

When I stepped out from under the shadow of the protecting college walls, I had the faith and enthusiasm of a frank, open-hearted youth, who was innocent of the world. But now I have the faith and self-reliance of a man, who has faced adversity, who has been brought to the brink of poverty, yea to the verge of pessimism, cynicism and despair by an unsympathetic, indifferent world; but who didn't get dizzy, lose his head or go over the precipice to moral suicide and atheism. I can hurl back defiance to the world, because when the tide of adversity set against me, and the criticism of a hostile world swept against me, I did not lose my moorings, and was not carried out to the sea and lost, but held to the sheet-anchors of faith in God and faith in humanity. The day that I received my A.B. degree, the years that I studied philosophy in Yale, were the golden days of my life. I was happy and careless then. The sun seemed to shine all the time, then; every one seemed to smile upon me, then. I have seen some cloudy days and weathered some fierce storms since then; I passed from optimism to pessimism, to despair, to cynicism, and now I have reached a modified but resolute faith.

But what is the outlook before a colored youth? The world expects an educated colored man to be another Crogman, Bowen, Wright, Miller, Cook and Tunnell who did splendid work as educators in Gammon Theological Seminary, Georgia State Industrial College, Clark University or Howard University. They are typical and noble examples of the well-trained teacher, who is familiar with the details of college work discipline. Or possibly the world expects a colored college graduate to be another Proctor, who is a brilliant preacher and an ideal pastor. These men in their callings as teachers and preachers are admira-

ble specimens of the educated Negro. But nature cuts out some men for a broader and larger work than the pulpit or the classroom. If a man is a teacher in the South, he must merge and lose his individuality in that of the man he teaches under, who is often an ignoramus.

If he preaches in the South, he must merge and lose his individuality in that of his deacon or trustee board, who are often ignorant and illiterate. Consequently the Negro school and college or church offers mediocre and talented men a field of usefulness and a means of getting a livelihood; but does not offer a field of expression and development for a man of genius who is gifted with the power of vision and the art of so putting things as to cause others to share in that vision.

Now the country regards the Negro as an imitative being. This is no doubt true. Cuffee was an imitator of the philosophers and philanthropists of their day. Crummell and Blyden were partly imitators of English scholars and thinkers. George T. Downing was an imitator of Charles Sumner. Frederick Douglass was an imitator of Sumner, Garrison and Phillips. Toussaint L'Ouverture alone of the foreign Negroes possessed the construction and creative genius as a soldier and statesman so that we can speak of him in the same breath with Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander, Cromwell, Napoleon and George Washington. And in America, there are three colored men who will go down in Negro history as the three American Negroes who were endowed with the constructive and creative mind, who were original and creative forces, who were innovators or possessed the power of initiative, who were intellectual and moral pioneers, and who burst the conventional traces, broke out of the conventional ruts and grooves of popular opinion and blazed out a path and hewed out a way for themselves. For did not these three men set themselves against the popular estimate of Booker T. Washington's political and pedagogical theories and successfully challenge the consensus of opinion of colored and white men regarding the ultimate worth and value of Mr. Washington's self-effacement from politics and self-surrender of civil and political rights theories? Did not these men manfully face the American view regarding the Negro's place in American politics and the Negro's status in civil, industrial and economic life?

Some shallow-brained and superficial critics of Negro extraction regard them as "indomitable fools" and say "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

But the verdict of history, the judgment of posterity, will be, "Whether these three men were right or wrong, we must admit there were three American Negroes who were not mere imitators of the Anglo-Saxon, but who were original and creative forces, who were men of constructive and creative minds."

Of the men who make up this triumvirate, Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois, the author of "The Souls of Black Folk," and the leader of the Niagara Movement, is the most prominent. But some may ask, where do Kelly Miller, T. Thomas Fortune, George Washington Forbes and the gifted Grimke brothers come in? Miller, Fortune and Forbes are endowed with the power of philosophical analysis and the gift of expression; but they lack the daring, adventurous temperament which would make them wedge-drivers. Dr. Francis J. Grimke and Hon. Archibald Grimke are men cast in a rugged, heroic mould. They blend the stern, austere morality of the Hebrew prophets with the polish and refinement of a George William Curtis. But they are more conservative than radical, with the wisdom and judgment of a Nestor. Booker T. Washington is a genius as an organizer but he is not an original thinker nor a philosophic statesman. I would rate Professor William H. H. Hart of the Law Department of Howard University as the most gifted and versatile orator that the Negro race in America has yet produced, blending a philosophical grasp of mind with the aërial imagination of a poet and backing up these with a powerful physique and an indomitable will. But as his father was wholly white and his mother partly white, and as he desires the recognition of his Anglo-Saxon blood, I will respect his wishes and not classify him as a colored man, but as an American of Anglo-Saxon extraction.

Kant, Hegel, Lotze, Ladd, Royce and James have said the last word in philosophy; Emerson and Carlyle have said the last word in practical idealism; Matthew Arnold and Hamilton Wright Mabie have said the last word in literary criticism. Mabie blends the moral vigor of Carlyle with the optimism of Emerson and the sanity of Arnold. Mabie has reached a height

of literary criticism that no one can ever hope to transcend. Victor Hugo's famous battle picture of Waterloo, and Ruskin's "Modern Painters," for gorgeous splendor and vivid coloring are unsurpassed in all literature and only equalled by some of the eloquent pages of Carlyle and Newman. But there are no great orators living in America to-day. We have no orators who can rival Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Burke, O'Connell, Bishop Wilberforce, Daniel Webster and Wendell Phillips, Storrs, Curtis, Patrick Henry and Henry Grady.

The Negro race has many orators who possess a magnificent presence, a stentorian voice, a fluency of expression and utterance, and among the greatest of these are Dr. M. C. B. Mason, the impassioned orator and former educational secretary, and Dr. I. N. Ross of Washington, D. C. But Dr. DuBois, Attorney J. D. Carr and Rev. Reverdy C. Ransom are three Negro orators who can express grand and sublime sentiments in words that charm us with their lyric splendor; colored orators whose magic of style can clothe universal sentiments, dear to mankind, in phrases that haunt the mind and linger in the memory for weeks. And yet DuBois, who blends the insight of Emerson with the style of Newman, lacks fire and passion and physical magnetism. Carr possesses fire and magnetism, yet lacks the passion and abandon of Ransom. So Ransom is our greatest living colored orator. His Garrison Centennial and Harpers Ferry addresses will live long in Negro history. They rival A. Grimke's famous Sam Hose speech.

Of the white orators, Depew, Burke Cochran and Bryan have held the center of the stage and been in the limelight of popularity the past twenty years. Depew is an Apollo in face and figure, with a mellow, pleasant tenor voice and a mellifluous flow of words. His gestures are graceful and natural. His manner of speaking is characterized by grace and ease, while felicity is the word that characterizes his subtle wit and playful humor. At the dinners of the Yale Alumni Association his grasp of university problems, his bright, clear stories and his appeals to the glory and traditions of Old Yale, his eulogies of the men who have made Yale great and famous, gave his eloquence the sentimental quality and delightful reminiscent vein that constitutes the perennial charm of Ik Marvel's "Dream Life." But gifted as

he is, Depew lacks the fire and passion and moral earnestness of Demosthenes, Chatham, Patrick Henry and Wendell Phillips. Burke Cochran is a big, brawny Irishman, with a roaring, bellowing baritone voice, an Irishman's wit and humor and a scholar's knowledge. He is a master of the periodic sentence structure and knows how to build a series of climaxes and perorations, one rising above another, growing out of it and transcending it, just like a series of winding stairs; and you are carried higher and higher. He has the Irishman's fire and passion and intensity and is the embodiment and incarnation of titanic force and dynamic energy upon the platform. He is the modern Mirabeau and the greatest living orator. But Cochran is a demagogue, who plays to the gallery gods, an orator unanchored to fundamental moral convictions or the eternal principles of justice as the great Daniel O'Connell was. Bryan has some of the grace of Depew and force of Cochran. I heard him in Mechanics Hall, Boston, a few years ago. Twelve thousand people were present that night. The meeting began at eight o'clock. First the temporary chairman spoke, then George Frederick Williams, then the late Governor Altgeld, and a Congressman from Ohio. When Bryan was called forth at half-past ten, the people had been surfeited with two hours and a half of speaking, and yet Bryan held that audience until midnight. Only two thousand left and they were forced to take cars for neighboring towns and suburbs. Bryan has a strong face. With his bright eye, thin, firm lips and square, determined chin and his splendid figure, he looks like a man born to rule and command. A man, who though thrice defeated in his fight for the presidency could yet dominate the Democratic National Convention in July, 1912, is a man to be reckoned with. He is a master of antithesis and has perfected the epigrammatic phrase-coining style. His voice is musical and well modulated. It carries well. There is a nervous quiver to it that touches a sympathetic chord in the hearer's heart. But Bryan is lacking in the intellectual and imaginative qualifications of a great orator. He is rarely profound and original at the same time. His thought is sometimes commonplace and platitudinous. His eloquence is sometimes scintillating in its brilliancy, but meteoric in its effect upon an audience. He expresses some of the universal democratic

ideas that appeal to the οἱ πολλοὶ. But his is not the soaring imagination. He can rise upon the wings of the imagination in its aërial flight. But he cannot sustain himself as Storrs did, nor can he rise to such passages as Curtis's introduction to his Concord oration, his characterization of Wendell Phillips's eloquence and his description of Phillips's call. Neither can he rise to Daniel Webster's magnificent peroration beginning "When my eyes shall behold the Sun in his glory." His Crown of Thorns and Cross of Gold speech swept him on to the throne of Democratic leadership, but it will not live. Theodore Roosevelt is a rapid-fire gatling-gun speaker. He has the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. But he is abrupt and jerky. His eloquence has not the even flow of a river which sweeps one along unconsciously.

Now no one can hope to originate a new system of philosophy nor create a new school of literary criticism. But there is an opportunity for a Negro to bring philosophy down from cloudland and shed its blessings upon the Negro race, as Prometheus brought down the fire of the gods from the heavens and gave it to mankind. There is an opportunity for a colored man to revive American eloquence and sound a new note in American eloquence. And the Negro youth should seize these opportunities. If the Negro youth will read this book, he may catch its spirit and go forth to make history for the Negro race; to make his contribution, whether along practical or intellectual lines, to civilization. The cultured and the refined will suffer unspeakable anguish for the time being, but in the long run natural selection will weed out the morally depraved and physically decrepit; the struggle for existence and the law of the survival of the fittest will give the Negro the place and position that he deserves and ought to have.

Some will say that the stern Anglo-Saxon race will never accord the Negro civil and political equality; but mankind ever has in the past and ever will in the future pay homage to genius and heroism, even if shining through a black skin. Reflect that Æsop, Terence, Timrod, Alexander Hamilton and Robert Browning had a strain of Negro blood in their veins. Hannibal, a distinguished Negro general, the great grandfather of the poet Pushkin, made Russia forget that he was a Negro. Pushkin,

an octoroon, the Shakespeare of Russian poets, made Russia forget that he was one-eighth Negro. Dumas, a distinguished mulatto general, the father of the famous novelist, made France forget that he was half Negro. Alexander Dumas, a quadroon, the prince of novelists, made France forget that he was one-fourth Negro. We have seen how Douglass, Crummell, Dunbar, Chestnut, Washington and DuBois have been honored in America. Then cross over to Hayti and remember that Wendell Phillips, the most persuasive orator the Anglo-Saxon race has produced, Wendell Phillips, who with Chatham, Burke, O'Connell, Henry and Webster is a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of modern eloquence, has devoted the oration by which he will be remembered by posterity to the eulogy of a black soldier, statesman and martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture. Black men, take heart, and go forth to make your contribution to civilization, sustained by a faith in the Almighty God, in the possibilities of the Negro and in the innate sense of justice of the Anglo-Saxons.

Professor Kelly Miller of Howard University admirably summed up the thought of this chapter in an article upon "The Artistic Gifts of the Negro" in *The Voice of the Negro* for April, 1906, when he said, "The back room of every Negro barber shop is a young conservatory of music.

"In the ordinary Negro household, the piano is as common a piece of furniture as the rocking chair or center table. That rosewood piano in a log cabin in Alabama, which Dr. Booker T. Washington's burlesque has made famous, is a most convincing, if somewhat grotesque, illustration of the musical genius of the Negro race. Music satisfies the Negro's longing as nothing else can do. All human faculties strive to express or utter themselves. They do not wait upon any fixed scheme or order of development to satisfy our social philosophy. When the fires of genius burn in the soul, it will not await the acquiring of a bank account or the building of a fine mansion before gratifying its cravings. The famished Elijah under a juniper tree was the purveyor of God's message to a wicked king. Socrates in poverty and rage pointed out to mankind the path of moral freedom. John the Baptist, clad in leather girdle, and living on the wild fruits of the fields, proclaimed the coming of the kingdom of God. Would it be blasphemy to add,

that the Son of Man, while dwelling in the flesh, had not where to lay His head? Our modern philosophy would have advised that these enthusiasts cease their idle speculation, go to work, earn an honest living, and leave the pursuit of truth and spiritual purity to those who had acquired a competency. Is it a part of God's economy that the higher susceptibilities of the soul must wait upon the lower faculties of the body? Should Tanner paint no pictures because his race is ignorant and poor? Should Dunbar cease to woo the muses till every Negro learns a trade? The Negro in poverty and rags, in ignorance and unspeakable physical wretchedness, uttered forth those melodies which are sure to lift mankind at least a little higher in the scale of spiritual purity.

"The Negro's order of development follows that of the human race. The imaginative powers are the first to emerge; exact knowledge and its practical application come at a later stage. The first superlative Negro will rise in the domain of the arts. The poet, the artist and the musician come before the engineer and the administrator. The Negro who is to quicken and inspire his race will not be a master mechanic nor yet a man of profound erudition in the domain of exact knowledge, but a man of vision with powers to portray and project. The epic of the Negro race has not yet been written; its aspirations and strivings still await portrayal. Whenever a Dunbar or a Chestnut breaks upon us with surprising imaginative and pictorial power, his race becomes expectant and begins to ask—'art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?'

"Mr. W. D. Howells, writing in the introduction of Mr. Dunbar's first volume of poems, says: 'I said that a race which had come to this effect in any member of it, had attained civilization in him, and I permitted myself the imaginative prophecy that the hostilities and prejudices which had so long constrained his race were destined to vanish in the arts; that these were to be the final proof that God had made of one blood all nations of men. I accepted them as an evidence of the essential unity of the human race.'"

CHAPTER VII.

The Philosophy of Success and the Success of Philosophy—Reflections upon the Lack of a Criterion of Greatness among Critical Afro-Americans who Belittle Philosophers, Scholars and Litterateurs.

This chapter has been prepared because there seems to be no true criterion of greatness and no adequate standard of judging and estimating success among the critical Afro-Americans, who set themselves up as judges and pass judgment upon the careers of university men, pronouncing this man a success and that man a failure. It was originally prepared for the private instruction, enlightenment and edification of an aristocratic friend of mine, a colored clergyman and professor of pedagogy and philosophy in a university not many miles from the National Capitol, who seemed to think that if a college-bred and university-trained man could not become an educational jack-of-all-trades and do every and all things equally well, he was not practical and not a success.

And then I reflected that there might possibly be other critical Afro-Americans, who, being dilettantes and lacking profound insight into philosophy, psychology, sociology, literature and human life and character, like my learned and distinguished friend, might fail to recognize that a man's natural and proper sphere of activity was along lines in which he had previously distinguished himself and manifested natural aptitude. And thinking that this chapter might clarify their mental atmosphere and enlarge their intellectual horizon, I send it out as an educational document, hoping and trusting that the ideas and thoughts contained in these pages may be disseminated and scattered broadcast among the hypercritical Afro-Americans.

It is to be hoped that these pages will also find their way into the libraries of the noble-hearted and thoughtful Anglo-Saxons and colored men of the judicial type, who are interested in the mental and moral uplift of the black race and who frequently are called upon to pass judgment upon the recommendations of these critical Afro-Americans.

Soon after graduating from Harvard, I was employed by the Massachusetts and Connecticut Republican Campaign Committees. And I observed their *modus operandi.* The committees endeavored to put the campaign workers to work that they were fitted by temperament and training to do. They acted upon the hypothesis that a man could succeed best if he was given the work for which his natural tastes and aptitudes and inclinations and his previous training and preparation fitted him to do.

Thus the campaign committee selected ward heelers to drum out the poolroom and saloon gang. They selected men endowed with the gift of gab and brass to orate on the street corners and in the barber shops. They selected the tactful diplomatic men to wire pull in ward caucuses and visit the doubtful voters.

The committees heard that I was a student of sociology and history and was endowed with certain gifts as a public speaker and writer for the press and pressed me into service. They selected me to answer, in the columns of the Boston *Transcript,* Professor Kelly Miller's brilliant pamphlet on Anti-Imperialism and to show in the columns of the New Haven *Leader* the inconsistencies in the career of the Democratic candidate for Judge of the Probate Court. Then they used me as a speaker in the big rallies in Lynn, Mass., and New London, Conn.

Then there was a great meeting held in New Haven, Conn., preceded by a torchlight procession and fireworks and the speakers riding in open carriages behind the brass band. The Hon. N. D. Sperry, one of the oldest and most distinguished men in the House of Representatives; the Judge of the Probate Court, the City Prosecuting Attorney, were the three white speakers. Hon. James Jeffries, the most distinguished colored citizen in Connecticut, and the writer of this article, were the two colored speakers and rode in the carriage with Hon. N. D. Sperry.

Now these campaign committees were not doctrinaires or theorists, who held that an educated man should be able to adapt himself to any situation or emergency; but they were cool, practical, hard-headed men, who desired to carry an election. They said, "we want a man to do a certain work and render a certain service," and they selected the man who was fitted to do that work and render that service.

But, judging from the criticism which the critical Afro-Americans make of college-bred men, they would have pursued a

different course. They would have put the ward heeler up to speak on the same platform with a distinguished Congressman, with the Judge of the Probate Court and the City Prosecuting Attorney. They would have delegated the curbstone and barber-shop orator to reply in the Boston *Transcript* to Professor Kelly Miller's masterly article and perform the delicate work of criticising in the New Haven *Leader* the rival candidate for the Probate Court judgeship. Then they would have taken men who were as much at home on the public platform and in newspaper writing as Brer Rabbit, who was bred and born in the briar bush, and detailed them to become curbstone and barber-shop orators and ward heelers. For the theory of these critical Afro-Americans is that a man who cannot adapt and adjust himself to every emergency and situation is a failure. And instead of everything moving like clockwork with Leibnitzian preëstablished harmony, the confusion that prevailed at the building of the Tower of Babel would have occurred if these critical Afro-Americans, who ignore the natural qualifications of men, and think that educated men can be dovetailed anywhere and put to do any and every kind of work and fitted to every uncongenial task, had their way.

The question is now: Who is right, the campaign managers, who put men up to the work that they are best adapted to doing, or the critical Afro-Americans, who expect an educated man to fit in anywhere and everywhere?

I do not know who is right, but I know that the great generals, the great admirals, the great rulers, the great captains of industry, the successful bishops, college presidents and presidents of banks and railroads, and managers of mills, stores and factories act just as the campaign managers did. The commander-in-chief of the army desires to capture a certain fort and storm a certain position and he selects a man with dash, courage and brilliancy to command the attacking column. He desires to lay a mine under the enemy, lay in ambush for him or spring upon him unawares and take him by surprise, or to mislead him by pretending that he is about to attack when he will really retreat, or that he is retreating, when he is really gathering himself for another attack, and he details a cool-headed and resourceful man to supervise and manœuvre. He wants some one to carry a

message to another general, when the messenger has to be on the lookout for the enemy, and he selects a man who has a head that is as cool as ice and a heart that is as hot as fire. Then he wants a man to go as a spy into the enemy's country and he selects a cool, crafty, resourceful man, who is always wary and watchful.

The bishop has appointments to fill that require a certain type of minister. There is a country circuit or a rural charge which does not demand a great scholar or teacher, but it requires that a man shall be a good pastor, the shepherd of his flock, the father of his people, and so the bishop sends some wise, pious, devout, fatherly man. Another church is struggling under a heavy load of debt. It requires a hustling, energetic man, who is fertile with devices and schemes for raising money and the bishop sends such a man. Another church is divided into two warring factions over a wrangle about a preceding pastor. It requires a careful, cautious, tactful minister, and the bishop sends such a man. There is another large city church, which carries a large floating congregation, that is attracted by the personality, magnetism and eloquence of the preacher. It demands an eloquent and magnetic preacher, and the bishop sends such a man. Then there is an historic church, with intellectual and aristocratic conditions. It is steeped and saturated in culture. It needs an intellectual giant, a broadly cultured man. And the bishop sends that type of minister. Then there is the ultra fashionable church, where may be seen dress and style and fashion. It requires a preacher with the polish and elegance of the cavalier and courtier. And the bishop sends that kind of man. Of course it goes without saying that all six types of ministers must be men of faith, vision and high character. But the success of the bishop, like the success of the statesman, ruler, general, admiral and captain of industry, depends upon his picking out the right man to fit into the situation and do the required thing. This is the way that the cool-headed and practical Anglo-Saxon sizes up and utilizes men. But how do the colored critics of educated men do?

I have had colored bishops and educators come to me and say: "This man succeeded in this place and position, I don't quite understand why he failed in that other place and position." I will give the reason. These men think that if a man succeeds

in one place and position, which calls for one set of qualities and one type of man, therefore he will succeed in another place and position, which calls for an entirely different set of qualities and an entirely different type of man. Their theory was tersely put by a dean of the Teachers' College of Howard University and ex-pastor of the People's Congregational Church, in a sermon in which he stated that if a man succeeded down there in a little niche, that he would be likely to succeed up here in a big niche. And vice versa. This theory was trenchantly stated by another thinker when he said: "Have a care, young man, you never know when the world is taking a measure of you for a larger position." This theory sounds plausible on the surface; but let us lay it bare and delve into it. The test of a theory is whether it will work and the proof of a pudding is in the eating.

These bishops take a young minister, who succeeded in a small country town because of his sweet and winning personality, and put him in charge of a large city church which makes intellectual and oratorical demands that he is not equal to. And they wonder why he fails. They take a brilliant preacher and successful pastor and make him president of a college, a position which calls for the broad culture that the minister does not possess and they wonder why he fails.

They take a popular teacher and elect him college president, which position calls for a commanding personality, administrative and executive ability that the genial and affable teacher does not possess. And they wonder why he fails. They forget that many a boat that safely sails the harbor or river would flounder helplessly in the ocean; that many a man who could command a regiment would fall helplessly and hopelessly as commander-in-chief of the whole army.

Educators take a sweet and estimable lady, who would make a splendid head of the department of history, and appoint her as principal of a high school, a position which calls for brute force that the lady does not possess. She is not big and strong enough to dominate and master the restless elements as Æolus did his winds and they wonder why she fails. They take a brilliant, classical scholar, who should have been placed at the head of the department of languages, and they make him a

supervising principal of grammar school work, a position which requires a technical knowledge of and an experience in grammar school work, which he does not possess. And they wonder why he does not immediately, perfectly adapt himself to his new work. Bishops and educators of the critical Afro-American type also criticize an expert in philosophy, psychology, sociology, history, literature and oratory because he does not work wonders as an experimenter in chemistry and as pastor of an ignorant and illiterate Negro church.

These educators, bishops and critics mean well, but they fail to see that certain churches, certain positions, certain situations and certain emergencies call for a certain type of man, for a man endowed with certain traits and qualities. Men not of the required type may by tact, resourcefulness and adaptability weather the gale and pull through by the skin of their teeth; but only the man whom the emergency calls for, only the man of the hour, who arrives at the psychological moment, can perfectly master the situation, with his hands firmly upon the throttle valves.

I remember two Baptist, two Methodist, and one Congregational preacher who were able, tactful and resourceful men. But they were not brilliant and magnetic speakers, whereas the size of the church and the character of the congregation called for ministers who could electrify an audience. Whereas before the church was crowded to the doors, many empty benches and seats and a lack of enthusiasm could be observed under the ministry of those five. Then I remember that an untutored but powerful mob orator was sent to manage a book concern that required a Napoleon of finance, a born leader of men and marshaller of forces; yet he floundered helplessly in the sea of finance. Failure to realize these facts has caused ninety per cent. of the misfits and failures in Negro education and Negro church work.

A situation like that of the Civil Dissensions in Rome, the English Reformation, the French Revolution, the German States of the middle portion of the nineteenth century, calls for the iron hand of a master, for a man strong enough to seize and hold all of the reins of government and power in his grasp by sheer brute force, by the sheer force of an iron will, by the sheer

force of an overmastering, overpowering and all-dominating personality. And Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon and Bismarck answered the call and rose to the emergency. What have we in Cæsar training up a loyal army of veterans, in Britain, Gaul, Germany, who would follow his fortunes; in Cromwell, organizing his Ironsides and breathing into them his own fanatical faith; in Napoleon, saying that God was on the other side of the strongest battalion; in Bismarck, thinking that Germany must be welded by blood and iron,—but the trust and rĕliance in the crushing power of the brute force? And it was because Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, had the eyes to see, the arm to strike, and the will to dare that they mastered the restless and tempestuous elements and rode the sea of revolution, as a proud ship rides the seas or a strong rider his horse.

The Revolutionary period in American history required a wary, watchful and indomitable spirit like George Washington. The Civil War period required a calm, cool, careful, cautious, alert, tactful and judicial mind like Abraham Lincoln with his ear on the ground, sensitive to the movements and changes of public opinion. The Civil War required a general like U. S. Grant, who possessed an indomitable will and inflexible resolution, who was not a sparrer, but a grim, dogged, determined fighter who could strike with crushing force. Each great emergency in human affairs calls for a particular kind of man. This is true of the lesser situations. Some colored bishops, educators and critics seem to overlook this fact. But even many of the world's great men are dependent upon Dame Fortune to give them a field to display their peculiar talents and the opportunity to reveal their innate gifts.

Then, too, we have the spectacle in history of a man who faced and successfully met one crisis, failing before another crisis which called for a different type of man. Take Napoleon Bonaparte, the soldier of fortune, the believer in his star of destiny, who rode over the angry waves of the French Revolution to fame and power and who finally went down to defeat at Waterloo. There was a time when Napoleon was a necessity to France. When there was need for some strong man to strike with slashing vigor and crush the French Revolution, when there was need for some political genius to boldly seize the reins of

government and guide and control the restless steeds and give the emotional and mercurial Frenchmen a continuity of aim and purpose, when there was need for some military genius to add prestige and lustre to the fair name of France and extend the boundaries of her empire, Napoleon was the man of the hour.

But there came a time when Europe grew tired of wars and rumors of wars and wanted peace, when France herself wearied of the carnival of bloodshed and of the lust of wholesale slaughtering. The times then called for a Julius Cæsar, who could extend the olive branch of peace to those whom he conquered; for an Abraham Lincoln, who could temper justice with mercy. But Napoleon, with his insatiable ambition, which was not balked by losing thousands of soldiers in the Russian campaign, thought not of peace or compromise. His only thought was, Europe must recognize one Lord, one God, and one master—and that the illustrious Napoleon Bonaparte. In a word, he was not the type of man called for by the turn of events. He didn't realize that the wheel of fortune produced a set of circumstances that called for a different type of man than the restless and insatiable Napoleon. So he finally became a menace to the prosperity of France and the peace of Europe. Almost all of Europe combined against him and France did not follow him as enthusiastically as she did in days of yore. And Napoleon lost out at Waterloo and was banished like a caged lion to St. Helena, not because Grouchy failed him at the critical moment, but because he was no longer the man of the hour, because he had played well his part as dominator and could not, like the versatile and resourceful Julius Cæsar, adapt himself to the new rôle of pacificator, which the times and turn of events called for.

U. S. Grant, the hero of the Civil War, was later a plaything in the hands of Wall Street stock gamblers and speculators. Grover Cleveland, who stood for honesty in politics, later allowed the sanction of his great name to be attached to certain shady insurance transactions. Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, brought criticism down upon himself and made himself a target for ridicule by announcing himself as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. Horace Greeley, one of the pioneers in American journalism, possibly the most potent figure in Ameri-

can journalism, vainly imagined that he could run against General Grant and land in the White House. But he was so overwhelmingly defeated and buried under such an avalanche of votes, that, crushed in spirit and wrecked in mind and in body, he died broken-hearted soon afterwards. What are the lessons? U. S. Grant could bring a great war to a close; Grover Cleveland could twice lead a great political power to victory; but neither could sail the seas of high finance; neither were matches for the manipulators of the stock markets. Admiral Dewey could crush a Spanish fleet and Horace Greeley could build up a powerful newspaper, but neither could build up around himself a formidable political machine, nor play the game of politics successfully. Both lacked political foresight and political horse sense. Just as an actor can play one part, and fail in another, so great men of action can play one rôle and fail in another rôle, which requires an entirely different type of man. So, men who are suited for one crisis cannot fit into a different crisis. Abraham Lincoln was indispensable for the Civil War period, but could not have played the part of Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon nor Bismarck, which required a rough, rugged adamantine spirit, who could ride roughshod over the rights and privileges of others; nor fitted in the rôle of a Paul, a Luther, a Columbus, nor an Athanasius. Frederick Douglass, the orator whose voice rang out like a trumpet blast, was a trump card for the abolitionists; but it is doubtful if he could have built up a Tuskeegee. Booker T. Washington, the creator of Tuskeegee Institute, could not have gotten the center of the stage when the anti-slavery contest waged. While it is true that the stress of revolt breeds revolutionists and reformers and awakes in men their puritanic fire, and that circumstances form and fashion, and emergencies draw out men, still it is true that the only men who ride on the crest of the wave are the men of the hour, who are suited for that particular crisis. Only a Julius Cæsar, who was as much the embodiment of pure intellect as Aristotle, and whose mind was as comprehensive in its reach and grasp and as practical as the mind of Bacon, and who possessed such fertility of resources that he never met a Waterloo, could fit into every and all emergencies.

Then again it must be remembered that every artisan must serve his apprenticeship, and every linguist must learn the gram-

mar and vocabulary of the language that he is about to master. So, too, the scientist, the writer, the teacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the preacher, the politician, and the business man serve their apprenticeship and learn the grammar and vocabulary of their calling. They are training certain faculties of observation, analysis and comparison and are developing certain innate gifts. They have had a certain experience and have mastered the details of their calling. Now, if they go into a different calling it will take them many years to acquire the experience and master the details and so attain the highest success.

Even when an American philosopher like George Trumbull Ladd visits Japan and goes on a diplomatic mission to Korea, on Japan's Eastern question, there was no real change of occupation. His whole life was a preparation for that splendid study. His travels in four continents sharpened his observation. His study of philosophy trained his analytical faculties and taught him to generalize. His study of psychology and history and ten years of experience as a pastor taught him to know the human heart. Is it any wonder then that he could give such a penetrating study of the Eastern situation? Macaulay marvelled that Cromwell, who never saw a soldier until he was forty, should develop into such a wonderful military genius. But Cromwell was not doing anything new. For years he had been captain-general of his farm, had been studying human nature, bossing men and developing his administrative and executive gifts. All of his life he was training the faculties and acquiring the experience that later would serve him as general and lord protector. Daniel Webster had little time to formulate his reply to Hayne, but his whole life was a preparation for that sublime peroration. Abraham Lincoln was not learned in books, but his whole life as farmer, railsplitter, storekeeper, teacher and lawyer taught him to know human nature, trained his judgment, and was a splendid preparation for his later political career. Some may wonder what preparation did the gifted and versatile Julius Cæsar have, who never seriously entered military service and took command of an army until he was forty-five. In youth and middle age, he was a scholar, litterateur, a Beau Brummel, an athlete, an oratorical demagogue and a political adventurer. What preparation was that for a military career? It was a great

preparation. It enabled Cæsar to have a rich, wide and varied experience. The capacity that he showed as a politician to lead and organize men and marshal and mass forces, only received a wider field to work upon in his military conquests and work as master of Rome.

Consider what a preparation Shakespeare had. His memory was stored with the sights and sounds and fragrant odors of the beautiful countryside around Stratford-on-Avon. He came up to London, where a brilliant group of scholars, writers and dramatists were holding sway. It was the age of scientific discoveries, of war, conquest, exploration and adventures, the age of Bacon, of Ben Jonson, of Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh and the Spanish Armadas. Shakespeare's own varied life as actor, playwright and manager of the theatre, his observing the rise and fall of individuals and of nations, expanded his knowledge of life indefinitely. And his constructive and creative imagination had a splendid mass of experience, observation and material to work upon.

So we may lay it down as an axiomatic truth that no man can succeed in a new vocation unless it calls in play faculties developed and experience acquired in his past life. I am not saying that a successful farmer, preacher, lawyer or teacher can do nothing else; but they succeed best when they get into work which calls out the faculties already developed and calls into use the experience already acquired. Take a man like President Eliot, who has a commanding personality, an iron character and rare administrative and executive gifts. He could easily boss a plantation, manage a mill, captain a ship, command a brigade, fill the post of Mayor of Boston or Governor of Massachusetts, or Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts. In war it might be possible for him to develop into a general of the Duke of Wellington, George Washington and U. S. Grant types. As a statesman he might develop into a George Washington. But he could never do the mathematical work of Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton and Gibbs, the philosophical work of Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Ladd, Royce and James, the historical work of Buckle, Ferrero and Sumner, and the literary work of Carlyle, Emerson and Taine, or the scientific work of Darwin, Helmholtz and Lord Kevlin. Why? President Eliot was not cut out to be a

great philosopher, mathematician, scientist, historian or writer. He is of the executive and administrative type and could fit in any situation which required an executive and administrator of a high type.

How do I know these facts? I consider how President Eliot has reconstructed the College course, the Graduate School, the Law School, the Medical School and Divinity School of Harvard University. I consider how he is familiar with every detail of the working of Harvard University from the management of the Library to the care of the buildings and grounds. This shows that President Eliot is a genius as an organizer and executive and administrator. Then I hear that when the Big Mogul of the Harvard Medical School desired to know what the innovations in the Medical School meant, President Eliot replied, "It means that there is a new president of Harvard University." Then I read what President Eliot said in a controversy with President Roosevelt. He said that a college should inculcate a high sense of honor in the students. This shows that President Eliot has the force of character to command respect.

Then I read his work on "American Contributions to Civilization." It is a thoughtful book, written in a lucid and vigorous style. But a philosophical genius like Hegel, Lotze, Buckle, Spencer and Sumner in treating that subject would have given a history of civilization, a sketch and protocol of philosophy of history and have struck off some striking and startling generalizations that could apply to all ages and times. A literary genius like Taine, Carlyle and Emerson would either have given us the brilliant analysis and picturesque descriptions of Taine or thrown off those splendid passages of eloquent outbursts that lie scattered like nuggets of gold in the pages of Emerson and Carlyle. But President Eliot does neither. Now a philosophic mind like Ladd and Royce reveals itself even in a book like Ladd's "With Ito in Korea," or in an essay like Royce's "American Race Prejudice," therefore I conclude that President Eliot would not have shone as a star of the first magnitude in the realm of Philosophy, Letters, etc.

This contradicts the American doctrine that one man can do all things equally well. But the business men who have lost out in politics and the politicians who have lost out in business are

overlooked by the American doctrine. It is true, though, that the man who can manage one line of business successfully would be likely to succeed as a business man anywhere, etc.

Every sermon must not only unfold and unravel the meaning that is wrapped up in the text, but it must make a practical application. And this sermonette must make its application. In the capacity of lecturer, field-agent, and newspaper correspondent, I have visited about twenty-two states and over two hundred towns, cities and villages in the eastern half of the United States, and I am frequently reminded of Gray's famous lines:

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

For I find frequently a waste of valuable material. I find many a colored light shining under a bushel. For I regard valuable material wasted and a light shining under a bushel when a gifted and talented man is prevented from following the bent of his genius, the dialectics of his nature and working along the lines and in the spheres in which he is preëminently fitted to excel, but is forced by the exigences of circumstances into other lines and grooves for which he has no special love or aptitude or inclinations.

It often happens that the stones that the builders reject are worthy of becoming the head of the column.

It might seem more American to say that all things are possible to the buoyant and hopeful college graduate. But a man's natural equipment and endowment, the character of his education, training and experience determines that certain individuals are fitted to excel in certain spheres and fields of activity and other individuals in other spheres and fields of activity. Fortunate is the man who early in life finds his proper sphere.

How can the individual then find his proper sphere and vocation. Life is the trying-out process. The man finds that he likes and can do certain things better than other things or that there is a big demand for others things and little competition and he does those things. Take the case of the learned professors. Many ministers give up the pastorate and active ministry to fill chairs in philosophy, systematic theology, or lit-

erature in universities, or to go into literary work, or to edit a religious magazine, or to serve on a missionary committee. Many lawyers resign the active practice of law to go into business, or politics, or on the bench, or to accept a position as teacher in a law school. Many physicians resign the active practice of medicine to accept chairs in science or psychology or medicine in our universities, to edit a medical journal or to go into farming, business or literature. I have known other university professors to resign their chairs and accept a call to the pastorate of a large church. It is significant to note that one of the really famous teachers in Yale University when I was a student there, Professor George Trumbull Ladd, was trained for the ministry and spent ten years as pastor of a large western church. And Professor William Graham Sumner, the eminent historian, political economist and sociologist, was also trained for the ministry. And it is also significant that the present president of Harvard University, Abbott Lawrence Lowell, was trained as a lawyer and spent ten years in the active practice of law.

Why do these changes occur? The minister contributes a series of articles to a theological journal, or writes a book, or delivers a course of lectures before a divinity school. He immediately wins recognition as a philosopher and theologian. And it dawns upon his consciousness that his calling is to inspire the men who go out from the colleges and to give the world the benefit of his ripe scholarship and profound studies in religion, through the printed page and the written word. The lawyer writes a book upon law or delivers a course of lectures before a law school. His book is favorably received and his lectures awake enthusiasm and he sees that his talents will find fuller scope in the professor's chair than in the routine of office work. And this adjustment is constantly going on in other callings and professions. The point to be established is that the individual does his best work when he enters the sphere where he is exceptionally fitted to excel.

The custom and practice in colored churches of sending financiers to fields that require brilliant and magnetic preachers and of sending mob orators to manage book concerns that require a Napoleon of finance, the custom and practice in colored colleges and universities of putting dilettantes and men of execu-

tive and administrative ability in chairs of philosophy that require specialists, and of sending specialists and masters to the backwoods of the South, prevails because philosophy, as the study of man, the microcosm, does not seem to be taught in many of the Negro colleges and universities. Hence the critical Afro-Americans lack perspective.

I know of few Negro colleges or universities where psychology as the study of man, acted upon by and reacting upon his environment, the creature and yet the master of circumstances, is taught. I know of few Negro colleges or universities where philosophy as the interpretation of the drama of the unfolding of the human spirit in history, as an interpretation of the pageant of life, as a disclosure of the worth and value of the human personality and of the ultimate purpose and meaning of man's earthly career, is taught. I know of no Negro college or university where the history of philosophy as the strivings of giant intellects and lofty spirits to rationally explain and account for the universe, its mysteries and miracles, to know it through and through and understand the riddle of existence, is taught.

What teachers' college, or school of pedagogy or chair of philosophy in Negro universities realizes the Greek inscription over the Temple of Delphi, "Know Thyself," and presents the study of man which is found in Hegel's "Philosophy of History," Lotze's "Microcosmus," Buckle's "History of Civilization," Taine's "History of English Literature," Carl Snyder's "The World Machine," and Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"?

The result is that colored students graduate from Negro colleges and universities without having studied man, the key to the meaning of the universe. Consider the story of the rise of man. He began life naked, or wearing the skins of animals, and dwelling in caves. He was weak and frail in body compared to the animals that surrounded him; but he possessed a brain that could think and reason and plan, and dexterous hands that could execute. He first ate raw meat and his first rude weapons were a club and a heavy stone attached to a sling. He discovered the use of fire and began to cook his food and fashion bronze and iron and steel implements and weapons. With the sword, battle axe, spear and bow and arrows, he was more than a match for the animals.

Man's first conquest was the conquest of the animal world. First he slaughtered the animals for food and killed them in self-defense. Then he domesticated the horse, the cow, the goat, the sheep, the dog, the cat, and various kinds of the feathered tribe, making them work for him, bear him on his journeys, and supply him with food.

But while he is making his conquest of the animal kingdom he is making his conquest over Nature. First, he puts on clothing of skin or hair, and erects a rude tent or shelter to protect him from the tempests and the blasts of winter. Then he begins to find pasturage for his sheep and medicine and balm from the roots and herbs. Then he begins to cultivate the earth and to wrest a living from the soil. Then he harnesses the wind, the waterfall, steam and electricity to do his work and carry him over land and sea, and light up his streets and cities. He even uses the ether of space to transmit his messages across the sea. He flies through the air, with his aëroplanes and biplanes. He reclaims the wilderness and the forest, transforming them into prosperous cities. He makes quiet, peaceful valleys hum with his mills and factories. He erects his skyscrapers, builds palatial steamers, which are really floating palaces, bridges chasms and tunnels mountains, counts the stars, measures their distances and magnitudes and computes the rapidity of the movements of the whirling suns and their planetary bodies.

But while man has been doing this, he has been fighting and conquering his land, learning to dwell in peace and harmony with his fellows in the city and has submitted himself to orderly civilized life, subject to law and government, resting upon the family, which has been sanctioned by the institution of marriage.

But as soon as he plants his feet firmly upon the earth he begins to look up to the skies and build the ideal world around his real world. First, we have the world of mythology, which reaches its noblest expression in the Greek and Roman and Norse mythology; then we find men building altars to unknown and strange gods. Finally the Hebrew race grasped the monotheistic conception, and the idea of the one and only God took possession of mankind. And while he was doing that he was building up his art world, constructing beautiful homes, composing sublime music, carving clay and chiseling marble into the likeness of the

human form, making the canvas to speak with life, and erecting the Grecian temples and Gothic cathedrals. And while man was soaring into the ideal realms of religion he was building up the structure of his mathematics and science and enlarging the boundaries of his mathematical and scientific knowledge, reading the history of the world in the rocks and crags and reaching out to a knowledge of the starry heavens above.

But the Hindoo seers, the Hebrew prophets, the Greek philosophers and sages of different lands were beginning to ask profound questions regarding the meaning and mystery of human life. They began to inquire about the why, the whence and the whither, and to ask, "Whence came I? Why am I here? Whither am I going? What can I know? What must I do? And what may I hope?" Man asked these questions because he was a metaphysical being, who longed to get at the bottom of things, as well as a toiling, struggling, fighting being, who evolved a social and political life, expressed his yearnings in art and religion and his craving for a unitary conception of the universe in mathematics and science. Finally, comprehensive cosmos, embracing intellects like Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Lotze, Royce and Ladd came along, who sought to unify and to reach a conception of the universe, which would explain the world of politics and government, the world of science and mathematics and the world of art and religion, and embrace all in that supreme fact of the universe which faith calls God and philosophy the Absolute.

So we see that philosophy, psychology, sociology, political economy, history and literature but study the deeds and achievements and yearnings and strivings of that being who is not satisfied when he has reared a roof over his head and has fed and clothed himself and his family, but who seeks to reconstruct the real world after the ideals of the human mind and to give expression in philosophy, religion, art, and literature to the deathless hopes and immortal yearnings of the human soul, and who does not fulfil the end of his being until he has realized "the mighty hopes which make us men." So the study of philosophy and psychology, like the study of sociology, political economy, history and literature is but the study of man. But in what Negro college or university is philosophy and psychology

thus taught as the interpretation of the drama of human history, as the interpretation of the pageant of life?

All honor to the Negro schools, colleges and universities for so nobly equipping the freedman for his duties in the Southland. But I am afraid that if Cardinal Newman or Matthew Arnold were to visit the colored colleges and universities, Lincoln University alone might possibly impress them as the colored school which has lighted the torch of its inspiration upon the heights of Mount Parnassus and perpetuated the spirit of those Grecian thinkers who on the porch and in the groves of the academy taught ambitious Grecian youths to look up to the skies and feel their kinship with the Divine.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Success of Philosophy.

It may be objected by these critical Afro-Americans that it is all very well to philosophize and speculate and write dissertations, disputations and treatises; but the nineteenth century calls for men who will not talk and write, but who can do things. They say, "Philosophy and philosophizing is all right, but this modern age demands action. It calls for men who can act, not for men who can talk."

But it may be well to inquire into the respective parts played in history by great men of thought and great men of action. I will compare the four greatest men of action with the six greatest men of thought. Oliver Cromwell was the greatest ruler and soldier produced in the Reformation or post-Reformation period. He towered above Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Tilly, Charles XII of Sweden, the white-plumed Henry of Navarre and the Duke of Marlborough as a military and political genius. Indeed he is the greatest man of action that the Anglo-Saxon race has produced. He was a colossal figure, fit to have coped with Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon.

And John Calvin was the greatest intellectual and moral force, the greatest man of thought produced in the Reformation or post-Reformation period. It might be well to inquire into the permanent influence of the greatest man of thought and the greatest man of action produced by the Protestant Revolution, that tremendous upheaval that shook Europe from center to circumference, changed the character of Sweden, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Scotland and England, affected France, Spain and Austria, became the dominant influence in the history of America and was almost as widespread in its results as the rise and spread of Christianity.

I presume that John Morley, who rose to eminence both in the realm of politics and statesmanship on the one hand and in the realm of philosophical, historical and literary criticism on the other hand, would be as safe a man to quote from as any

other; for in him the practical was blended with the literary and philosophical.

On page 124 of Volume IV of his Miscellanies, John Morley says: "To omit Calvin from the forces of Western evolution is to read history with one eye shut." Hobbes and Cromwell were giants in their several ways; but if we consider their powers of binding men together by stable association and organization, their permanent influence over the moral convictions and conduct of vast masses of men for generation after generation, the marks that they have set on social and political institutions, wherever the Protestant faith prevails from the country of Knox to the country of Jonathan Edwards, can we fail to see that compared with Calvin not in capacity of intellect but in power of giving formal shape to a world, Hobbes and Cromwell are hardly more than names written in water. And what was Calvin's propaganda? Mark Pattison has said, "It was a rude attempt, indeed, but then it was the first which the modern times had seen to combine individual and equal freedom with strict self-imposed law; to found society on the common endeavor after moral perfection. The scheme of policy which he contrived, however, mixed with the erroneous notions of his day embrace at least the two cardinal laws of human society, self-control as the foundation of virtue, self-sacrifice as the condition of the common weal."

Then there was Alexander the Great. Every school boy knows that he tamed the horse Bucephalus, that he cut the Gordian knot, and at thirty-three, before Cromwell or Cæsar really started on their careers, wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, and yet the dynasties that he founded crumbled into pieces in a couple of centuries; while Aristotle, the intellectual light of Greece, ruled the intellect and thought of Europe for two thousand years. The only permanent result of Alexander's conquest was that by disseminating the Greek culture and language over the East, he made it possible for the Greek New Testament to be widely read and understood in the East. He but prepared the way for the spread of the ideas of a greater individuality, whose shoe latchets he was unworthy to unloose.

Then there was the great Julius Cæsar, the master of Rome, whom Ferrero, Mommsen, Hegel, Shakespeare, DeQuincey,

Froude, and Frederic Harrison unite in proclaiming the greatest figure in human history, the foremost citizen of the world, the man who gave his name to succeeding Roman emperors, who made his name stand for imperialism in government, and whose name translated in Russian is Czar and in German is Kaiser. As Cassius said, "He doth bestride this narrow world like a colossus." And yet, compared to the work of Jesus of Nazareth, whether you call him the Son of Man or the God-Man, or the God-like Man, his work was as the reflected light of the moon to the steady shining of the burning ball that lights up our solar system.

The empire that the great Julius founded was overthrown and broken into fragments within three centuries of his death, by the surging tides of barbarian invasion; but the kingdom that Christ founded has survived for nearly twenty centuries. Of Him it may well be sung:

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
> Does his successive journeys run,
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
> Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

The only permanent result of the great Cæsar's work was that by welding the Roman Empire from Britain to Asia, from Germany to Africa, into a unit, by integrating it and centralizing its power in Rome, he paved the way for the spread of Christianity and prepared the way for the spread of the ideas of a more powerful personality. Like Alexander's work, his work was that of a pioneer and pathfinder. Alexander the Great gave Christianity a language in which it could speak to the East; while Julius Cæsar gave it a road on which it could travel throughout the known world.

Had it not been for the rise and spread of Christianity, the beneficent results of the Greek and Roman civilization would have been lost to the world. The savage hordes from the north poured in like a mighty flood and overwhelmed and toppled over the corrupt and decrepit Rome, a ghost of the Rome of the Republic. She lay at the mercy of the sturdy and savage Goths. But one thing overawed and impressed the victorious German tribes, and that was the Roman civilization as expressed in the

Roman Catholic Church. The Goths conquered Rome; but they were conquered by the Christian religion. It was not Roman law, Roman jurisprudence, and Roman civil government that tamed the fierce Germanic tribes, taught them to restrain their passions and held society together during the ten silent centuries which have been termed the Dark Ages; but it was the Christian religion as embodied and incarnated in the Roman Catholic Church. Rome gave the Christian religion an ecclesiastical organization in which to shelter the precious seed of divine truth. But it was not the ecclesiastical organization that revolutionized ancient civilization; but the fructifying and germinating ideas that Jesus threw out and that the Christian missionaries carried to the forests of Germany and the British Isles. The Rome that Julius Cæsar built gave Christianity a scabbard; but Jesus Christ gave it a sword.

And then there was Napoleon Bonaparte, whose rise was even more remarkable than that of Julius Cæsar. Cæsar was born great, but Napoleon rose from the ranks; Cæsar was of aristocratic birth, the nephew of Marius, the famous conqueror of the Cimbri and Teutons and the son-in-law of Cima; while Napoleon started life as a charity student and became such a potent figure that he dominated most all of Europe, changed the map of Europe, made and unmade kings, and had kings and queens waiting in his antechambers and trembling with fear upon his frown.

And yet he went down to crushing and final defeat at Waterloo and vanished completely as the star performer in European history. Henceforth an exile at St. Helena, he could only helplessly watch the wheel of fortune and the turn of events. The France whose glory he strove to make shine like the sun in the skies, is to-day weaker as a nation and power than England, Germany and Russia, whose strength he strove to break and whose spirit to crush. As a political force, Napoleon left France no stronger or vaster than he found it. He can not be called a great moral force, when all Europe rose in rebellion against his tyrannical despotism. Indeed it might seem that Napoleon's chief service to Europe was by his ruthless policy to rouse the spirit and manhood and self-respect of Germany and the other European States which he trampled upon.

A champion of liberty at first, he afterwards became the king of despots. While his Napoleonic code was valuable, it was not the dominating influence in European history. Napoleon's work, which was to impress Europe with the ideas of the French Revolution, was like an avalanche, a cyclone or a mountain freshet, which sweeps everything before it at first and changes the face of nature; but whose work of destruction and change can hardly be noticed a century later.

Brilliant, creative, constructive and magnetic as he was, the conquests of Napoleon Bonaparte pale into insignificance before the conquests of the followers of the prophet Mohammed.

Mohammed welded a few Bedouin tribes into a unity through the idea of monotheism and sent them out under the flaming banner of his blazing faith and burning enthusiasm to conquer the world. In less than a century the fanatical and zealous Arabs had conquered territory four times as great as the United States. Like a tidal wave, Mohammedanism swept over Asia, Africa and Europe. It rolled into Constantinople, Italy, Spain and France. That wave rolled triumphantly along, threatening to overwhelm Europe, until it was turned back by Charles Martel and his Franks at the battle of Tours. Even the combined strength of Europe could not wrest the Holy Land from the Infidels. And to-day the followers of the Prophet Mohammed are as numerous in Asia and Africa as the sands of the sea. Napoleon shook Europe as no man since Martin Luther has done. He plunged all Europe into a series of wars as Luther did. But he was the matchless champion of the ideas of Rousseau, while Luther was the creator of an epoch.

Martin Luther broke the fetters of mediæval superstition and unfettered the human intellect. The political and religious and intellectual liberty of modern times dates its birth from his nailing his ninety-five theses to the church door at Erfurt. He applied the match and the combustible material burst into the flame of the Protestant Reformation. That flame swept over Europe and Great Britain. It kindled the torches of Calvin, Zwingli, Gustavus Adolphus, William of Orange, Knox, Hampden, Cromwell, Milton and the Pilgrim Fathers. He made half of Europe and half of America Protestant. The armies of five nations rose to defend with the sword the principles that Luther

preached. Scholars crossed the seas to plant his principles in a new world. And he scattered like a spark the germs of scientific, philosophic, religious and political progress over Europe and America, which bore fruit a thousand fold. Just as Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon and the birth of Christ were the epochal moments of ancient history, so Columbus's discovery of America and Luther's nailing his theses, burning the pope's bull, and confronting the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church at the Diet of Worms were the turning points in modern history. Columbus discovered a new world, and Luther extended indefinitely the horizon and boundaries of men's thought.

And it may even be questioned whether Napoleon changed the course of events more than Immanuel Kant, the lonely thinker of Königsburg, the Copernicus of modern philosophy, who said that two things filled him with awe, the starry heavens above him and the moral law within him, who started the wave of German transcendentalism, which through Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Lotze and Paulsen swept over Germany; and then crossing the seas, influenced England and Scotland through Carlyle, Coleridge, Green and the Caird brothers, and America through Emerson, Royce, Ladd and Harris, and who also set in motion that wave of agnosticism which spoke in Hamilton, Mansel and Spencer, and that wave of religious fervor which uttered itself in Schleiermacher, Ritschl, Kaftan and Hermann. It has been said by an historian that the influence of Kant upon the nineteenth century thought was equal to that of the French Revolution. Compared to the work of Mohammed, Luther and Immanuel Kant the work of Napoleon was as the passing of the comet or brilliant meteor to the steady light of a fixed star of the first magnitude.

We might go further and show that all of the great movements of men, which have changed the course of human history, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, the Crusades, the Protestant Reformation, the American Revolution, the French Revolution and the anti-slavery movement, were caused by a few thinkers propagating, disseminating and scattering broadcast a few germ ideas.

Nothing is so powerful as ideas. They have toppled over thrones, overthrown monarchies, destroyed cities, changed

dynasties and decided the fate of nations. Stone and brick and marble decay and cities rise and fall and pass away; but ideas are indestructible. They are planted in the minds of the young of each generation and live on forever. The Parthenon on the Acropolis and the Gothic cathedral are crumbling and decaying. The Coliseum is a mass of ruins and the temple of Solomon is no more; but the imperishable works of Homer, Pindar, Sappho, Sophocles, Æschyles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Virgil, Cicero, Dante and the inspired Hebrew prophets still live in the hearts and minds of men. Carthage, Babylon and Nineveh are no more. Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Venice, Florence and Constantinople are but names that conjure up a greatness that has vanished and a glory that has passed away. But through the literature they have left behind, some of the ideas underlying the Hebrew, Greek and Roman civilization still rule the intellect and thought of men.

Great philosophers like Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Newton, Bacon, Kant, Hegel, Spencer, Carlyle and Emerson with comprehensive world-embracing intellects only come once in a while, like wandering stars or visitors from other stellar worlds. Sometimes one does not appear in a century; but when it does step upon the shores of time it creates an epoch.

Verily it is true of thinkers like Jesus, the God-man, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Amos, Isaiah, Paul, Athanasius, Mohammed, Peter the Hermit, Wyckliffe, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Zwingli, Milton, Wesley, Rousseau, Voltaire, Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, Sumner, Garrison and Phillips and of martyrs like Savonarola, Bruno, Huss, Latimer, Ridley, and John Brown, who launch great ideas on the sea of thought, that one shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight. While their work was not as dazzling to the eye or as appealing to the imagination as the work of Miltiades, Themistocles, Alexander, Cæsar, Charles Martel, Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, Columbus, Cromwell, Richelieu, Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, Chatham, Wellington, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Napoleon and Bismarck, it was perhaps more basal and elemental, for it affected the forces that work unseen beneath the surface, the springs of human conduct, which sometimes burst forth in

a volcanic eruption, which at other times well up as a fountain or an artesian well, and at other times pour forth like a mountain torrent or flow like a river or again silently lift themselves as do the forces which build up the magnificent oak.

Ideas plus personality make human history. The difference between Rome of the days of Nero, when Christian maidens were thrown to the lions, and Boston of to-day, the stronghold of woman suffrage, is not so much a difference in material splendor, for Rome had her Coliseum, her Appian way, her aqueducts, baths and splendid buildings and statues; but it is a difference in the ideas underlying the two civilizations. The fusing of the Christian conception of the worth and value and sacredness of the human soul, in the presence of the Almighty, with the Teutonic reverence for personality and individuality, has transformed the Græco-Roman civilization of the Cæsars into the twentieth century civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The American civilization of the twentieth century is built and erected upon four ideas—the brotherhood of man, fraternity; the Anglo-Saxon idea of representative government or right to have a voice in one's government—justice; the Lutheran idea of the right of each person to interpret the Scripture for himself and make his peace himself with his God—religious liberty; and the Rousseau idea of the equality of man. In the framework of these four basal ideas, the superstructure of our splendid American civilization has been based. So ideas are not so impotent and resultless after all.

In fact we may say that the greatness of a race or nation is measured by the greatness of the idea that dominates it; by the greatness of the ideal that it endeavors to realize in its national or racial life. The same is true of an individual. Cæsar, Alexander and Napoleon were dominated by the love of glory, by personal power and military conquests. That idea possessed them and it shaped and moulded their lives. President Eliot of Harvard was dominated by the idea of personality, by the idea of self-mastery, by the idea of the intrinsic worth and grandeur of the human soul, and the dignity of the human personality. The result was that he developed into a man of iron character and commanding personality. An idea is more durable than hammered brass or monuments of bronze. The pioneers of

freedom have not worked or labored in vain. The greatest battles have been fought and the greatest victories won, not by generals on the battlefield, by ministers in the council chambers, by statesmen in legislative halls, or by the barons of Wall Street; but by the lonely thinkers, who in their studies by the seaside, on the country roadside, in the desert, or on the mountain tops evolved the ideas that roused a nation or a race to arms and to action and changed the course of human history. The Crusades, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the heroic struggle of the Netherlanders and the victories of Gustavus Adolphus were prompted by the desire to vindicate with a sword a few ideas. The Crusades were probably the most titanic series of struggles the world has ever witnessed. They were characterized by deeds of heroism that put to shame the achievements of the Macedonian Phalanx, Cæsar's Tenth Legion and Napoleon's Old Guard. They are only matched by the valor and process of the Homeric heroes and Leonidas' three hundred. It was the West against the East, the Crescent against the Cross. Europe was endeavoring to wrest the Holy Land from Asia.

Did ever a general lead such a mighty army as surged out of Europe to vindicate the Cross? Did the followers of any general fight with such fiery zeal and resistless ardor as the followers of Mohammed and Christ, when the two rival faiths clashed under the walls of the Holy City. The Christians were fighting for the ideas of Christ, the Mohammedans for the ideas of Mohammed. The Crusades were not wars of conquest; but a struggle for the supremacy of ideas. How often is the general on the battlefield, and the leader of a political party, but an instrument to realize and actualize the ideas of a thinker like Christ, Luther, Rousseau, Chatham and Samuel Adams?

But why have I written at length of the philosophy of success, defined philosophy as the interpretation of life, and spoken of the dynamic force of ideas?

There is a colored clique and coterie in Washington, D. C., whose hobby is to belittle and make light of colored men of New England birth, breeding and culture. They mean well; but they don't understand the forces that work in history. They don't know that ideas are motive forces and they don't understand the dynamic power of ideas. They don't know that men

of thought have moved the world to action in the past and direct affairs of to-day. They don't know that ideas have revolutionized human society and rule the world to-day. They don't know that great men, with the breath of the Almighty upon them, are the making forces in history.

They evidently have not read the "clothes philosophy" of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" and believe that the history of civilization consists in the evolution of dress, when in reality it consists in the evolution of ideas and application of ideas to life. Beau Brummel, the king of dandies and arbiter of dress and fashion, is their patron saint. And I presume that they rank him as greater than the God-man, Christ, greater than Moses, Paul, Luther, Wesley, Carlyle, Emerson, Cæsar, Alexander, Cromwell, Napoleon, Columbus, Washington, Grant and Lincoln.

They don't understand the nature of things and they don't understand the world in which they are living. They have no appreciation of those colored scholars who in their poverty and adversity uphold their dignity, their manhood and their ideals. The situation is that colored men, who are not intellectually abreast of the times, who are ignorant of these fundamental and basal ideas, which are the common property and stock in trade of every graduate of Leipsic, Berlin, Heidelberg, Göttingen, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Yale and Harvard, and which are in current use and circulation in university circles everywhere, by pull and influence get important positions on the faculty and trustee boards of our leading Negro colleges and universities and sit in judgment upon and pronounce as successes or failures Yale and Harvard graduates, who transcend them as much in range of information, comprehensive grasp of mind and philosophical and psychological insight as Socrates, Roger Bacon, Bruno and Galileo transcended their accusers and judges.

But the breed of carping critics, of scoffers and mockers is of ancient lineage. We hear of Thersites in Homer's "Iliad," of the Greek sophists, and of the Pharisees and Sadducees in Christ's time. We must be careful to differentiate between the scoffers and mockers and the real critics. Montaigne, Lessing, Matthew Arnold, Carlyle, Emerson, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Professor George T. Ladd, and Professor William

Graham Sumner are real critics. They have ideals of life, standards of value, by which they estimate men; and points of view by which they look at life and literature and art.

But the scoffers and mockers are not serious and earnest thinkers like the real thinkers. They are not men of solid learning and ripe scholarship, but they are shallow, superficial dilettantes, who possess a thin veneer of culture, a smattering of learning, and who are more smart than wise, and possess more flippancy than brains. Their method is to ridicule and belittle a man and speak of him in contemptuous tones. Their method is not to take him seriously, but to laugh him out of court. They jeer and mock at him. They mockingly put the crown of thorns on the head of the Saviour and the purple robes upon him. They jeeringly called upon him, who had saved others, to come down from the cross and save himself.

The Greek sophists laughed at Socrates and made fun of him. The Greek Stoics and Epicureans in Athens also called Paul a babbler. And these same scoffers and mockers ridiculed the maiden speeches of Demosthenes and Disraeli and called Christopher Columbus and Robert Fulton crazy. Thus we see that the first characteristics of the scoffers and mockers is never to take a man seriously but to take him as a huge joke.

The second characteristic of these scoffers and mockers is that they invariably prophecy failure. They asked, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

The third characteristic of these scoffers and mockers is that they called names. The names Christians, Protestants, Quakers, Methodists, Yankees and Abolitionists were originally coined by scoffers and mockers in derision. But those who were ridiculed and jeered at, at first, made those opprobious epithets names to be proud of and banners under which to enroll followers.

A fourth characteristic of these scoffers and mockers is that they are as barren as the proverbial fig tree. They found no cities, build no institutions of learning, propagate no religion and produce no great works in literature, art, philosophy and science. They are not constructive and creative geniuses. They are not profound students of anything, but are mere dabblers, dilettantes and surface skimmers. They never stamp the impress of their individuality upon history. The only record

they have left behind them is that of having railed at men who were climbing the ladder of fame and mounting the steps of human achievement. Take Beau Brummel, the prince of dandies and mockers and scoffers. What do we know about him? Two things stand out in his life. He was faultless in his attire, critical about the set of a coat, or style of a hat; and when he was snubbed, made fun of Prince George for being fat. Such is the fame of the master of railery.

Thersites of Homer's "Iliad," the Scribes and Pharisees, who mocked Christ, the Greek sophists who railed at Socrates, the Greek Stoics and Epicureans who called the Apostle Paul a babbler, the shallow critics who ridiculed the maiden speech of Demosthenes and Disraeli, who regarded Columbus as an impractical and visionary dreamer, who spoke of Fulton's steamer as "Fulton's Folly" and who predicted failure for Lincoln's statesmanship and Grant's campaign, are dead; but their mantles have fallen upon the shoulders of some American Negroes, and through a succession, that is by no means an Apostolic succession, a double portion of their spirit has descended upon a few Washington Negroes. Yes, the Scribes and Pharisees, the Greek sophists and the historic mockers and scoffers are dead but they live in the spirit. They live in critical Afro-Americans, who speak with scorn and contempt of Negro authors, scholars, thinkers and philosophers. They live in prominent colored educators in Washington, D. C., who refer to colored men who are struggling and making personal sacrifices to publish works on philosophy, sociology, history and literature as educated loafers, Harvard tramps and literary bums. These beraters of Yale and Harvard graduates live in Washington, D. C., and are men of executive and administrative ability and mean well, but lack the psychological and literary insight, the comprehensive grasp of mind and power of philosophical analysis which a critic of other men should possess.

Pope, the inimitable coiner of matchless phrases and inimitable distiller of the world's wisdom in choice lines, has immortalized this breed of men in his much quoted lines.

> A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep or touch not the Pierian Spring,
> For shallow drops intoxicate the brain,
> But drinking deeply sobers it again.

This is the class that Christ and Socrates routed, and put to flight so often. They think they know it all, when in reality they know but little. They imagine that the wisdom of the ages is contained within the narrow confines of their brains, when in reality but a mere fragment and segment of the world's knowledge has been grasped by them. And the object of this chapter is to do to men of their ilk what Socrates did to the Greek sophists, disillusion them, teach them that they know nothing and teach them that humility, which sends a disciple to sit at the feet of the masters of them that know.

But there is a difference between the Greek sophists, the Scribes and Pharisees and the Negro critics of cultured men. The Greek sophists, the Scribes and Pharisees had an intellectual pride and arrogance. They did not know as much as they thought they knew, and overrated and overestimated themselves; but they still revered learning and respected culture, nevertheless. But the critical Afro-Americans dwell in that happy state of which the poet has said,

> Where ignorance is bliss
> 'Tis folly to be wise.

and they exemplify the maxim,

> Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

For the colored sophists, Scribes and Pharisees differ from the Greek sophists and Hebrew Scribes and Pharisees in that they despise culture and learning and scholarship. They speak contemptuously of book learning and of men who have mastered books and philosophy. And they contemptuously refer to men who have devoted their lives to the pursuit of literature, science and philosophy as failures. Now it seems to me that no race needs the wisdom and culture and knowledge that may be derived from books more than the Negro race. When I reflect that no Negro scholar has yet made a distinct or positive contribution to philosophy, theology, science, philology, sociology and political economy; when I reflect that only five colored writers, Crummell, DuBois, Kelly Miller, Archibald Grimke and C. C. Cook, have won recognition for sociological treatment of the race question; when I reflect that only two Negro theologians, Blyden and

Grimke, have really mastered philosophy, and that only one colored orator, Professor William H. H. Hart, has risen to the sublimity of Burke and the dignity and majesty of Webster; when I reflect that on great occasions when colored educators, clergymen and politicians address white audiences, they constantly fail to rise to the dignity of the occasion or utter only meaningless platitudes, truisms and commonplaces,—I feel that the very thing so many Negro leaders despise, books, scholarships, learning and culture, are the very things that they need. I always tremble when I see a half-educated Negro educator, bishop, clergyman or politician rise before a white audience.

It is often said that a college or university education is not absolutely necessary for a colored man, as so many colored men of great natural ability, like Frederick Douglass, Governor Pinchback, Robert Smalls, B. K. Bruce, Booker T. Washington and some of the Methodist bishops and Baptist clergymen and heads of southern schools, who were either born slaves or received little or no scholastic training, rose to eminence and became men of national reputation. But the greatness of most of these men is relative rather than a real greatness. Compared with the mass of Negroes, they tower as giants and titans. But when measured with the intellectual giants of the white race like Burke, Gladstone, Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Elihu Root, Professor Willard Gibbs, E. H. Harriman and J. J. Hill, these colored colossi shrink to the common size of man. They are great men when measured by the tape with which men size up white men. We frequently hear white men say, "He is smart for a Negro."

And we frequently have the spectacle of distinguished Negro divines preaching sermons on "De sun do move and de earph am square," and tracing the genealogy of races from the descendants of Noah. Now the Bible is a fountain and storehouse of moral and spiritual wisdom and divine truth; but a white clergyman or theologian, who would base his geology, astronomy and anthropology upon a literal interpretation of the Pentateuch would lose caste and standing as a thinker and a scholar. Then we have presidents of Negro State and denominational colleges and principals of colored high and normal schools, who could not prepare an address that was fit for

publication or worthy of being delivered before a body of learned men, without pressing some literary men into service. And yet such men are held up before colored students as examples of self-made Negroes, who rose to prominence without the aid of a college education, when in reality these intellectual giants of the Negro race are intellectual pigmies when compared with the great men of the white race.

Why are they thus rated and estimated? The immortal Frederick Douglass answered this question by saying, "Measure us not by the heights to which we have attained but by the depths from which we have come," and by saying of a friend, "Like myself he started from the lowest rounds of life's ladder, a slave." It is because the prominent Negroes are members of a proscribed, ostracised, oppressed and persecuted race; it is because they did not have the advantages of a college or university training; it is because opportunities and advantages offered to white men were withheld from them; it is because they started from the foot of the ladder and the bottom of the mountain and forced their way up in the face of obstacles and disadvantages; it is because of all these things that allowances are made for the intellectual shortcoming of prominent Negroes. But such allowances will not be made for the generation of Negroes who are now entering upon manhood and womanhood. The hour is at hand when colored men of free birth will be measured by the same intellectual and moral standard by which we estimate white men.

I do not mean to undervalue the marvellous achievements of self-made colored men and the miraculous progress of the Negro race. Frequently I have seen colored men who could barely read and write accumulate considerable wealth as farmers, contractors, caterers and storekeepers. And then I have heard Negro preachers and orators speak who have hardly spent a day in school, and yet they have dazzled me by the richness of their thought, the splendor and sweep of their imagination and the beauty of their diction. And then I think of the remarkable careers of Frederick Douglass, who received no academic training whatever, and of partly self-made men like Booker T. Washington and Thomas Walker, who only received a partial academic training. The world knows the phenomenal record of

Douglass as an orator and business man and Booker T. Washington's success as an educator and manipulator of men. But the world does not know that Thomas Walker is a remarkably successful lawyer and business man, a high-toned gentleman who has an appreciation for Buckle, Scott, Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Gray and Goldsmith. But consider to what heights these men might have arisen had they been blessed with a University education. The untutored Negro preacher might have developed into a Henry Ward Beecher, a Frederick Douglass, a Burke or a Webster. Booker T. Washington might have developed into a President Eliot and Thomas Walker into a Gladstone.

It so happens that the vast majority of colored people get their knowledge through their eyes and ears. The sights and sounds of Nature enrich their knowledge. They learn to do things by seeing other people do things and by having other people tell them how to do things. That is how a man learns to plough, to prune trees, to cook, to wait on table, to make shoes or clothes, to lay bricks, to build a house, to harness and curry a horse, to sail a boat and do the thousand and one things incidental to domestic, farm and industrial work. That is what one means by serving an apprenticeship. The man learns by watching other people or by having other people tell him how to do things. The vast majority of colored people learn that way, but such knowledge is largely imitative and that is why the Negro is largely an imitative being.

A man must read books and study books and master first principles before he can become creative, constructive and original. Before an architect could design the Congressional Library or the skyscrapers of New York, before a shipbuilder could build the *Lusitania,* before a bridgebuilder could build the Brooklyn Bridge or an engineer could drive the underground tube under the East River, he must read and study books and master the mathematical, mechanical and architectural principles which underlie the building of ships, houses, bridges and tunnels. They need not servilely imitate their predecessors, but can work along original lines, for they have mastered the principles of construction. Now if the Negro is to become a creative and constructive instead of an imitative individual he must read

books and study and master basal and fundamental principles, which are universal in their application.

Those critical Afro-Americans who despise men of letters are lamentably ignorant of the history of civilization. The four men back in the dawn of the world's history who made civilization possible were the man who discovered the use of fire, the man who conceived the idea of navigating the waters by hollowing out the trunk of a tree, the man who first conceived the idea of a wheel revolving on an axle and the man who invented the art of writing. History, science, mathematics, philosophy, in a word civilization, first begins with the invention of the art of writing. The inventor of the art of writing made it possible for man to record his fleeting thoughts and emotions, to preserve the experience and knowledge that he has acquired in his lifetime and to pass it on and transmit it to posterity. Books are the storehouses of human experience, human wisdom and human knowledge. Without books, the steps of human progress would be lost and each generation would have to begin all over again. The world is startled with the discoveries of a Newton, a Harvey, and a Metchnikoff, a Darwin, a Roentgen, and a Marconi, and with the aërial feats of Curtiss, the Wrights and Grahame-White. But their discoveries and exploits are the last link in a chain of causes which has stretched through centuries. Osborn in his book, "From the Greeks to Darwin," has shown Darwin's indebtedness to his predecessors.

Then take Marconi's wireless telegraphy. Clerk Maxwell proved that electric waves exist; Hertz discovered electric waves. Then other men invented the ball oscillator, the coherer and the decoherer whereby the electric waves were transmitted through space, received, and the connection broken off. Someone invented the Morse alphabet. Someone conceived the idea of utilizing the Morse alphabet in wireless telegraphy. Another man conceived the idea of similarly tuned instruments. Then Marconi came along, utilized the knowledge of his forerunners and sent his message.

Peary could not alone and unaided reach the North Pole, but he studied polar exploration and profited by the triumphs and failures of his predecessors. He made the dash in winter and started further west than his predecessors and finally reached the goal.

A dozen steps and stages intervened between Fulton's steamer and the *Lusitania;* between the rude huts of the cavedwellers and the skyscrapers of New York; between the chariots of Homer's "Iliad" and the record-breaking automobile. Thus it has ever been. Man progresses by possessing himself of the knowledge, wisdom and experience of his ancestors and predecessors and of making one or two steps beyond. And it is the mission of books to prevent the intellectual acquisitions of mankind from being lost. Books store up the accumulated knowledge and wisdom of mankind. Thus it has ever been.

The dark night of the Middle Ages did not recede before the dawn of modern civilization, until after the revival of learning, the rediscovery of the Greek world and the founding of universities. Without the translation of the Bible into the German and English language; without the invention of the printing press, which disseminates and spreads broadcast the wealth of modern knowledge, the Protestant Reformation and Calvinism could not have affected the world as they did. So when a Negro leader speaks contemptuously of books and book-learning, he is speaking contemptuously of the treasure vaults of civilization. And the man who never reads and never masters elemental and basal principles never can be a creative, constructive and original force in civilization.

The great philosophers were not day-dreamers, star-gazers, recluses and bookworms, but they were men who took all of human knowledge for their province. Plato wrote over the door of his temple of philosophy, "Let no one enter here until he has studied Geometry." And he studied profoundly literature and art and wrote his "Republic," in which he built his ideal state. Aristotle mastered the science and politics and literature and art of his day. Men still read his Politics and Poetics. Kant mastered mathematics and unfolded a theory of the nebular hypothesis before Laplace. Lotze and Ladd mastered science, history, literature and art. And the great philosophers but sought to harmonize the truths of science and mathematics with the truths of politics, literature, art and religion.

Then, too, the great philosophers were men of affairs. Anaxagoras, the inspirer of Socrates and the real father of the Athenian philosophy, was the friend and counsellor of Pericles.

Socrates, in a battle, took a wounded soldier upon his shoulder and cut and cleaved his way through the enemy. Plato was a wrestler and an athlete. Aristotle was a tutor and friend of Alexander the Great. Leibnitz played a part in the affairs of his day. Fichte roused the German nation to arms. Hegel wrote his "Philosophy of Rights" and was interested in the political affairs of his day. Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard has given the world the best analytical study of race prejudice. Professor William James of Harvard has been a very live and vital man; while Professor G. T. Ladd of Yale went on a diplomatic mission for Marquis Ito and wrote an illuminating book upon the Eastern question. Thus it will be seen that philosophers of both ancient and modern times kept their feet firmly planted on the earth, while they soared heavenward in thought.

Now for the mission of philosophy. What Professor A. Young, the famous astronomer of Princeton University, said of astronomy in the *Saturday Evening Post* of October 31, 1903, might be said of philosophy, which harmonizes the generalizations, fundamental postulates and underlying assumptions of all the sciences and embraces them in the life and plans of the Absolute. The Princeton astronomer said: "In closing we can assure our readers that any home student of astronomy will find the pursuit delightful; the universe will seem to him to grow and broaden with it. The ancient heavens will shine with new glories and the earth will partake of the celestial character. If he makes no money by the study he will gain something better in the development of his manhood and his recognition of its kinship to the Divine."

This eloquent tribute to astronomy is similar to Novalis's famous justification of philosophy. A materialistic philosopher insolently asked, "Can Philosophy bake any bread?" Novalis replied, "Philosophy can bake no bread, but it can give us God, Freedom and Immortality." In other words, philosophy will not teach a man how to make a living, but it will teach him those things which give value to life, which are worth while and which alone make life worth living.

This thought was powerfully expressed by James Hutchinson Sterling in his "The Secret of Hegel" when he said, "These interests constitute what is essential to humanity as humanity.

We shall have no difficulty in discerning that man, deprived of any interest in the questions concerned, would at once sink into no higher a place than that of the human beaver, who knew only and valued only what contributed to his merely animal commodity.

"What is peculiarly human is not to live in towns with soldiers and police, etc., safely to masticate his victuals; what is peculiarly human is to perceive the apparition of the Universe; what is peculiarly human is to interrogate this apparition, is to ask in its regard, what?—whence?—why?—whither?

"In a word, had there been no such questions, there could never have been this formed world, this system of civilized life, this deposit of an objective life. On no less a stipulation than eternal life will a man consent to live at all; so it is that philosophy and morality and religion are his vital air, without which his own resultant madness would presently dissipate him into vacancy. . . . .

"What does Science seek in all her inquiries? Is it not explanation? Is not explanation the assigning of reasons? Are not these reasons in the form of principles? And when will explanation be complete, when will all reasons be assigned? When—but when we have seen the ultimate principles; and the ultimate principles whether in the parts or in the whole may surely be named the Absolute. To tell us we can not reach the Absolute, is to tell us not to think; and we must think, for we are sent to think. To live is to think, and to think is to seek an ultimate principle and that is the Absolute."

While it is all very well to linger in these tablelands of inspiration and dwell upon these sun-kissed heights and cloud-capped mountaintops, it might be asked, "What relation has all this speculation to the black workman, who is toiling on the farms, in the mines and on the street, endeavoring to make money to feed, clothe and shelter himself and his family?" It might also be asked, what relation had Moses, writing the ten commandments on graven stone, amid the thunders and lightning of Mt. Sinai, to the Israelites, in the valley below, who longed for the fleshpots of Egypt and were bowing before the brazen calf?

This is the materialistic age. The puritanical ideals and traditions are struggling with the lust for gold, pleasure and luxury.

And the young Negro has been caught in the whirlpool and vortex of this struggle. He is no longer frightened by the hell-fire, brimstone, and damnation doctrine of preachers of the type of venerable John Jasper, who taught that "De sun do move and de earph am square." The young Negro is losing the faith of his fathers. He is imbibing the doctrine, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." What he needs is a philosophy of life that will inculcate in him the ideals of chivalry, manliness and honor, that will put iron in his blood, fire him with the ambition to do and dare and strive and achieve.

But just as actors disport themselves differently, according as it is a farce, a comedy, a tragedy or a melodrama that they are playing; so in the drama of life, the black man will shape his part according as he believes the universe to be a godless mechanism, the soul of man the by-product of the brain, and morality merely the conventional standards of society; or according as he believes the universe to issue from the life of the Absolute, the moral imperative to well up from the inmost depths of our being, and the Eternal to express his inmost nature in the ideals and aspirations of man as he struggles toward righteousness.

It is the soul of man that makes history. And the deeds of a man flow from his ideals, which are not imposed upon him from without, but which are the resultant of and spring spontaneously from his hopes and longings and strivings and aspirations. Then the belief or lack of belief in the fundamental verities is the central thing about a man. All else flows from that. If the Negro race is to be lifted, then it must be lifted through those great beliefs which Professor George Trumbull Ladd has termed "The Psychic Uplift of the Human Race."

It is true that the forces of heredity and environment could fashion a sensitive, refined nature, which would realize in its life the highest ideals of manliness, chivalry and Corinthian honor without believing that the system of things is the divine reason in its self-development, without believing that the law and order and harmony in the heavens proclaim that the universe is a unity which is instinct with purpose and informed with intelligence, without believing that what is best, truest, and deepest in human nature is not foreign to the nature of God, who is manifested in the universe of mind and matter.

But such a man can never be a world leader of men. For all world leaders of men have been optimists. And how can a man be an optimist if he believes that he is a lone, chivalrous knight, donning the plumed helmet, and setting his lance in rest, to battle for human rights? How can he be an optimist if he does not believe in the ultimate success of his cause and the ultimate triumph of the principles for which he is contending? And how can he believe in the success of his cause and triumph of his principles if he does not believe in a just and righteous God, who is operating in the consciences of men? But when a man believes in a Power not himself that makes for righteousness; when he believes that there is a moral order revealed in human history; when he believes that the universe is ethical to the core; when he believes that righteousness is embedded in the very structure and woven in the very web and woof of the universe; when he believes that the very stars in their courses are on the side of the good man; when he believes that his ideals are not strangers in the universe, but at home here and are rooted and grounded in the very nature of the Spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being,—then the man has the faith of a Jesus, an Abraham, a Moses, a Paul, a Lutheran, an Athanasius, a Calvin—the faith that can move mountains.

And it is the goal and mission of philosophy to give a man such a faith, a faith in the "mighty hopes that make us men."

CHAPTER IX.

A Word about Booker T. Washington, DuBois and the Niagara Movement.

From the period when I, a boy of twelve, about a score of years ago, read the "Life and Times of Frederick Douglass," up to the present time, I have been a close and serious student of the race problem. Two racial phenomena have impressed me, as I have marked the rise and progress of the recently emancipated race—one was the rise and decline of Booker T. Washington; the other was the origin and growth of the Niagara Movement.

That a man who was born a slave, and a member of a proscribed and despised race, could reach a position of commanding eminence and world-wide fame; could, for a time, win the confidence of the business men of the country, the respect of the educators; could, for a while, dine with the aristocratic Wanamaker and with the President of the United States; could finally so send the prestige of his name and the splendor of his achievements across the Atlantic that next to President Roosevelt he became the best known American in the world,—seems to me to be one of the crowning miracles of Negro history. Then as we read the steps by which he built up this world-wide fame and international renown, we seem to be reading of another Aladdin and his lamp. How he walked his way to Hampton, sleeping under a sidewalk; how he struggled to get an education; how a quarter of a century ago he went down into the black belt of the South and started a small school in an old church and dilapidated shanty in Tuskeegee, Alabama; how he organized and marshalled his forces at Tuskeegee; how he developed a magnificent industrial plant there and really built up a Negro school community there with over 2,000 pupils and lands and buildings valued at a quarter of a million dollars, and secured an endowment fund of nearly two millions; how he captured the heart of the South, won at first the confidence of the North and the ear of the President of the United States, until he became the educa-

tional and political boss and dictator of the Negro race of ten million human beings, is familiar to every schoolboy in the land.

That Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Editor William Monroe Trotter, L. M. Hershaw, F. H. Murray, Professor William H. H. Hart, Professor William H. Richards, Rev. R. R. Ransom, Rev. J. Milton Waldron, Professor W. S. Scarborough, Mr. F. L. McGhee, Mr. J. R. Clifford, Mr. A. H. Grimke, Professor William Bulkley, Rev. Owen M. Waller, Rev. Frazier Miller, Rev. Dr. Bishop, Rev. Charles Satchell Morris, Lawyers E. H. Morris, Carter and Crawford and Clement G. Morgan, Mr. G. W. Forbes, Rev. A. Clayton Powell, Bishop Alexander W. Walters, and other educated Negroes should dare to form and join the Niagara Movement, which promulgated ideas antipodal to those of Dr. Washington and removed the halo that surrounded the brow of a man who was firmly entrenched in the world's regard, strikes me as nothing less than marvelous—as the second miracle in Negro history.

I believe that natural causes are behind the Negro's desire for his civil and political rights. A hundred years ago to-day every one of my ancestors except two were free people and they secured their freedom soon after the war of 1812. Sixty years ago to-day both of my grandfathers owned and paid taxes on the roof which sheltered them and their families. My father and three of my uncles fought in the Civil War. To-day my relatives own nearly $50,000 worth of taxable property in the State of Delaware. None of them are wealthy, but a score of them have managed to secure a modest home. Now there are hundreds of colored men and women in the North and East and West and scores in the Southland, whose family record is similar to mine. The free colored people of America owned nearly twenty million dollars worth of personal property and real estate at the time of the Civil War.

Since the Civil War, colored boys have been class orators and commencement speakers, and colored girls valedictorians and salutatorians in high schools and academies; colored students have won literary and oratorical prizes and honors in Yale, Harvard, Amherst, Dartmouth, Brown, Williams, Boston University, Cornell University, University of Pennsylvania and other New England and Northern institutions of learning. DuBois and

Kelly Miller won national and international renown as sociologists; Frederick Douglass, J. C. Price, Booker T. Washington, Rev. R. R. Ransom, R. C. Bruce and William Pickens as orators; Dunbar and Braithwaite as poets; Locke as a Rhodes scholar; Chestnut as a novelist; Tanner as an artist; Coleridge-Taylor as a musician; Crummell, Bassett, Greener, Grimke and Bouchet as ripe scholars, and Blyden as a linguist, Arabic scholar, and interpreter of Mohammedanism. In a word, the black man dazzled the eye of mankind, because as soon as he was emancipated from bondage he began to aspire after and absorb and assimilate and appropriate the most advanced and most complex civilization that the world has yet seen. The North welcomed, encouraged and pushed to the front every aspiring and ambitious colored youth.

But then, in the summer of 1895, came Dr. Washington's famous Atlanta speech, followed by other addresses in which he ridiculed the higher aspiration and spiritual strivings of his own people and asked his own people to cease contending for their manhood rights, which things the Anglo-Saxon race has held dear and sacred in its own history and for which he sacrificed ease and happiness, yea life itself. Did not President Eliot of Harvard University in his "America's Contribution to Civilization" mention "The Development of Manhood Suffrage" as one of the five American contributions to civilization? And yet Dr. Washington in his Atlanta speech said: "We began at the Senate instead of at the plough. . . . . The wisest among my people realize that agitating questions of social and political equality is the sheerest nonsense, etc." In that celebrated Atlanta speech we behold the spectacle of a Negro leader saying the things the Georgia white man desired him to say. The South hailed him as the Moses of his people. Then Dr. Washington lectured in Northern churches and imported into the North the South's estimate of the Negro. He minimized the intellectual achievements of the Negro and cut the foundation from under his civic privileges and political rights. The North soon began to think and feel that it had forced the higher education and civil and political rights upon the black man before he was ready for it and silently acquiesced in the South's practically undoing the work of Sumner, Garrison, Phillips, Thaddeus Stevens, Ros-

coe Conkling and George Boutwell. What more natural than that the dammed up waters of Negro striving and Negro aspirations should burst the dam erected by the Alabamian and swell into a formidable protest against the stifling and smothering teachings of Booker T. Washington.

The opposition to Booker T. Washington's leadership experienced difficulty in making headway for two reasons. First, the opposition produced no personality as resourceful and masterful, as tactful, strategic and diplomatic as himself. And any movement that does not center and group itself around some great and commanding personality breaks to pieces.

Again, Trotter and the Niagara Movement underrated the weight of General Armstrong's influence in this country. His philosophy of the Negro question embodied the fundamentals of civilization, because he advocated simple industry, settled habits of life and simple home life. This latter fact drew around Washington, his pupil, the men who represented the financial bone and sinew of the country and were the moulders of public thought and shapers of public opinion. And Trotter's campaign of condemnation and vituperation was powerless to convert his Anglo-Saxon friends. Had his critics recognized that his gospel of industrialism embodied the basic principles of Negro development, but that his industrial propaganda was not the entire programme, they would have gone before the country with a stronger case. But since Dr. DuBois has been elected secretary of the Society for the Advancement of Colored People he has gained in weight and influence.

I have studied the history of philosophy pretty thoroughly and endeavored to grasp the thought of Pythagoras, Democrates, Empedocles, Eratosthenes, Aristarchus, Archimedes, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Anselm, Thomas Aquinas, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Schelling, Fichte, Hegel, Lotze, Schopenhauer, Hamilton, Mansel and Herbert Spencer. I believe that the history of human thought illustrates one truth. Each of these thinkers grasped some important phases and aspects of historic truth. They sometimes erred because they saw certain fundamental phases and aspects of the ultimate truth so clearly that they ignored and overlooked other fundamental and necessary phases and aspects of the universe.

Thus Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard in his "The World and the Individual" takes up the four historical aspects and conceptions of being, shows that there is an element of truth in each, and causes the scattered rays of truth to focus in his own theory of the universe. The great battles in modern philosophy have been fought by the empiricists and intuitionalists and by the materialists and idealists. There seems to be a disposition among modern philosophers to recognize that there is an element of truth in both empiricism and intuitionalism, in both materialism and idealism, and that the true philosophy blends these scattered truths into one complete system.

Empiricism claims that moral ideas are derived *a posteriori* from experience. Intuitionalism claims that moral ideas are derived *a priori* from the innate functioning and forth-putting of the human mind. Materialism claims that mind states are epiphenomena, which are thrown off by the brain and caused by brain states. Idealism claims that something more than an excitation of nerve centers in the brain and a commotion in nerve tracts is needed to explain the poetic genius of a Shakespeare and Homer, the moral insight of a Kant and Paul and the moral choice of a Cæsar and Luther. In a word, idealism claims that while the life of the mind is connected with the life of the brain, the activity of the mind transcends the activity of the brain. The history of human thought shows that there is an element of truth in all of these views and that a true philosophy blends these scattered violet rays into the white light of truth.

Now, that is what I attempt to do in this history of the Negro race. Dr. Washington has clearly seen the economic and industrial phase of the race problem; Dr. DuBois the moral and political phase. General Armstrong's propaganda was basic and fundamental because the bread problem is the most important problem of life, and because in advocating simple industry, simple home life and a settled mode of life, he was reaching the bedrock of modern civilization and grasping the fundamentals of civilization. I regard Dr. DuBois' work as important and necessary, for he sees that the Negro is a member of the human family, belongs to the genus vir as well as to the genus homo and has the same spiritual wants and needs that the rest of mankind has. He continued the noble work begun by Rev. A. F. Beard.

Without industrial education and an economic basis, we would have a tree without roots, which would soon topple over. Without the higher education and the ballot, which confers dignity and self-respect upon an individual, we would have roots and a trunk but no leaves and branches upon our tree; we would only have an embryonic and not a developed tree. The first thought of a man should be to provide food, shelter and clothes for himself and his family. His next thought should be the moral training of his children. The teachings of history show that no race that is without the ballot in a republic has ever been respected. The sciences of psychology and ethics show that pride, pride of self, pride of family, pride of race and pride of ancestry are the bulwarks and props of feminine virtue. In a word, we say that the Negro is a moral personality of the genus vir, as well as a physical organism of the genus homo. Now to develop these ideas.

In this historical treatise on the Negro race I endeavor to show that the Tuskeegee propaganda has grasped the economic phase and aspect of the race problem, while DuBois and the Niagara movement have emphasized and accentuated the moral phases and the universal aspects of the world-old problem of human rights. It is undoubtedly true that in this complex civilization the race or nation that possesses wealth is all-powerful. Through the Rothschilds in England and through the Jewish bankers and merchants in New York, the Jews have become a power in the commercial and banking world. Through DeBeers and the Beits in South Africa, the Jews have virtually ruled South Africa. Wall Street in New York dominates the financial policy more than does the President of the United States. The fluctuations of the market in Wall Street are more potent for national weal or woe than the legislation proposed or the laws enacted or the measures passed by the Congress of the United States. The combined influence of six financiers in New York—Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, E. H. Harriman, J. J. Hill, William Vanderbilt and J. Pierpont Morgan, was greater than the combined influence of President Roosevelt and the Senate of the United States. So Booker T. Washington is undoubtedly right when he says that a man who owns a bank, or a brick block, or a railroad line, or a steamboat company, is a potent

factor in modern life. He is undoubtedly right when he preaches industrial education and urges the accumulating of property. In this history of the Negro race I assert that he is one of the industrial saviors of the Southern Negro, that he has solved the bread-and-butter problem for nearly ten millions of toiling and struggling Negroes; but not the political and the moral problem. He has realized the necessity of making bread; but not the importance of making men. His philosophy of life has not rated character at its face value. He lacked General Armstrong's idealism. And that is why he has lost his grip on the world's attention.

But man is a metaphysical, religious, artistic and moral being as well as a physical being, who needs to be clothed, sheltered and fed. The late John Henry Newman, in one of his impassioned flights of eloquence, says: "Man is a being of genius, passion, intellect, conscience, power. He exercises these various gifts in various ways, in great deeds, in great thoughts, in heroic acts, in hateful crimes. He founds states, he fights battles, he builds cities, he ploughs the forest, he subdues the elements, he rules his kind. He creates vast ideas and influences many generations. . . . He pours out his fervid soul in poetry; he sways to and fro, he soars, he dives in his restless speculation, his lips drop eloquence, he touches the canvas and it glows with beauty; he sweeps the strings, and they thrill with an æsthetic meaning."

What does man do in history? As soon as he has felled the trees, burned the brush, cleared the forests, ploughed the land, sown the seed, reaped the harvest, put a roof over his head, built stone walls, made roads, and constructed a mill or factory by a stream of running water and reared up the walls for his bank or counting room or store, what does he do then? He erects a church and schoolhouse. He crystallizes his ideas of what is morally right and politically expedient into laws and institutions. Then he debates about abstract moral questions and concerns himself with the question of his rights as a human being. That is what the English colonists in America did. It took the English-speaking colonists a century and a half to transform the wilderness into habitable land, to conquer or drive out the Indians and to wrest the

Mississippi and Ohio valley from the French. And then they advocated the theoretical principle of "No taxation without representation," and strenuously objected to the Stamp Act, threw the tea over in Boston Harbor; and the result was the Revolutionary War and the independence of the American colonies. The history of Greece, Rome, Italy, Holland, England and America is largely made up of the struggles for political or religious liberty. The Protestant Reformation in Europe, the Puritan Reformation in England, the American Revolution and the French Revolution resolve themselves into a series of struggles for political and religious liberty. The most devastating war in history, the Thirty Years' War in Germany; the most heroic struggle in history, the struggle of the Netherlanders against Philip I and Duke Alva of Spain; the most appalling massacre in history, that of two hundred thousand Huguenots on the eve of St. Bartholomew's day in France, were caused by the struggles of men and women for religious freedom.

Some students of history have regarded the wresting of the Magna Carta from King John by the English Barons at Runnymede as the true beginning of English history. Gray, in his immortal elegy, speaks thus:

> Some village Hampden here may rest
> Who with dauntless breast
> The petty tyrant of his fields withstood.

The philosopher Hegel says that all human history is but the struggle of the human spirit for personal freedom, the endeavor of the human personality to express itself, to develop its latent powers and capacities and to assert its latent manhood. History shows unmistakably that the love of liberty is innate, that the desire for freedom is an inborn characteristic of the human soul. Such are the teachings of sociology and history.

But it may be objected that these are but the views of a doctrinaire or a political theorist, of a closet philosopher and bookworm. It is stated that the Negro is mentally and morally different from the Anglo-Saxon. It is true that the great race stocks which have made contributions to history have psychical and psychological qualities peculiar to themselves alone. The Hebrews were endowed with peculiar religious gifts; the

Greeks were endowed with philosophic, artistic and poetic gifts; the Romans were gifted with a genius for war and government; the Germans were gifted with a remarkable insight into philosophy and theology; the Anglo-Saxon possessed a genius for war and parliamentary government and a desire for simple home life and a settled mode of industrial life. So, too, in America the native Yankee, the Irish immigrant, the Italian and the Jew have psychical and racial characteristics that are peculiar to themselves alone. So, too, the Negro has race traits and tendencies peculiar to himself alone. He is an emotional and happy and warm-hearted and sympathetic being. He has a gift for music and eloquence, a love and taste for dress and finery and a humble and childlike trust and belief in the Almighty. But while this is true, still all the great race stocks, the Hebrew, Greek, Roman, German and Anglo-Saxon, all the different races in America, the English, the Irish, the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, the Jew, the Indian and the Negro have certain human characteristics common to all alike. All shudder at the mystery of death; all have an innate longing for life and liberty; all grope towards the Eternal and reach in their soaring aspiration the thought of some Great Mysterious Being, some Infinite Power, who is the creator of this universe; all strive to express and give utterance to what is deepest and most fundamental within them. In a word, the Negro is a member of the human family. We must recognize his humanity. And he desires those common rights that this country bestows so freely upon the priest and prophet, the prince and pauper, the beggar and king, who come fleeing from the persecution and oppression of his mother country or fatherland and knocks for admission to this country, which is an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted of every land and clime. For the Negro in America to be satisfied with less than is given to every ragged, dirty immigrant, every ignorant, illiterate, poverty-stricken and bad-smelling foreigner who comes to our shores would be for him to be less than a man. If he would, without a protest or audible murmur, wear his color as the badge of his inferiority, he would lose the respect of the civilized world, and he would lose that self-respect and personal pride necessary alike for feminine virtue and manly self-reliance.

The world never puts a higher estimate upon a race or indi-

vidual than that race or individual puts upon himself. If the Negro would voluntarily self-efface himself from politics and content himself with providing a living for himself, he would be despised by mankind and would justly be regarded as the most inferior of all the races. Then, again, it is true that the dynamic force of the ideal is the lifting power in human lives and the psychic uplift of the human race. Where, then, could come the inspiration for progress, if the Negro regarded himself as an inferior being, if he regarded his natural sphere as clinging to the lowest rounds of life's ladder, as vegetating in the lowest strata of human society?

Some pessimists say that the Negro will either be subjugated, exterminated, deported or amalgamated; that the white man will never recognize his black brother as a full-fledged or full-orbed man. One distinguished Negro educator wrote me: "The original barbarity of the Teuton is mildly tempered with Christian hypocrisy."

A distinguished educator, who has the blood of so many races coursing in his veins that it is hard to tell which race he is identified with, wrote me: "I have lost hope for your people. I do not see how their condition can be bettered; indeed I am convinced that their condition will grow worse and worse instead of better, for reasons inhering in themselves as well as those outside of them. All the powerful forces of our civilization are coming more and more to be exerted against them—they are doomed."

But I must confess that dark and gloomy as is the outlook, at present, cheerless and hopeless as seem our prospects, I look forward to the future with hope. I believe that the Negro race will slowly and surely absorb and assimilate and appropriate the highest elements of the Anglo-Saxon civilization and embed the Anglo-Saxon ideals into the ground roots of its being, into the very fibres of its moral nature. And then, I believe that the innate and inborn sense of justice which slumbers in the Anglo-Saxon at times will reassert itself and welcome the black man into the brotherhood of the human family, into the circle of his politics. While the Anglo-Saxon will not share with us his *posterity* he will share with us his *prosperity*. If it were not so then is democracy a failure and Christianity a lie. Did not

Emerson, the American Plato, say: "The Intellect is miraculous, who has it has the talisman. Though the black man's skin be as dark as midnight, if he has genius, it will shine through and be as transparent as the everlasting stars."

Some have regarded Emerson as a bookworm, a closet philosopher and an impractical dreamer; but I believe that his insight into human nature, into the moral springs of conduct, was the truest and subtlest that the world has seen since that God-man, nineteen hundred years ago, by the Sea of Galilee, spoke as never man spoke before. Can we not trust the intuitions and divinations of such a prophet, seer and sage as Emerson?

We must remember that for a thousand years Europe groped in darkness, intellectual and moral. The intellect was fettered and Europe ran riot with murder and bloodshed. Kings and queens killed each other and the rival claimants for the throne. The Feudal barons were but border ruffians and highwaymen on a colossal scale. It was unsafe to travel alone and unattended during the Middle Ages. What lifted England and Europe out of that dark and dismal night called the Dark Ages? It was the founding of universities in England and Europe and the revival of learning, the rediscovery of the Greek world, the Protestant Reformation, which emancipated the intellect and the soul, and the French Revolution, which ushered in modern democracy and bathed Europe in a sea of blood. Can the Negro, then, rise in civilization without the uplifting influences of education and political rights?

CHAPTER X.

The Epical Meaning and Historic Significance of the Black Man's Spiritual Strivings and Higher Aspirations.

There are three attitudes which intelligent and thoughtful colored men assume towards the all-embracing and all-encompassing fact of American caste prejudice. Professor William H. H. Hart of the Law Department of Howard University says that we must ignore caste prejudice and live and act as if it did not exist; we must forget that we are colored men and live and work on the assumption that we are men the same as other human beings. Dr. Booker T. Washington, the founder of Tuskeegee Institute, says that we must recognize American caste prejudice as a fact that cannot be striven against; but to which we must adjust and adapt ourselves just as we recognize the fact of gravitation as one of the immutable facts and laws of nature. To disregard it and jump from a tower or leap over a precipice is to court and meet certain death. So the colored man who clamors for his civil and political rights, who does not lie down, keep still and remain quiet when the white man of the South tells him to, is as wise as the man who butts his head against a stone wall or as the bull who charges into a locomotive that is coming towards it at full speed, with steam up and throttle valves thrown back. Dr. DuBois differs from Professor Hart and agrees with Dr. Washington in that he recognizes caste prejudice as a basic and fundamental fact of the black man's existence, which cannot be ignored or passed by, by our closing our eyes to it, just as the ostrich does not elude its pursuers by burying its head in the sand and thinking that because it does not see its pursuers, its pursuers cannot see it. On the other hand, Dr. DuBois differs from Dr. Washington and agrees with Professor Hart in holding that American caste prejudice can be overcome by the colored man's endeavoring to think and feel and act and live like a human being and an American citizen clothed in the full panoply of his constitutional rights.

PROFESSOR HART'S IDEA.

There is an element of truth in each of these three attitudes. Professor Hart holds that the Negro is an imprisoned group, that he is confined on an island, as it were, and prevented by American caste prejudice from getting out into the sea of humanity that surrounds him upon all sides. He holds that it may be, confined and ostracised as he is, isolated in a group with a separate social and church life to himself, and developing within that group different social classes and building up an aristocracy of his own, the Negro may develop valuable race traits. But he also holds that if the Negro goes through life branding and libeling himself as a Negro, and thinking, feeling, acting as if he were a Negro, the country will take him at his own estimate and treat him as if he were a peculiar being. But if he regards himself as an American citizen and acts accordingly, the country will so treat him. Cæsar saw that the only way to conquer the barbarians was to make incursions into Gaul. Hart holds that the Negro must accordingly transcend his Negro environment and participate in the national life. Hence he refused to go into a Jim Crow car in Maryland, refused to allow himself or wife to be written down colored or Negro on the marriage register, or his child to be written down colored or Negro on the birth register. As Hart's father was a white man of aristocratic lineage and his mother a refined mulatto, he is theoretically justified in his attitude. It is the only way to overcome race prejudice in the North or West; but if Hart were to carry out his principles South of the Mason and Dixon's line, he would suffer the experience of Bishop Phillips and wife and Dr. R. R. Ransom; the former were ejected from a sleeping, the latter from a Pullman palace car for refusing to remain in a Jim Crow car. So Hart's theory to ignore race prejudice and act as if it did not exist is the ideal attitude. But it cannot be lived out to the letter in the South.

THE BOOKER T. WASHINGTON IDEA.

Dr. Washington's policy is to recognize race prejudice as a fundamental fact, just as one recognizes the law of gravitation as the basic law of nature. His advice is to buckle down to hard work, don't make any fuss, and everything will come out right

in the long run. It is a rash man who bombards Mr. Washington's theories with criticisms, for he has entrenched himself behind the impregnable walls of Tuskeegee. Dr. Washington is something like Alcibiades. During the civic turmoils in Athens, Alcibiades would retire to the temple, where none would dare disturb him and molest him within those sacred walls, and he would there carry on his work. Now the sanctuary within whose sacred precincts Mr. Washington is safe against criticism is Tuskeegee. He and his work are so indissolubly connected that to criticise his theories seems an attack upon his work. But we must distinguish between the vulnerability of his social and political philosophy and the utility of his work at Tuskeegee; just as we do not accept Mr. Carnegie as an authority in orthography because he has been a successful financier and amassed a colossal fortune and has dotted the land with libraries. In the other parts of the book, I analyze and discuss Mr. Washington's view at length and will only say one thing here.

In his "Gospel of Work," Mr. Washington has emphasized a basic law of human progress. But it has not been true in the past history of the race that all a man has to do is to toil and labor and save his money, and civic and political recognition will come to him. It has been true in the past history of Greece, Rome, England, America, Germany and France that in order for men to secure civic rights, social and political privileges, they have usually been compelled to clamour and cry for them and sometimes strive and fight for them.

Men do not often give us the recognition that we deserve. They usually withhold that gift from cowards and bestow it on those who possess the courage to demand it. Then, too, in attempting to solve the race question with the Negrosaxon eliminated from politics, in solving the race question on the basis of the Negrosaxon being a hopeless and helpless social and political unit, Mr. Washington is running counter to the teachings of history. The race problem is practically the Negrosaxon's place in American politics. Everything hinges upon the ballot. It is the door which ushers one into the blessings of justice in the court room, educational opportunities and civic privileges. It is the gate through which one enters the paradise of equality of rights and

liberty of opportunity. Without the ballot the Negrosaxon is a helpless and hopeless pariah in society, absolutely at the mercy of a dominant prejudiced race. He is a member of a doomed race. He cannot demand anything like a man. He can only beg and plead, and weep and wail, and whine and cry for his rights.

THE DUBOIS IDEA.

Professor W. E. B. DuBois sees that a man is not the slave of circumstances, but transforms his environment after the pattern of his ideals. He recognizes with Professor Hart that a man by his own attitude may transform the world's estimate of him. Whether DuBois is right or wrong, he is following in the footsteps of Paul, Athanasius, Luther, Knox, Calvin, Cromwell, Milton, Hampden, Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Sumner, Garrison and Phillips. What is human history but the attempt of man to reach out after the highest that he knows of and to struggle to express the deepest that is within him? Hence DuBois is following after the saints and heroes, the sages and seers of all ages.

The same principle for which Martin Luther contended, when he nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door at Erfurt and burned the Pope's bull; the same principle for which the Pilgrim Fathers contended, when they crossed the Atlantic in a frail bark and faced starvation and attacks by Indians and bore the rigors of a New England winter; the same principle for which Roger Williams contended, when he left the Massachusetts Colony; the same principle for which the Boston patriots contended, when they threw the tea overboard; these are the same principles for which the critics of Booker Washington contend, and that principle is the right of private judgment, the right of an individual to think for himself and to express his deepest thoughts and fundamental convictions. The critics of Booker T. Washington are the twentieth century champions of freedom of thought and liberty of conscience; they are the spiritual descendants of Martin Luther and the brave men and women who crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower*. The mantles of Samuel Adams and Wendell Phillips have fallen upon our shoulders.

THE TREND OF HISTORY.

Yes, all the ancient world sacrificed the individual to the State, and in Japan, which is the modern representative of Oriental ideals, it is not regarded as a terrible thing for a girl to prostitute herself to support a family. Education in the ancient world has to produce a certain type rather than develop the individual.

But in the spread of Christianity, which regarded the soul of every one as of value in God's sight, and in the ascendency of the noble Teutonic peoples, who reverenced their own personality as something sacred and divine, who craved for personal recognition, we see the emergence of the idea that the individual was supreme and of value for himself alone. For nearly a thousand years these ideas smouldered during the so-called Dark Ages. They undermined Roman slavery and mediæval serfdom. Then came the renaissance, which emancipated the intellect of Europe from the domain of the mediæval schoolmen; the Protestant Reformation, which emancipated the conscience of the individual believer from the authority of the infallible Pope; the French Revolution, which toppled over the doctrine of the divine right of kings and the democracy of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. And I believe that the grand Anglo-Saxon has been the modern champion of the doctrine of liberty and independence, and of the worth and sacredness of human personality. The fact that Napoleon, the son of a revolution, could elect himself as emperor over a republic which had dethroned and beheaded a king; the fact that Louis Napoleon, his nephew, could, in December, 1851, transform the second republic into a second empire; the fact that the French people lean to socialism, shows that for them the state idea is more supreme than the idea of individual development. The German believes in method. Bismarck welded the army into a perfect fighting machine. He understood the German nature and made the soldier a part of a machine. But in England and America we see the aggressiveness of the Anglo-Saxon.

So we may say that the meaning of human history is the growth and spread of the conception of personal freedom; freedom to express one's personality and manifest one's individuality; freedom to think one's thoughts and utter one's deepest longings

and cravings; freedom of thought, speech and action in religion, politics and civil life.

The difference between ancient and modern history is that in the ancient Oriental world the individual was ignored, while in the modern Occidental world he is recognized. In China and Japan the family was supreme; the individual was nothing. In Hindoo philosophy the individual was lost and swallowed up and absorbed in the absolute. In Persia, Egypt and Babylon, the individual was nothing; the monarch was supreme. Even in Greece, where the individual expressed his freedom in the realm of art and literature; and in Rome, where the right of private property and freedom in willing such property was recognized, the individual existed for the sake of the State, and not the State for the sake of the individual. That was the dream of Plato's republic. Aristotle was the first ancient thinker who clearly recognized the importance of the individual.

The Athenian democracy and the Roman republic meant that the development of personality and the assertion of individuality applied to all free citizens but not to the slaves. The growth and dissemination of Christianity, the rise of the Teutonic races, the abolition of serfdom in the middle ages, the revival of learning and the rediscovery of the Greek world, the Protestant and Puritan reformations, the American and French revolutions, meant that the development of human personality, the assertion of human individuality applied to all white men and women. And the twentieth century will witness the application of the ideals of personality, the conception of individuality, to the darker races. It will witness the embracing of the darker races within the brotherhood of the human family. It will mean that the Negro will be regarded as a person and not as a thing. It will see the sons and daughters of Ham attaining to selfhood. As DuBois, the Emerson and Thucydides of the Negro race, says, "The problem of the twentieth century will be the problem of the color line." I wonder if the Anglo-Saxon will ever realize that deep in the soul of the Negro divine impulses are stirring and are longing to break into expression in song and story and eloquent speech; that his revolt against some of the teachings of the Tuskeegee sage express his desire to enter into the spiritual inheritance of the human race.

The most pathetic spectacle about the attitude of the American mind towards the Negro is not the facts of lynching, disfranchisement and the enacting of Jim Crow laws, for there are some vicious and boisterous Negroes who ought to be Jim-Crowed and disfranchised, but the fact that the higher courses have been eliminated from the State colleges and the higher schools for Negroes in the South; the fact that the Northern philanthropists are now refusing to aid the schools and colleges for the higher education of the Negro; the fact that the self-reliant, the self-supporting class of colored people are Jim-Crowed. As I read the daily press, the weekly and monthly magazines, I discover it is not the illiterate, vicious Negro who is the recipient of the most abuse and vituperation and villification; but it is the colored man who desires to become cultured and strives also for the bread of spiritual life. And the Niagara movement is a protest against this low estimate of the Negro. It says Booker Washington is right in urging the Negroes to become an agricultural, industrial and economic factor in the country; but the colored man needs to aspire after the highest things in the American civilization, needs the ballot, whose possession exalts an individual and makes him a man. The Niagara movement is but the world impulses of thought and feeling manifesting themselves in the Negro consciences. It is but the *zeitgeist* affecting Negro minds, it is but the stirring within the Negro's soul of the Immanent World Ground, the welling up within human nature of the Immanent World Spirit. It shows that the Negro is human and sensitive to slights and insults.

The Niagara movement is but the surging up into the soul of the Negro of that Immanent World Spirit, who has been weaving at the loom of time for centuries, of whom the Apostle Paul said, "In him we live and move and have our being." It will be victorious, because it is in harmony with the tendencies of this democratic age and the genius of Christianity. It will become true of it that the stone that the builder rejected will some day become the head of the column; it will galvanize the Negro with the electricity of hope. From the Great Lakes to the Gulf, it will send the thrill of life throughout the Negro race. It will start a tidal wave of sentiment that will move mountain-high from the Atlantic to the Pacific, lifting the Negro out of the valley of the Shadow of Death to the Mount Ararat of Hope.

What William Roscoe Thayer, in his "Dawn of the Italian Independence," says of Italy may well be said of the American Negro: "We must look for signs of progress in the aspirations rather than in the achievements of anything conspicuous. For this movement was inward and subtle; and its outward expression in deeds was stubbornly repressed. For no man can speak the truth that is in him when the hand of the oppressor is on his throat."

This being true, an epical grandeur is attached to the forces working unseen beneath the surface, which like the forces of nature, asserting themselves in budding spring, are slowly transforming the thought, life and character of the Negro. And that is why the Niagara movement has an epical significance and why DuBois is the hero in the battle for spiritual freedom and Negro manhood.

There is one thing in the attitude of the American mind toward the Negrosaxon that I question and that is the leveling tendency, which acts upon the principle "all coons look alike to me," and which links all Negrosaxons indiscriminately together, good, bad and indifferent, in a mass. President Roosevelt erred this way, when he in his annual message of December, 1906, intimated that the good Negrosaxons sympathized with and shielded Negro criminals. He erred again when he took it for granted that a whole battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry entered into a conspiracy of silence to shield the dozen who are said to have shot up Brownsville. New England philanthropists erred again when they intimated that the colored graduate of Yale and Harvard ought to go South to be a missionary and apostle of culture to his people, instead of hovering around Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago.

The mass of Southern Negroes are so densely ignorant, and so averse to learning and so hostile to scholarship and culture, that it will be at least twenty-five years before a colored scholar will be appreciated at his face value in the South. At present, the attitude of the Southern Negro to the Northern-born colored graduate of Yale and Harvard is one of hostility, distrust and suspicion, of cynical, carping criticism rather than one of sympathetic appreciation. They will inspect him for the purpose of detecting his minor faults rather than discovering his splendid

qualities. Woe unto him, if he is not, in addition to being scholarly, an Apollo in appearance, a Beau Brummel in dress and a Lord Chesterfield in manners. This is perhaps as true of New York City and Washington, D. C., as of the South. If a colored scholar is interested in Pythagorus, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Lotze, Spencer, Carlyle, Emerson and Matthew Arnold, he is cut off by the fact that he is colored from contact and association with the scholars of the country and compelled to live amongst those of his own race, who have no sympathy with nor appreciation of his idealistic dreams. The reasons why colored graduates, who won scholarships, prizes and literary honors and oratorical honors in Yale and Harvard, do not grow and develop into scholars of fame and distinction, after they leave the classic walls of their Alma Mater, is because their environment does not give them a stimulus.

One may ask why is it that in the period of the renaissance, in the age of Pericles, in the Kantian and post-Kantian period of philosophy in Germany, in the Elizabethan age of literature, in the Victorian age of English literature, and in New England transcendentalism, there was such a plentiful crop of distinguished scholars and brilliant writers? How account for it, that in a town of only moderate size and population, almost within a span of one human life, there could be produced such remarkable geniuses as Miltiades and Alcibiades in war; Themistocles and Pericles in statesmanship; Æschylus, Socrates and Euripides in tragedy; Aristophanes in comedy; Thucydides and Herodotus in history; Socrates, Plato and Aristotle in philosophy, and Demosthenes in eloquence? These names, representing the highest heights to which the human intellect has attained in war, statesmanship, tragedy, comedy, art, philosophy and eloquence, were produced in a city which we would regard as small within the space of two generations. Well might Frederick Harrison say, "It is this sudden blazing up of supreme genius on this mere speck of rock for one short period—and then utter silence—which makes the undying charm of this magic spot on earth." How could this be possible?

Then consider that within one century, from 1450 to 1550, the world witnessed the revival of learning, the invention of the printing press, the discovery of America by Columbus, Coperni-

cus's epoch-making discovery in astronomy, and the Protestant Reformation. How account for it that in art, science, religion, discovery and invention, there was such an intellectual, artistic and moral awakening. For a thousand years the world had been sleeping and then suddenly it burst forth into the greatest quickening of the human spirit along artistic, scientific, exploring and religious lines that the world has yet seen. How account for it? How account for the galaxy of brilliant men?

Then coming down to the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the century that has just passed, what do we find? Within fifty years Germany gave the world Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller and Heine in poetry; Herder, Wilhelm Fredrich Schegel, Jean Paul Richter, Ludwig Tieck, Novalis, Fouque, Arndt, Korner, Ruckert and Nililand in literature, and Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and Jacobi in philosophy, producing in Goethe a poet who almost equaled Homer, Dante and Shakespeare; in Herder a philosophical student of history, who rivaled Thucydides; in Kant and Hegel philosophers who measured up to the colossal grandeur of Plato and Aristotle. What a galaxy of names we find in England about the middle of the nineteenth century, when Newman was disturbing the peace of Oxford University by the Oxford movement, and when his sonorous voice was being hushed in the retirement of Livermore. Newman, Maurice, Robertson, Stanley and Martineau in religion and theology; Carlyle, Froude, Kingsley, Freeman and Green in history; Pater and Ruskin in art; Browning, Tennyson, Clough, Arnold, Shairp, Rossetti, Fitzgerald and Swinburne in poetry; and Thackeray, Brontë and Eliot in fiction, are the brilliant literary luminaries whose glowing genius lighted up the pages of English history and made the period between 1840 and 1875 fully as fruitful as the Victorian age of English literature, and almost as epoch-making as the golden age of German literature.

It is significant, too, that the immortal names that America has bequeathed to literature—Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Webster, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes, her great epoch-makers in theology; Bushnell, Channing, Parker and the brilliant group of satellites, Fuller, Thoreau, Alcott, Curtis, Mitchell, Higginson, Hale and Norton, all rose to prominence or received their inspiration during the first half of the nineteenth

century; that all of these writers, with the exception of the first three, were the product of New England and that Boston was either the place where they were nurtured or trained or delivered their messages to the world. In a word, almost all of the men who have made Greece, Rome, Florence, Italy, Germany, France, England and America memorable in literature, art, philosophy or religion belonged to groups of thinkers and artists who lived in the same age, so the Periclean age, the Augustan age, the age of Lorenzo the Magnificent; the age of Raphael, the Goethean age, the Victorian age, the Elizabethan age, and the period of New England transcendentalism, and the age of Rousseau, have come to stand for the periods of creative activity in the literary life of the countries and cities we have just mentioned. We might write the life of Pericles, Augustus, Raphael, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Goethe, Rousseau, Shakespeare, Carlyle and Emerson and show that almost all of the immortal names in literature, art and philosophy either spoke their message to the world or received the intellectual or moral shock that quickened them into activity in the lifetime of these eight men. The lives of eight men can epitomize all human progress. Why is it that great thinkers, poets, artists and musicians do not come singly, but in groups? It is because one human mind is stimulated and inspired by another mind. The example of one mind putting forth creative activity arouses the creative impulse in another. Kant aroused Fichte and Herder aroused Goethe. Then the encouragement such as Baron Bunsen and the Oxford professors gave Max Müller nerves one to explore the untraveled paths of scholarship, to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge and peer into the realms that lie beyond the ken of human vision. I have seen Dr. George A. Gordon, pastor of the South Congregational Church of Boston, grow as a theologian. When I was an undergraduate of Yale, he had not written any of the books that have since made him famous. The first course of lectures which, being afterwards embodied in book form, made him famous, were delivered before the Yale Divinity School. The enthusiasm that their delivery and their publication evoked, and the fact that his own congregation grew with his growth and encouraged and sympathized with his efforts as a theologian, inspired him to deliver three more courses of lectures at Yale, one in Boston and

one in Harvard, which, being published, increased his fame. Had he remained in the small country church in Maine, where he began his pastorate, he would not have been the Gordon he is to-day. Boston, Yale and Harvard developed him as a theologian and quickened the spark of genius that slumbered in his soul.

What encouragement does the colored man, who has spent a score of years in school and college, who has delved in philosophy and history and literature, and whose aim and ambition in life is to produce a work in literature, philosophy or history, that shall live after him and cause the youth of his own race to feel that his own race has made some contribution to civilization and wrought something in the world of ideas and the realm of letters, get? The Anglo-Saxon race will regard him as an impractical dreamer, who is wasting his life, while the head of one of the great industrial schools of the South will speak of him as a literary bum and educated tramp and speak in contempt of a rosewood piano in a log cabin or country school-house or a colored youth studying a French grammar in the backwoods. He will be pointed to as an educational failure; even if he has written and had typewritten a work on philosophy, history and literature, he can arouse no interest in the Anglo-Saxon race and no enthusiasm in his own race. If, however, by dint of nerve and grit and pluck he succeeds in getting his book upon the market, and the world recognizes his genius, his own people will then crowd around him for the purpose of basking in the sunshine of his greatness, in order that he may shed lustre upon them. But while he is panting and struggling and striving to rise, to mount the heights of achievement and climb the ladder of fame, he will find few in his own race or the Anglo-Saxon race who will give him an encouraging word or a helping hand.

I remember how three conversations with Hon. William T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, opened a new world to me. Ten and twelve years ago I read Carlyle and Emerson and Goethe and Hegel, and thought I understood them. A few years ago I returned to Washington, after having lived two years in the South in intellectual loneliness and isolation. Just in three conversations, Dr. Harris opened up a new mine of riches in Emerson, Carlyle, Hegel and Goethe, in discussing the philosophy of history and present-day politics.

I returned to Emerson's works and Hegel's philosophy of history, and saw in those writers that which I had overlooked or passed by ten years ago. This impulse and inspiration, which contact with a superior mind gives, is not as a rule open to the colored scholar, after he leaves college. This is not a plea for social equality, but a statement of the cause of the dearth of Negro literature and Negro scholarship of a high grade; a statement of the reason why the budding Negro genius is nipped by the chill and frost of unsympathetic criticism and lack of appreciation.

The North desires to develop the Negrosaxon as a man, the South to repress his development. I believe that the North's attitude towards the Negrosaxon is wiser than the South's attitude. Both regard the Negrosaxon as a crude and undeveloped race in comparison with the Anglo-Saxon, which has had the discipline and training of centuries. The South says: "The Negrosaxon is inferior to the white man and we will keep him so. We will Jim-Crow, segregate and disfranchise him. We will eliminate the higher courses from high schools and State colleges. If he indulges in the luxury known as freedom of thought and expression, we will shoot him down, string him up to a tree or run him out of our community. We must teach him to know his place and that he is a Nigger." While the North says: "The Negrosaxon is a child in comparison with the Anglo-Saxon. He is a good-hearted, genial, generous, kindly and religious being and he has produced some exceptional men and women. But he is vain and imitative, caring more for show and display and glitter and glare than for solid intellectual and moral worth. Then he manifests a spiteful and envious spirit towards the more gifted and successful men of his own race. What will we do with him? Why we will give him everything that can exalt him and dignify him as a man." Then the North put the ballot into his hands, gave him equal civil rights and privileges and then admitted him to the public schools in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the West, and spent millions of dollars in erecting, supporting and endowing Southern schools and colleges to fit the Negrosaxon to become a full-fledged American and to exercise the duties of citizenship. The solution of the so-called race problem will never come until the

South learns to respect the Negrosaxon and teaches the Negrosaxon to respect himself. The best way for the South to prevent intermarriage between the races or any longings for such among the colored is to regard and so treat the Negrosaxon with respect and consideration that he will look with honor and reverence upon his own race and women. How can the Negrosaxon be taught self-respect when he is humiliated and snubbed at every turn, when the consciousness of his inferiority is forced upon him in the South every moment of his life? I recall an amusing incident in this regard. A few years ago I visited a Southern school. The State Board of Education was also visiting and inspecting the schools that day. I heard the children read and recite in the various rooms. Then the children convened in the chapel and sang and marched. The brilliancy of their recitations, their gracefulness in calisthenics and marching, the beauty and weirdness of their singing, made a powerful impression upon one member of the Board of Education. And he enthusiastically exclaimed, "Isn't that fine!" "Yes," the other man replied, "but they are Niggers just the same." And that represents the normal Southern attitude.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO ACADEMY IDEA.

And this brings me to the American Negro Academy idea. The American Negro Academy is an organization of Negro scholars, which was founded by the late Rev. Alexander Crummell, its first president, at whose death Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois was elected president, and whose present president is the Hon. Archibald Grimke, whose secretary is and has been Professor John Wesley Cromwell. Its membership is limited to forty and it meets every year during the Christmas holidays in Washington to read and discuss papers relating to various phases and aspects of Negrosaxon life. Its last session was held in Howard University, whose noble president, Dr. Wilbur P. Thirkield, offered the university for its annual meeting place. By prefixing the adjective American to the odious word "Negro," the Academy has partly robbed it of its hateful meaning.

Now what is the spiritual meaning and epical significance of the word American Negro Academy, which endeavors to foster scholarship in the Negro race and encourage budding Negro

genius? On January 11, January 13, January 14, 1907, I was an interested spectator in the Senate galleries, when, in the discussion regarding the Foraker resolution regarding the dismissal of a whole battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, because a few were charged with shooting up the town of Brownsville, Senator Tillman flayed the Negrosaxon race, and Senators Spooner, Patterson and Nelson made pleas for fair play for the colored brother, and Senator Gallinger stated that one colored man had been appointed Assistant District Attorney in Boston. I was especially interested when, on January 13, Senator Tillman declared, "I do not hate the Negro, but I regard myself as his superior, that is, I mean the white race is superior to the colored race." That pithy sentence of Senator Tillman explains why the South Jim-Crows and disfranchises the Negro and why the North acquiesces in the South's setting at naught the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution. It is because the country regards the Negrosaxon as an inferior race. Now Crummell's idea was that the Negro thinkers, scholars, writers, poets, artists and musicians, must demonstrate to the world the intellectual and spiritual equality of the Negrosaxon race with the Anglo-Saxon race.

One friend said to me, when I said that the Negrosaxon race must acquire prestige and standing to secure respect and recognition, that that was Dr. Washington's doctrine. Hardly. He says: "Get wealth and all other things will come to you." Wealth is a necessary and fundamental factor in the evolution of the Negrosaxon race. For the bread problem is the first problem of life. But wealth alone will not save the Negro. Without a ballot, and justice in the court room, he cannot keep his wealth, but is at the mercy of the whim and caprice of his Anglo-Saxon neighbor. Two thousand years ago the saying was current in Rome, "There is only one thing in the world more despicable than a poor Jew and that is a rich Jew." Through the middle ages the Jews possessed wealth. But they were hounded, persecuted and murdered, driven from post to pillar, forbidden to own land and conduct manufacturing industries. Only towards the close of the nineteenth century have they been able to breathe easy in Europe. A few years ago we read of the anti-Semitic riots in France. Only recently the Kishenev massacre in Russia

took place. The Jew's fate in Russia is worse than the Negro's in America. Babylon, Carthage, Rome, Venice and Florence were once powerful and rich kingdoms. But who knows who the rich men of antiquity were. Crœsus and Crassus are the only rich men of antiquity whose names have come down to us from the ages and ring in the class room. But every schoolboy has heard of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Demosthenes, Cæsar, Cicero and Vergil. The fame of Dante and Raphael and Michel Angelo will outlive that of the famous Medici family. The names of Goethe, Milton, Shakespeare, Spencer, Beethoven, Wagner, Carlyle, Emerson, Browning, Tennyson, Whittier and Wordsworth are household words, while few people know or care who were the rich contemporaries of these gifted souls. Rich men, as a rule, are forgotten as soon as their remains are deposited in the ground. Rich men like Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was a patron of art and letters; or like Robert Morris, the patriot; or like Peabody, the philanthropist, are the only rich men who live in history or literature. So, if we, as a race, would gain recognition, we must not only absorb and assimilate, but must add ideas, must not only be an imitative but a creative race in art, letters, science, statesmanship and finance. In some way or other we must make the world our debtors. If this be true, then we must honor the scholars and thinkers in our race and regard Alexander Crummell as one of those prophetic minds who looked beyond the immediate present and down the vista of the ages.

Dr. Washington has thus expressed the watchword of the modern world, "The world does not care so much what you or I know, as what we can do." And the masses of colored men and women have forsaken soul-hunger for land-hunger and gold-hunger. In a certain sense, it is true that the object and aim of all education is not to make men dreamers and bookworms, but to fit and prepare men to play a man's part in life. We are living in an age when men have harnessed the wind and the rain, the waterfall and brook, fire and electricity to turn our mills, run our errands, transmit us over land and sea, permit us to converse with friends hundreds of miles away and transmit messages to our cousins across the sea. We have compelled the forests, gold, silver, copper, iron, coal and oil and other earthly

deposits to yield up their energy for our use. We manufacture ice by machinery and make by machines most of the things that we formerly made by hand. We erect skyscrapers twenty-four stories high. We live in steam-heated, electric-lighted houses, and cross the ocean in floating palaces. We fill in marshes and swamps and build cities upon them. We honor the man who can increase the output of the world's food or clothes supply or cheapen transportation. The watchword of modern life is "bring the comforts and luxuries of life within the reach of the masses." And we exclaim, "great is the man of action, great is the man who can do things."

But wait a minute. Why is it that we moderns have so many more conveniences and inventions, and a more scientific agriculture and a more antiseptic surgery than the ancients? It is only because we know so much more about the laws of nature and human nature; it is because we know so much more about the properties and laws of matter, about the properties and qualities of coal, iron, fire, water, steam and electricity, about the soil and about the human body and have formulated and have systematized such knowledge into science, that we may enjoy the material blessings of our modern civilization. Had it not been for the fact that for nearly ten thousand years men have been questioning nature, unraveling her secrets, discovering her laws and systematizing them in the form of science and leaving the permanent records of discoveries and researches and investigations in books, we would not have our modern inventions, conveniences, agriculture and medicine. We can do things so well because we are the heirs of the past knowledge of the world. The real benefactors of the world are the men who have thought and studied and known and deposited their accumulation of the world's wisdom as the priceless heritage for us moderns.

The question whether the man of thought or the man of action is of most value to society, the question as to whether the man of affairs or the scholar has played the most important rôle in history, has been a debated question for two thousand years. Two thousand years ago Cicero, in his oration in behalf of the poet Archias, gave a classic defense of the literary man. And the question has never been answered yet. Milton, in middle age, flung himself into the religious and political controversies of

his time and became a formidable controversialist; but the Milton who has stamped the impress of his personality upon the ages, the Milton who will go down in English history and literature is not the Milton who wrote iconoclastic pamphlets, but the poet who gave the world "Lycidas," "Comus," "l'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" and created that epoch of Puritanism, "Paradise Lost." Goethe for many years held some state position in Weimar. But the Goethe whose name lives in history is not the State official, but the author of that epoch of the soul life, "Goethe's Faust." He has been severely criticized because he did not, like the rugged and heroic Fichte, enter into the struggle for German liberty, kindle into activity the slumbering flames of German patriotism, when Napoleon plowed his rugged way and blazed his fiery path through Europe, and stamped the iron heel of oppression upon prostrate Prussia; on the contrary, Goethe remained a calm and impassive spectator, while the most stormy and bloody drama the world has ever witnessed was being enacted upon the stage of human history. One wonders how any man could sit serenely in the grandstand or stand idly along the side lines while the greatest battle in human history was being fought and won for democracy, while blood was flowing like water in the streets of Paris, and while Napoleon was crushing and throttling the spirit of German liberty and was riding roughshod over the kingdoms of Europe, while the old aristocratic order was being shaken to its foundation and the democratic ferment and leaven was felt throughout Germany. Fichte towers in his colossal grandeur above Goethe and is worthy of the eloquent tribute of Carlyle when he calls him "the cold, colossal, adamantine spirit, standing erect and clear, like a Cato Major among degenerate men, fit to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue in the groves of the Academe. We state Fichte's character, as it is known and admitted by men of all parties among the Germans, when we say that so robust an intellect, a soul so calm, massive and immovable has not mingled in philosophical discussion since the time of Luther. We figure his motionless look had he heard the charge of mysticism which was made against him in England. For the man rises before us amid contradiction and debate, like a granite mountain amid a cloud and wind."

I will admit that Emerson in his address upon "The American Scholar and Literary Ethics," Curtis in his oration upon "The Duty of the American Scholar," and Wendell Phillips in his "Phi Beta Kappa Address" have sounded the bugle call which aroused the scholars of America out of ignoble ease and cowardly leisure, awoke the Puritan spirit in them and transformed them into champions of liberty and self-sacrificing patriots. All this is true and yet many histories of German literature dispose of Fichte with a few sentences, while they devote as many chapters to Goethe as they do paragraphs to Fichte. Only five or six books have been written upon Fichte, while nearly a hundred have been written about Goethe, whose fame is almost as universal as Luther, the greatest figure of modern times.

Matthew Arnold was for many years examiner in the schools of England and his salary of examiner was greater than the average income from his poems and essays, which was only $1,200 a year. But the Matthew Arnold who lives and will live in English history and literature is not Arnold the examiner, but Arnold the chaste and refined poet, the sane critic of literature, the lofty and serene interpreter of Hellenism, the modern apostle of culture. It is as a moral force, expressing itself through literature, that Arnold powerfully affected and influenced his age.

Carlyle found himself too big for the classroom, he found its walls too narrow to compass his mighty spirit, and embraced literature as his vocation. Had he remained a teacher, he might have become as famous and noted an inspirer of youth as Dr. Arnold of Rugby, or Professor Mark Hopkins of Williams, but he would never have enriched the world by his wonderful histories, would never have interpreted German thought to England and America, and been, with the possible exception of Emerson, the strongest moral force of the nineteenth century, and the greatest apostle of idealism since the days of Plato. Emerson and Colonel T. W. Higginson found themselves fettered in the pulpit. They discovered that they could not speak freely and express their individuality in the pulpit. So they uttered their divine messages in literature. Had Emerson remained in the pulpit, he might have become an influence in New England theology like Channing, Theodore Parker and Horace Bushnell, might have become a magnetic preacher like Henry Ward

Beecher or Phillips Brooks. But he would never have become the American interpreter of German and Neo-Platonic idealism and Oriental Pantheism, and Harvard's Hall of Philosophy would never have been christened after him. Had Emerson remained in the pulpit he would never have become a world genius like Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe, he would not have been free to range over the world of human thought and could never have spoken those mystic words or sang that mystic song that has enthralled mankind. I well remember Henry McLaughlin, the professor of belles lettres of Yale, who was cut off in his early thirties. He longed to preach but his message would have been embarrassed by traditional orthodoxy. He decided to make literature his pulpit and the world his congregation. And his little books upon "Literary Criticism" and "Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature" indicate that had he lived he would have developed into a literary critic, who would have blended the sanity of Arnold with the spirituality of Newman.

Max Müller, the famous philologist, in a confession in his "My Autobiography," says: "One confession I have to make and one for which I can hardly hope for absolution, whether from my friends or my enemies,—I have never done anything and I have never been a doer, a canvasser, a wire-puller, a manager in the ordinary sense of these words. I have also shrunk from agitation, from clubs and from cliques, even from the most respectable associations and societies. Many people would call me an idle, useless, indolent man, and though I have not wasted many hours of my life, I cannot deny the charge that I have neither fought battles, nor helped to conquer new countries, nor joined any syndicate to roll up a fortune. I have been a scholar, a Stubengelehrte and voila tone . . .

"What we do or what we build up, has always seemed to me of little consequence. Even Nineveh is now a mere desert of sand and Ruskin's new road also has long since been worn away. The only thing of consequence to my mind is what we think, what we know, what we believe. . . .

"Did not Emerson write: 'The scholar is the man of the age?' Did not even Mazzini, who certainly was constantly up and trying to do, did not even he confess that men must die, but that the amount of truth they have discovered does not die with

them. And Carlyle? Did he ever try to get into Parliament? Did he ever accept directorates? Did he join the choruses or the special constables in Trafalgar Square? . . . Nature has not endowed everybody with the requisite brawn to be a muscular Christian. But it may be said that even if Carlyle and Ruskin were absolved from doing muscular work in Trafalgar Square, what excuse could they plead for not walking in procession to Hyde Park, climbing up one of the platforms and haranguing the men, women and children? . . . Gladstone could harangue multitudes, so could Disraeli; all honor to them for it. But think of Carlyle or Ruskin doing so! Striking the shell of a tortoise, or the cupola of St. Paul's would not have been more attractive to them than addressing the discontented, when in their hundreds and their thousands they descended into the streets.

"All I claim is that there must be a division of labor, and as little as Wayland Smith could be spared, when he hardened the iron in the fire for making swords or horseshoes, was Carlyle a man that could be spared while he sat in his study preparing thought that would not bend or break.

"But I cannot even claim to have been a man of action in the sense in which Carlyle was in England or Emerson in America. They were men who in their books were constantly teaching and preaching. 'Do this!' they said; 'Do not do that!' The Jewish prophets did much the same, and they are not considered to have been useless men, though they did not make bricks, or fight battles like Jehu. But the poor Stubengelehrte has not even that comfort. Only now and then he gets some unexpected recognition, as when Lord Derby, then Secretary of State for India, declared that the scholars who had discovered and proved the close relationship between Sanskrit and English, had rendered more valuable service to the Government of India than many a regiment. . . .

"However, I can only speak for myself, and of my idea of work. I felt satisfied when my work led me to a new discovery, whether it was the smallest desert island in the vast ocean of truth. I would gladly go so far as to try to convince my friends by a simple statement of facts. Let them follow the same course and see whether I was right or wrong. But to make propaganda, to attempt to persuade by bringing pressure to bear, to canvass

and to organize, to found societies, to start new journals, to call meetings and have them reported in the papers, has always been to me very much against the grain. . . .

"As students of classical and other oriental history, we come to admire the great empires with their palaces and pyramids and temples and capitols. What could have seemed more real, more grand, more likely to impress the young mind than Babylon and Nineveh, Thebes and Alexandria, Jerusalem, Athens and Rome? And now where are they? The very names of their great rulers and heroes are known to few people only and have to be learned by heart, without telling us much of those who bore them. Many things for which thousands of human beings were willing to lay down their lives, and actually did lay them down, are to us mere words and dreams, myths, fables and legends. If ever there was a doer, it was Hercules, and now we are told that he was a mere myth!

"If one reads the description of Babylonian and Egyptian campaigns as recorded on cuneiform cylinders and on the walls of ancient Egyptian temples, the number of people slaughtered seems immense, the issues overwhelming and yet what has become of it all? The inroads of the Huns, the expeditions of Genghis Khan and Timur, so fully described by histories, shook the whole world to its foundations, and now the sand of the desert, disturbed by their armies, lies as smooth as ever. . . .

"And what applies to military struggles seems to me to apply to all struggles, political, religious, social, commercial, and even literary. Let those who love to fight, fight; but let others who are fond of quiet work go on undisturbed in their special callings.

"That was, as far as we can see, the old Indian idea, or at all events the ideal which the Brahmans wished to see realized. I do not stand up for utter idleness or sloth, not even for drones, though nature does not seem to condemn even that genus altogether. All I plead for as a scholar and a thinker is freedom from canvassing, from letter reading, letter writing, from committees, deputations, meetings, public dinners, and all the rest. That will sound very selfish to the ears of practical men, and I understand why they should look upon men like myself as hardly worth the salt. But what would they say to one of the greatest fighters in the history of the world? What would they

say to Julius Cæsar, when he declares that the triumphs and the laurel wreaths of Cicero are as far more nobler than those of warriors as it is a great achievement to extend the boundaries of the Roman intellect than the domains of the Roman people?"

I believe that Max Müller never regretted leaving fortune-getting and political agitation and concentrating his life and effort to interpreting to the restless, striving, materialistic world the religion and philosophy of the oriental world. He has put the world under an eternal debt of obligation to him for bringing it in touch with the pantheistic thought of the Hindoo seers and sages and showing the kinship of the spiritual hopes and aspirations of the Eastern and Western mind.

The world has forgotten the millionaires and the political agitators who dominated London in the time of Max Müller; but the name of Max Müller will linger in college walls for many generations.

If, then, Milton, Goethe, Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Colonel Higginson and Max Müller affected their age more powerfully through the written world than they would had they confined their activities to the classroom and pulpit and practical affairs, if McLaughlin had become a Matthew Arnold and John Henry Newman rolled up in one, had he lived, who can tell but what my peripatetic mode of existence, my trying my hand at preaching, teaching, journalism, lecturing and farming instead of settling down to any one occupation and driving a peg in one particular place, has done for me what Dante's exile had done for him, given me that range and breadth of experience, that knowledge of men and insight into human nature which I might otherwise have never received? Had I not traveled so widely and visited so many places and met so many different men and women, had my nature not been exposed to so many different influences and impressions, I might not have written this prose epic of the Negrosaxon race.

But the materialist will say in reply, "This age does not ask how much you know, or how good you are; but it asks what can you do?" This is no doubt true. But we know that with the possible exception of Alexander the Great, the nation maker, and Julius Cæsar, the empire builder, Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest man of action the world has yet seen. We are told

that he carried a history of several hundred volumes with him on his various campaigns. Before he entered upon his Egyptian, Prussian, Austrian and Russian campaigns, he studied the geography and topography of the country, its political history and mode of warfare. And that is one of the reasons why he moved with such wonderful rapidity.

The nineteenth century has seen a greater progress in material invention than all the preceding centuries put together. One hundred years ago we traveled slowly in a stage coach. It took nearly a week to go from Boston to New York. Now we have our speedy locomotives that can cover this distance of two hundred and fifty miles in five hours. And we have automobiles that cover two miles a minute. A hundred years ago to-day we crossed the ocean in wooden steamships. Frequently the journey lasted five or six weeks. Now we cross the ocean in our elegantly furnished iron and steel steamships, which are veritable floating palaces, in five or six days. A hundred years ago to-day we dwelt in wooden houses, heated by wood piled up on a hearth and lighted by candles or oil lamps. To-day we dwell in steel-framed, stone-constructed skyscrapers, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. We stand in Boston and converse with a friend in New York over the telephone. We transmit messages across the ocean by wireless telegraphy. By means of the X-ray, we penetrate through the flesh and locate the bullet that has been lodged in the human body. We reproduce the human voice with the phonograph, cast moving pictures on the canvas, reproducing a prizefight or train robbery with the vitascope. We utilize steam to drive our engines and harness the water and wind to run our mills. How did this come about?

The Bell telephone was invented by a man whose grandfather and father and himself were teachers of elocution. His knowledge of the mechanism of the human voice enabled him to invent the telephone. There is one farmer in New England who grows from $4,000 to $8,000 worth of vegetables annually upon eight acres of land and he raises lettuce in a greenhouse in winter time. There is another man in New England who raises roses and carnations in winter time. There is another man in New England who grows in winter time, in his greenhouse, trees, plants and fruits, whose normal habitat is in Florida and the tropics.

How does this come about? These men or their employees were graduates of the best agricultural colleges in New England. Roentgen's discovery of the X-ray came as the culmination of a series of discoveries and experiments in electricity and electric waves by eminent scientists of the nineteenth century. Then take that most marvelous of all occurrences, Marconi transmitting a message across the Atlantic by wireless telegraphy. Who were the forerunners of Marconi? First, Clerk Maxwell demonstrated that electric waves exist. Then Hertz proved the actual existence of electric waves by his experiments. Then someone invented the ball oscillator, by which one sent electric waves, by passing an electric current through an open circuit. Then someone must invent a coherer to catch that electric wave. Then someone must invent the Morse series of letters. Then someone must invent the decoherer, whereby the electric waves, generated by the ball oscillator and caught by the coherer, can give rise to Morse letters. Then one must conceive of the idea of having the instruments that send and the instruments that catch electric waves, similarly tuned. Then, when the apparatus has been prepared, the theory of wireless telegraphy has been accepted by scientific men, Marconi comes along and sends the message.

So, when we with vaunted pride boast of the wonderful achievements of modern science, and of our numerous inventions, which bring the commodities and luxuries of life within reach of the many, let us remember that we have the locomotive, steamship, microscope, telescope, telephone, telegraph, phonograph, vitascope, electric-light, X-ray and wireless telegraphy, because we know so much about the laws and forces of nature and have formulated such knowledge into sciences. It is only because men have for fifty centuries been studying and interpreting nature, been learning her ways and discovering her secrets, and unraveling her mysteries, that we can utilize the knowledge thus gained for our wonderful inventions. We are under an eternal debt of gratitude to Aristotle, Newton, Copernicus, Galileo, Clerk Maxwell, Lord Kelvin and Hertz and their many contemporaries.

Without the labor and discoveries of these men, we could not have the appliances of Edison, the X-ray and wireless telegraphy.

Freeman has said that history is past politics. But I believe that Hegel, Le Bon, Carlyle and Emerson are nearer the truth when they base human history and its changes upon the ideas and ideals that reign in the mind of man. Aristotle ruled the intellect of Europe for two thousand years. Luther shook Europe from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean. Kant has been as potent a factor in nineteenth century history as the French Revolution. So we must admit that the men in the long run who know are the moulders of human history.

If a man can understand nature and man, make a comfortable living and rear and educate a family, he can consider himself fortunate and can look back upon his career as a successful one. The bread problem is a problem of life. So, if the colored man is to succeed in life, he must adjust and adapt himself to this complex civilization. If the Negrosaxon race is to make a name in history it must measure up to and square itself with the Anglo-Saxon ideals. I know that Anglo-Saxon prejudice limits and curtails our opportunities. But it is these hard conditions that make and develop men and women of rugged strength of character and sturdy moral fibre. It does seem a hard thing that the bulk of the time and the energy of the masses of men should be devoted to merely eking out a living. And yet it was the struggle for existence in the German forests, in the British Isles, on the bleak New England coast and on the Western prairies that has developed the splendid fighting qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race and made it what it is to-day. The struggle for existence, to which the Teutonic races have been subjected for centuries, weeded out the weak in body and weak in will who could not survive in the struggle with the forces of nature in the battle with wild beasts and fighting with hostile foes in the German forests. The effort to gain the mastery over nature, animals and man, developed thoughtfulness, strength of will and strength of body in those who were strong enough to survive in that strife and conflict. That is why, some eighteen centuries ago, the rude, but rugged and sturdy Germans could impress Tacitus that they would be the future conquerors and masters of Rome. Now the Negrosaxon, brought up for centuries in a tropical climate, only three hundred years removed from savagery, and with only half a century of freedom, lacks the steadfastness and tenacity of purpose of the Anglo-Saxon.

The Negrosaxon will get this discipline and training in time. He will be compelled to get it, if he hopes to survive in this strenuous civilization, in this intense competition and strain and at this high pressure and tension of life. In fact, he is slowly but surely mastering the alphabet of bread-winning and becoming a more efficient economic, industrial and agricultural factor in this country. But the great and crying need in this country for the colored youth is moral character. Money, education, political rights, and civil privileges and economic opportunities are necessary factors in the evolution of our race. But underlying all is the substratum of moral character. We must dig beneath the subsoil and sand, until we reach the bedrock of moral character and rest and build the civilization of our race upon that. But it is not popular to preach that doctrine nowadays. A man who would preach character at a public mass meeting would meet with a cool reception. The ministers who are sought after by congregations and lauded by bishops are not the ministers who convert the most souls and inspire the youth of the race; but the men who can raise the most money. Booker T. Washington has wittily shown how the Negrosaxon has absorbed Anglo-Saxon materialism by saying that forty years ago people asked about a deceased man, "What did he say?" But now they ask, "How much did he leave?"

But it seems to me that the greatest need in the Negrosaxon race is for the granite of moral character which distinguishes Dr. Francis J. Grimke and Hon. Archibald H. Grimke, and which distinguished the late Dr. Alexander Crummell. It was the granite of moral character, the iron of manhood and the nerve of integrity that made Rome, England and New England great, and that will make the Negrosaxon race great.

What made Rome, a single city, the conqueror of Italy, then the ruler of the Mediterranean, and finally the mistress of the world? It was sturdiness and ruggedness of character. The Romans were not a brilliant, versatile and gifted race like the Greeks; not skillful traders like the Phœnicians; but they were a sturdy and vigorous race, mentally, morally and physically, with a genius for war and government; and the whole world went down before them. Rome never fell until licentiousness, drunkenness, gluttony and dissipation sapped her moral and

physical energy, and then she succumbed before the rough and rude but honest and sturdy barbarians. The greatest war in the ante-Christian era was that waged between Rome and Carthage in the second and third centuries before Christ. It was not only a struggle for supremacy of the sea, for the control of the Mediterranean; but it was a struggle between the old and decrepit civilization of the Carthaginians and the vigorous and sturdy civilization of the Romans. It was a struggle between Hannibal, the greatest military genius of antiquity, if not of the entire history, and Rome, the greatest nation of antiquity. It was Roman character matched against Hannibal's transcendent military genius, and Roman character won in that fierce and bitter struggle. In the Second Punic war, Hannibal crossed the Alps in midwinter; gathering his forces together, he pounced down upon Italy with an eagle's swoop, winning victory after victory, until the olive groves and vine-clad hills of Italy acknowledged him as lord and master. At the battle of Lake Trasimenus, Hannibal and his hosts slew 15,000 Romans and took 15,000 prisoners. At the battle of Cannæ, Hannibal practically annihilated the Roman army. The defeated and receding Roman army left 70,000 of their slain comrades upon the battlefield of Cannæ. It was a fearful slaughter. It showed that Hannibal was invincible, unconquerable and irresistible, and yet Rome did not despair. Instead of meeting Varro, the conquered general, with reproaches and insult, as Russia did some of her conquered generals and admirals after the Russian-Japanese War, the Roman Senate thanked Varro for not despairing of the Republic. It was, with the possible exception of Leonidas' stand with his three hundred Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylæ, the sublimest spectacle of heroism that the ancient world afforded. And although Rome lay at his mercy, Hannibal dared not march upon Rome and capture her. He knew that such was the temper of the Roman people, such the sturdiness of their character, that though he had enough troops to take Rome, he could not hold Rome. So we can readily see that it was character that saved Rome in the Punic Wars.

Great Britain is a small island. It is only about one-fiftieth as large as the continent of Europe, which is occupied by some fifteen different nations. All of these European nations were

really formed by the breaking up of the Roman Empire, of Charlemagne's empire. And yet the race that settled in the British Isles sent out adventurers and colonists who have conquered and occupied all of North America, part of the West Indies and South America, all of Australia, part of Southwest Africa and the western coast of Africa, and who now rule and dominate India, a country with nearly five hundred million inhabitants. So that we may safely say that Englishmen and the descendants of Englishmen occupy and control more territory in the two Americas, in the West Indies, in Australia, in Asia and Africa than all the rest of Europe put together. And the colonial possessions of England in North America, South America, the West Indies, Australia, Asia, and Africa are greater than the combined colonial possessions of Russia, Holland, Germany, France, Spain and Italy. Then, as we turn over the pages of history, we read that English yeomen and bowmen, led by the bold Black Prince, although greatly outnumbered, defeated French chivalry at Crécy in 1346 and at Poictiers in 1356. It is said that at the latter battle the English were outnumbered seven to one. Then under Drake and other sailors England defeated the Spanish Armada on the high seas of the sixteenth century. Under the gallant Wolfe, she captured Quebec and drove the French out of North America. Under the brave Nelson, she defeated the French Navy at the battle of Trafalgar. Under the intrepid Wellington, assisted by the Germans, she crushed Napoleon at Waterloo. Only once in her history has she retired from a struggle, in which she put forth all of her power, defeated and vanquished. And that was when she attempted to oppress her own children in America, who were bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, who had inherited her blood, her traditions and her longings for liberty. But the struggle in which the push and plodding pluck of the Anglo-Saxon, which can forge ahead in spite of difficulty, obstacle and danger, fight a hard up-hill battle and hang on with grim, dogged determination, with bull-dog tenacity of purpose, was seen at its best, was the Napoleonic Wars.

When Prussia, Austria, Holland, Russia, Spain and Italy had bowed before Napoleon's power and recognized him as lord and master, England alone of the European nations refused to recog-

nize Napoleon as the arbitrator and dictator of Europe. She encouraged every coalition against him and backed it with arms and money. When Spain rebelled against Napoleon and England assisted her, Napoleon reconquered every section of Spain, except the narrow strip of land where the indomitable Wellington had planted himself with his intrepid soldiers. Try as hard as he might, Napoleon could not drive the Iron Duke out of Spain. Had not England maintained her defiant and independent attitude, the other European states would not have dared to rise up against Napoleon.

On the morning of the battle of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson signalled: "England expects every man to do his duty." The English sailors responded to that bugle call and defeated the French in one of the greatest naval battles of modern times. It was English pluck and bull-dog grit and courage that won for her the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon, that Sunday afternoon, raked the English squares with grape and canister, but they closed up again. Napoleon sent his giant cuirassiers against those squares. Those mighty horses leaped over the squares and landed right in the midst of the squares, thus breaking them up. But the English soldiers, by standing the hammering and pounding of Napoleon's artillery and the resistless charges of his cavalry for six hours, stood off the French until the Prussians could come to their aid. And the splendid, sturdy fighting qualities exhibited by the English soldiers at the battle of Waterloo has given the Anglo-Saxon race the preëminence and ascendency that it has in the world to-day.

What enabled the Pilgrim fathers in the *Mayflower* to face the dangers of an ocean voyage, the privations of a New England winter, the terrors and perils of life in an unknown land, surrounded by bloodthirsty savages, to hang on with grim determination, to wrest a living from those barren hills, to transform the Naugatuck valley in a stream of cities that teem with mills and factories, to develop an inland town like New Britain and finally to make New England the center and focus of the intellectual and moral life of the country? It was character, nothing more and nothing less.

And, finally, take the great English and American captains. William the Conqueror, the Charlemagne of the Anglo-Saxon

race, the man who with the clear brain, stern heart, stout arm and iron hand of a Julius Cæsar, laid the foundation of England's government; Cromwell, the victor in England's greatest civil war; Wellington, the victor in England's greatest foreign war; Washington, who was the hero in America's struggle for independence; Grant, who fought to a successful close the greatest civil war in history,—were all men who blended in their personalities the common sense and iron will that is the predominant characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. It required a man with a resourceful brain and iron nerve, with an eye to see, with a heart to dare, and with an arm to strike, to be able to charge his own followers with his own reckless daring and adventuresome spirit, embark upon a hazardous enterprise, cross the English Channel and win out at Hastings. On the memorable Sunday afternoon at Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, pale, but calm and determined, pulled out his watch and said, "Blücher or night." He realized that unless rescue or night came on soon, he would probably go down to defeat before the impetuous charge of Napoleon. But he did not abate one jot of heart or hope and fought resolutely on. His quiet, calm courage, his resolute and determined personality reflected itself in his soldiers. And the English stood their ground, and just before night wrapped its mantle over the historic battle ground, thirty thousand gleaming and glistening Prussian bayonets, reflecting the golden light of the setting sun, gladdened the eyes of the Iron Duke and he realized that he had not waited in vain. And backed by the fresh and vigorous Prussians, he struck consternation into the French and swept them completely before him, driving them in confusion from the field. Our own George Washington was not a military genius. He had none of Cæsar's, Hannibal's, Napoleon's or Marlborough's dash and brilliancy, was not so fertile in resources or prompt in emergency as these great captains. At his best he was only a second-rate general; but it was his transcendent character, his indomitable spirit, his unyielding purpose, his unbending pride, his inflexible resolution and superb control exhibited during the trying winter at Valley Forge and the dark days of the Revolutionary War, that made him a tower of strength to the Colonial Army and ranks him as one of the greatest fighters in human history. William the Conqueror, Cromwell,

Wellington and Grant alone of the moderns, Leonidas, Alexander, Cæsar and Hannibal alone of the ancients, equal him in coolness of head and sternness of heart. Who can look at his picture and observe his steady eyes, his broad brow, his prominent cheek bones, his firm determined lips, his massive chin and square set jaw, without noticing that the wisdom, the majestic calmness, the strength, the silent and inscrutable mystery of the sphinx is expressed and written in the lineaments of that immobile face?

Our Grant in the Civil War was not a more resourceful strategist than the brilliant but vacillating McClellan; but he possessed an unconquerable will and a bull-dog tenacity of purpose. He had the grit that enabled him to hang on. Thus a clear brain and cool head, a steady nerve and an iron will have made the Anglo-Saxon race victorious in war, politics, business, industry and agriculture. And a race that wastes its strength and energy in riotous living and dissipation never can possess the superb mental, moral and physical qualities that are necessary to the preservation and supremacy of a race. The Negro should heed this teaching of history. This is the most practical age the world has yet seen. Men do not desire to know whether you are a scholar, thinker, sage, saint, or seer, but they ask, "How many acres of land, how many houses do you own, how many railroad companies or steamboat lines or copper or coal mines do you exercise the controlling influence in?" The men who can develop a railroad or cheapen transportation, or work a copper, coal, or gold mine, or probe into an oil well or increase the output of shoes, hats, clothes or food are in the limelight to-day, the only men whose names are upon the lips of every schoolboy. We only value the man who can increase our physical comforts and commodities and develop the material resources of this community. With the population of the world steadily increasing, with the struggle for existence growing fiercer and the competition keener, he is indeed a benefactor who can show us how to feed, shelter and clothe humanity, bring the neçessities and comforts and some of the luxuries of life within the reach of the poor man and regulate the relation between labor and capital. And yet the greatest wars that have shook Christendom during the past one thousand years have not been wars waged to increase boundary lines, have not been wars of conquest, but have been wars waged

in behalf of civil and political rights, in behalf of moral principles or a religious creed. Men have ever been ready to sacrifice the comforts and luxuries of life, sacrifice fame and fortune, and risk not only material possessions but life itself to defend personal liberty, root out a moral evil or uphold a religion.

The psychology of patriotism shows that we go enthusiastic over the Stars and Stripes, not because the flag waves over thousands of acres of fertile fields, teeming meadows and luxuriant forests and rich mineral deposits and precious ores, but because the Red, White and Blue symbolizes certain moral, political and religious ideals. And when a man is ready to die for his country, when he is ready to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, it is not of the field, forest, plain and prairie that he thinks, but of the sacred traditions of his country's history, of her past and glorious achievements and of the ideals that are enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen.

The Crusades, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the struggles of the Waldenses, the Dutch Netherlands and the French Huguenots and the Puritan Reformation in England, when men rose to a lofty heroism that was unsurpassed by Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylæ or Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo, or the Light Brigade at Balaclava, were religious wars. The Revolutionary War, the struggle for Italian independence, the struggle of the Hungarians under Kossuth, and the brave stand of the Boers against the English, are modern instances where men have valued civil and political liberty as things for which they would sacrifice their lives. Men have ever been ready to risk life and the comforts of life for the sake of those things which alone make life worth living.

Why did the Pilgrim Fathers leave their friends and comfortable homes in England? Why did these men and women in the *Mayflower* risk the dangers of an ocean voyage and the terrors of a winter in a strange land and dare to plant a civilization and try their fortunes in a wilderness, surrounded by savage Indians? It was an ideal of a religious liberty that lured them on. They desired to follow the dictates of their consciences as to the manner in which they should worship God. The Stamp Act and the other taxes imposed by England upon America were petty and insignificant taxes. They could easily have been paid by the

colonists. Why then did they refuse to pay them, plunge this land in war and drench it in blood for eight years, suffering untold hardships and misery, facing death and bitter poverty? It was a principle for which they were contending. The love of liberty, the instinct of free-born men was asserting itself in them. They would have no taxation without representation. Why did not the North let the South secede and have her own peculiar institutions? It was the ideal of a united country which Webster pictured in his famous peroration that hovered before their imaginations and welded the North and West together. Why do we celebrate Washington's birthday, Decoration Day, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving day and Christmas as holidays? It is because the first three days commemorate the men who risked their lives for the sake of a political ideal, for the love of country; while the fourth commemorates the men and women who sacrificed physical comforts for their religious faith; and the fifth commemorates the birth of God-Man, who gave a divine meaning and significance to human life on earth. From the time when the Greeks at Marathon and Thermopylæ fought as heroes, and defended the liberties of Greece, from the time when the Christian martyrs would rather be thrown to the lions or burned at the stake before they would bow before Diana, forsake their Christ and tell a lie, men have ever been ready and willing to give their lives for the sake of their liberties and the principles and ideals which alone dignify life and make it worth living. From the time when the daughters and wives of the Cimbri committed suicide rather than become the slaves of the Romans, from the time when the Roman Tribune stabbed and killed his daughter before he would see her the mistress of a king, women have ever valued their virtues and chastity and purity as more sacred and precious, as of more worth and value than life itself.

And why is it that the proud, scornful, haughty Anglo-Saxon refuses to intermarry with the Chinaman, Japanese, Indian and Negro? Is it because he fears that this country will become poorer and more poverty stricken? No, he fears lest merging the Anglo-Saxon blood with the colored races would cause their descendants to lose their psychological qualities, moral and spiritual ideals, which have forced the Anglo-Saxon race to the fore-

front of civilization and given the world the best civilization it has yet seen. And I believe that the Negrosaxon will receive recognition in America not so much by piling up wealth as by developing those psychical qualities and realizing that type of personality that is the dream of the Anglo-Saxon race and the goal of human development.

Many Anglo-Saxon friends and many Anglo-Saxon critics of the Negrosaxon claim that he can acquire culture and refinement, but lacks the rugged character and sturdy moral fibre of the Anglo-Saxon, that he does not possess that simplicity and sturdiness of character that characterized the Duke of Wellington, Wordsworth, Whittier, Emerson, Bryant, Lincoln and Grant. I believe that the answer is at hand. The Anglo-Saxon socially ostracises the cultured and refined colored people and noble colored youths in order to prevent intermarriage of the races. I will not go into the debated question as to whether contact between the races will lead to intermarriage. I honor the Anglo-Saxon for desiring to keep his race stock pure and preserve those psychical and psychological characteristics which have forced the Anglo-Saxon to the forefront of civilization; but I desire to say a word about the reflex influence of a crushing environment upon a cultured and refined Negrosaxon.

Emerson in his essay upon heroism says: "We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young men who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life was not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien, when we hear them speak of society, of books, of religion, we admire their superiority; they seem to throw contempt on our entire policy and social state. Theirs is the tone of a youthful giant, who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an active profession and the forming colossus shrinks to the common size of man. The magic they used was the ideal tendencies, which always make the actual ridiculous; but the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their horses of the sun to plough in its furrow. They found no example and no companion and their heart fainted."

Mr. B. Flower in his brilliant book upon "The Century of More" said: "The philosopher who ascends the mountain of the ideal receives truths larger and more potential for good than aught man has before conceived. But when he returns to earth,

that is to say, when he is jostled by the positive thought of positive brains, when he is confronted by dominant ideas struggling to maintain supremacy in the empire of thought, he is in peril; that which was a blessing upon the mount becomes a dirge in the valley, for unless he is great enough to hold steadfastly to the high new truth and rise above sensuous feeling, personal ambition and innate prejudices, he is likely to yield to the psychic forces in the atmosphere below. Painful to relate, this was, I think, to a great degree true of Sir Thomas More, as we shall presently see.

"But the point I wish to illustrate just now is the liability on the part of historians and biographers to misjudge persons who are profoundly sensitive and endowed with a wealth of imagination, but who also possess deep-rooted convictions—men who love the good in the old and yet yearn for the new; those who in moments of ecstacy speak for the ages to come, but when oppressed by the fears and prejudices which environ them reflect the dominant impulses of the present. Without a clear understanding of the mental characteristics of such natures, it will be impossible to understand, much less sympathize with, the noblest and most far-seeing English philosopher of his age."

What Emerson and Flower say with such earnestness and eloquence of the tragedy in the lives of idealists like earnest young men and Sir Thomas More, applies with double force to the colored idealist. The white idealist, if he desires, can come in intimate and personal association and contact with men of like minds with himself, can come in intimate and personal association with men who can inspire and ennoble him; but this sacred privilege is denied ambitious colored youths.

In the summer of 1895 and 1896, just entering my career as a graduate student, I met six colored idealists. They were young men in college or just out of college. They were interested in philosophy, literature and art, and admired Carlyle, Emerson and Browning. The ostracism of the Anglo-Saxon race and the lack of sympathy and appreciation of their own people with whom they were forced to associate, who only cared for eating and drinking and wearing fine clothes and who cared little or nothing for books and culture, drove all six to the verge of despair and to the brink of moral suicide. Two grew dizzy and

sank to menial employment. The other four wavered for a while, trembling from stem to stern like a storm-tossed ship and then, regaining their balance, righted and sailed through the storm and mist and foam to the haven of usefulness and noble endeavor. There is one tragedy that has never been written. DuBois sketched it in his chapter upon Alexander Crummell, in his "Souls of Black Folk"; and that tragedy is the loneliness of the colored idealist who sails between the Scylla of the lack of sympathy of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the Charybdis of the lack of appreciation of his own race. Would that some Whittier would come along and touch with his magic lines the hopeless outlook before a dreamy colored youth as he has immortalized the longings and aspirations of a poor country girl!

The tragedy in the life of a colored idealist is that he reads Plato, Wordsworth, Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Carlyle, Emerson and Browning and forthwith goes off into a world that cares nothing for the great idealists and seers and where everything is at variance with the teaching of the classroom and the atmosphere and influence of his favorite authors. To descend from the mountain lands of inspiration to the valley of temptation, hostility and opposition—that is the fate of the colored idealists.

The Negrosaxon has high ideals, but he is born and reared in an environment that makes it very difficult for him to live up to his ideals. I appreciate the Anglo-Saxon's desire to preserve his own racial integrity; but his Jim-Crowing the Negrosaxon, crowding and segregating the good and bad together in large cities, prevents educated colored men from receiving the blessings of an inspiring environment. Unfortunately, the herding of the Negrosaxons together often compels the cultured and refined to live as hermits or recluses or else to associate with the coarse and ignorant. Many a pure and pretty colored girl has suffered because of the social ostracism that compels her to live in isolation or else associate with the impure of her own race.

There is one thing that I will refer to again that I have briefly touched upon. The saddest spectacle that I witnessed was in a backwoods town of the South. The mother of a beautiful and brilliant group of daughters suddenly died. Some of them were entering, others were leaving their teens. All of them were girls of remarkable beauty, intelligence and refinement. One of

them was of an ethereal type of beauty. With her exquisitely molded features she seemed the prototype of Hawthorne's "Hilda." Another, though a mere child in years, was the personification of womanly dignity, queenly grace and maidenly purity of mind and reserve in manners. Now, owing to circumstances over which they have no control, they are unable to associate with people of culture and refinement and are compelled to come in contact with men and women of coarser make than themselves. I regard it as a tragedy that these girls, at a period of life when their natures are plastic, susceptible, impressionable and receptive, at a time when habits are crystallizing into character and ideals are being formed, are prevented by their environment from coming in touch with uplifting and ennobling influences. The problem is, will the memory of a saintly mother be a sufficient charm to ward off evil influences and hold them up against the degrading tendencies of their environment? I remember, too, how a lonely Methodist minister in a country town, living in intellectual and spiritual isolation in a rural community, so hungered and thirsted to converse with and associate with one of similar taste and inclinations with himself that he begged me, passing through the town, to remain as his guest six months, so that we might browse over the field of literature, history, science and philosophy together. There was nothing in that man's immediate environment to inspire him.

I will now add a word. Carping critics pronounce a Negro who does not become wealthy or famous within five years after his graduation from college, a failure. But notice: Hawthorne, the Beethoven of English prose, was not able to buy a house of his own until he was forty-seven years old; Bancroft, a failure as an educator, afterwards wrote the prose epic of America; Motley, a failure as a politician, wrote the immortal work which chronicled Holland's struggle for liberty; Irving was a failure as a hardware merchant, but won a world-wide reputation as a man of letters; Cooper was an indifferent lawyer but a brilliant novelist; Patrick Henry failed as a farmer and merchant, but succeeded as a lawyer and became the fiery, impassioned Revolutionary orator, whose name is indissolubly linked with that of the American Revolution. Shakespeare, a failure as a wool merchant, a poor actor, became the world's dramatic poet.

Emerson, not a howling success as a teacher or preacher, became the seer and prose poet of America. Verdi's first two plays were failures. The audience hissed the players of one of his comedy dramas off the stage before the completion of the last act. His wife and two babies died of starvation and neglect, and he was on the verge of suicide, while he was winning his matchless fame. Verdi, whose musical harmonies have dazzled the world, labored for ten years in poverty and obscurity, before the world recognized his productions. Henry Grady's first two journalistic ventures in Rome and Atlanta were failures, but he afterwards became the South's most gifted journalist and delivered a speech in Boston, which, while unjust to the Negro, reached the high-water mark of American eloquence. Demosthenes, ridiculed in his first speech, afterwards became Greece's greatest orator. Disraeli, coughed at, hissed and hooted down in his maiden speech in Parliament, defiantly cried out, "The time will come when you will hear me," and afterwards became the Prime Minister of England. Phillips Brooks, a failure as a teacher, became the preacher whose eloquent and fervid sermons stirred the country. U. S. Grant was a failure as a farmer, a cordwood merchant and a clerk; but he afterwards became the greatest soldier America ever produced and ranked as a general with Wellington and Von Moltke. Samuel Johnson, underrated by Lord Chesterfield, was on the verge of starvation; but he was immortalized by Boswell and Carlyle and became one of England's noted writers. Goldsmith would have been jailed for debt had not Addison come to his rescue; but he was the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village." Millet, jeered at by fellow students and nicknamed "The Wild Man of the Woods"; Millet, who for twelve years barely eked out a living in Paris; Millet, whose first wife died while he was forging his way to the front; Millet, who often couldn't buy fuel for his family—painted "The Angelus," which sold for 800,000 francs, and touched the heart as few paintings have. Wagner, arrested on the charge of being a rioter; Wagner, whose Tannhauser was greeted with hisses, catcalls, jeers and outcries when first performed in 1845, when he was forty-eight years old; Wagner, the composer, whose unpopularity as a musical revolutionist caused him to go into voluntary exile for ten years

in Switzerland; Wagner, not rich enough at a period of life when most great men have achieved fame or fortune, to own a piano; Wagner, barely able to earn a living by his music until fifty years of age,—now ranks as a musical genius above Beethoven and Mozart. Sir Isaac Newton, turned down by the Royal Society of London, was too poor to publish his "Principia," but Edmund Halley came to his rescue, printed it at his own private expense and Newton won undying fame. Herbert Spencer, whose fame is world-wide as a philosophical scientist, whose writings have been more widely read than any other philosopher of the nineteenth century, exhausted his small fortune in publishing his first three or four books and was forced to accept a loan of a few hundred pounds from an American friend and a loan also from John Stuart Mill. Elias Howe, the inventor of the first sewing machine, in 1845 was compelled to sell a machine and pawn his American patent for fifty pounds sterling. He was forced to work his passage home from England on an emigrant steamer and on reaching Spencer was forced to borrow a suit of clothes in which to attend his wife's funeral. And yet his royalties afterwards netted him $4,000 a day. Carlyle, who struggled in poverty the first forty years of his life, barely eking a living, afterwards became the most potent and dominant literary force of the nineteenth century. Samuel Adams was so poor that he had to borrow a suit from a friend to attend conventions and speak at meetings, but now every schoolboy knows that he was the Father of the American Revolution.

Do not despair if the Goddess of Fortune does not at first smile upon you and if prosperity does not at the start crown your efforts, but persevere, persevere, plod on, plod on. Remember that the race is not to the swift nor to the strong, but to him who endures unto the end. Go forth to make your contribution to civilization and success will finally perch upon your banners. And the world will at last give you the recognition that she withholds now.

PART II.

PHASES OF NEGRO THOUGHT AND LIFE.

CHAPTER XI.

A Historical and Psychological Account of the Genesis and Development of the Negro's Religion.

The theory of evolution has revolutionized modern thought. By this I do not mean the Darwinian theory of natural selection, but that the religion, politics and art of any era can be best explained by evolution, by growth, by development, by the unfolding of germs that existed before, though in a dormant state.

The genetic method of explaining the present by the past is the only satisfactory way of dealing with any problem. The reason is obvious. The present is the outgrowth of the past and has its roots deeply grounded in the past. Hence the present can only be understood in the light of the past. And we cannot understand things as they are, save as we understand how they came to be. To illustrate, we don't really know the oak tree, save as we understand how the acorn, through the combined action of soil and rain, of light and the air, unfolded its latent powers, reacted upon its environment and grew into the majestic oak. When we see how the oak came to be, then and not until then will we really know what the oak tree is. We cannot understand the adult man, save as we trace his genesis and growth, from infancy through childhood and youth to maturity.

Men apply this same principle to the origin, evolution and development of various religions. The religions of the present day are growths from more primitive conditions. We cannot understand the present religions of the world save as we understand their origin in the distant past. Men find, then, in the history of religion a perspective, which, like a view from a mountain top, enables them to see things in their proper relations.

Formerly church historians and theologians discussed the various systems and views of different theologians and philosophers as if they were isolated phenomena; but now Windel-

band in his "History of Philosophy," and Harnack in his "History of Christian Dogma," show that the various philosophical and theological conceptions go through an orderly process, an orderly unfolding and development, one from the other.

Then again, when men discussed the various religions, such as Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Brahmanism, Mazdeism and the various nature religions which culminated in the Græco-Roman religions, they put the Christian religion in a special category by itself, whereas it is now seen that no religion has its hold upon mankind by virtue of the error that is within it, but by virtue of the truth that it contains. The Christian religion is a mighty stream into which currents from Jewish, Greek, Roman and Persian civilizations flowed. Christianity differs, then, from other religions in that it appeals to all instead of to some of the elements of human nature, and especially to the higher elements.

But this genetic method of explaining things by the principle of growth by and through development, this comparative method of showing how all religions necessarily appeal to some fundamental element in human nature, is entirely forgotten and lost sight of when we study the Negro's religion. Men approach the Negro's religion as if they were about to enter a curiosity shop or hospital or dime museum. They seem to think that they will only find pathological cases of the aberration of the human intellect, religious freaks who foam at the mouth, go into hysterics, prance and shout, and faint away, when in reality the truth is the Negro's religion is not outside of the stream of the general religious development of mankind.

In our account of the genesis and development of the Negro's religion we shall endeavor to show that the colored man is not constructed psychologically different from other men. His religion is not, as commonly supposed, a phenomenon that is separate and apart from the historical development of the human race. In his religion, as in the white man's religion, we see but stages in the evolution of human thought. In the colored man's religion we but see the Anglo-Saxon's religion objectified. The Negro in Africa and America is now passing through the same process of religious development that the Anglo-Saxon and other races have passed through. He is gradually shuffling

off his old superstitions and absorbing from his environment materials for a more renewed growth. It is the comparative method in the study of religion that has revolutionized modern theology. And when we approach the colored man's religion from the comparative point of view, we see that it contains the same psychological elements as do other men's religion. And we can not understand it then save as we make a brief survey of the history of the religious life of mankind and see what are its permanent psychological elements.

Many persons never carefully distinguish between religion and theology, and yet there is wide difference between them. Religion is first in the order of time and is more fundamental and vital. Religion is the soul's inner communion with and relation to God; while theology is the system of religious dogma and faith. Religion is the outgrowth of certain cravings and aspirations of man's innermost heart and nature; while theology is man's thought of the relation of God and man. Religion is a matter of the heart; while theology is an affair of the intellect.

A man may have a wrong intellectual dogma, but yet may feel the presence of God and be perfect in his life. On the other hand, a man may have a correct intellectual dogma, but yet never experience a deep religious feeling; may never really know that God stands in a personal relation to him. Abraham's theology was far from being perfect, yet God was near to him. Many theologians can discourse on the ways of God to man, and yet religion is not a reality to them. Religion brings a man into relation with his fellows; but theology oftentimes never leads a man to acts of benevolence. In a word, religion is the life of God in the soul of man, while theology is man's philosophical interpretation and explanation of that life.

Religion, too, is not to be confused with the church, which is an ecclesiastical organization. Religion is the spiritual life of the individual believer, while the church is the organized body of believing Christians, whose desire for fellowship draws them to worship in common. Religion as a life in the soul of the believer existed before the church as a religious body came into being. Thus those who assembled in the upper chamber were first moved by the Holy Spirit before they came together. Man is a gregarious being. He loves the sympathy of his fellow men,

and that is why his courage and his faith is reinforced in a crowd. While public worship and prayer meetings stimulate one's spiritual life, yet the lowly Nazarene chose the quiet of the mountains in the evening and the lonely walk by the seashore for his meditation and communion with the unseen God. During the Middle Ages, when the church was corrupt, many mystics in study and prayer and meditation nourished their piety apart from the church.

In seeking a definition for religion we must have a broad conception of religion and find a definition that will apply to all the varied forms of religion, from the religions of savages up to that of the enlightened Christian. It must take in the most primitive as well as the most developed form of religion. The Hottentots and Bushmen have moral ideas which are crude and distorted. The Vikings, the Spartans, the Zulus, the Kaffirs, the wild Indians, the Mohammedan warriors, the Goths and the Huns have many notions of right and wrong that are at variance with the Sermon on the Mount. We see at times an unscrupulous treatment of foes, a fiendish cruelty towards their enemies, a demoniac fierceness of spirit and many revolting practices, and yet these savage and relentless barbarians are guided by what to them seems their ideal of a brave and faithful man. They follow what to them appears to be the highest conception of life. Their reverence for courage, their fidelity to their chieftain, their loyalty to their tribe, may manifest itself in grotesque and unnatural forms, yet it is this that dominates their actions. Their rude notions of what is right and wrong, their instinctive ideas of justice, prompt these men to action.

Our conception of religion must be broad enough to take these in. It must include the fetish worship of native Africans; the worship of gods many and lords many who were half men and half beasts; which we find in the old Dravidian, and the religion of the Tetaonian, the Egyptian religion and the religion of the American Indian. It must also include the superhuman and semi-ethical deities of the Vedic, Zoroastrian, various Semitic, Celtic, Germanic, Hellenic and Græco-Roman religions; the legislative or nomistic religions of the Brahmans and Hebrews and the universal and ethical religions such as Confucianism, Buddhism, Islamism and Christianity.

I think the late Dean Everett of the Harvard Divinity School hit the nail on the head when he said, "Religion is a feeling towards a supernatural presence," and that in the higher religions this "Supernatural Presence is manifested in Truth, Goodness and Beauty."

Without feeling there may be a philosophical conception of the universe; without feeling there may be a moral life; but without feeling there can be no religion. But what distinguishes religious feeling from other forms of feeling is this: In the religious feeling there is always a reference to unseen and invisible powers, with whom the worshipper desires to get into right relations and whose favor he seeks. The higher and lower forms of religion differ in two respects; in the lower forms of religion we find superstitious and slavish fear, while in the higher forms of religion we find a worshipful reverence. In the lower forms of religion the deities are endowed with the lower attributes of the human spirit, while in the higher forms of religion the deities are endowed with the higher attributes of the human mind. Thus when we say that "religion is a feeling towards a supernatural presence" we have a definition that is comprehensive enough to take in all.

Each race is modified and influenced by its religion. This fact is so well known that it does not need elaboration. We have all seen the wonderful transforming power of Christianity in the case of individual men and women. To see what it has done with a race we have only to reflect that it has tempered, mildly though it may be, the original barbarity of the Teuton and Anglo-Saxon. Buddhism has made the Hindoo more passive and less aggressive. Confucianism has made the Chinese more practical, while Mohammedanism has sent its converts out with that unconquering faith and infectious enthusiasm that have ever moved the world.

Each race, too, prefers the religion that is suited to its temperament. Thus we see the preference of the Anglo-Saxon for Christianity, of the Hindoo for Buddhism, of the Chinese for Confucianism, and of the African for Mohammedanism. Some wonder why fierce and aggressive peoples, like the Teutons and Saxons and Normans, could so readily assimilate a religion that emphasizes self-renunciation, self-sacrifice and self-denial. It

is because Christianity laid stress upon the worth and sacredness of the human personality and hence touched what was deepest in the Teuton's nature, namely, his nascent sense of personality. Again the Chinese are a practical and non-poetic and non-heroic people and hence like a religion that does not call for heroic self-sacrifice, but looks to the temporal comfort of a people, while Buddhism with its dream of a Nirvana appeals to the languid Hindoo nature.

Before Mohammed's time the Saracens were men of a narrow iconoclastic spirit and were scattered into a few Bedouin tribes. But what did Mohammed do? In the brilliant words of Professor George Burton Adams, of Yale, "Putting into definite and striking form the unconscious ideas and aspirations of his people and adding a central and unifying teaching and inspiring and elevating notions from various sources, he had transformed a few scattered tribes into a great nation and sent them forth under a blazing enthusiasm upon a career of conquest entirely unparalleled in motive force and extent." Mohammed starts out with a few Bedouin tribes and yet a territory 6,000 miles in diameter was occupied and conquered within a hundred years. The native African tribes, both then and now, took to Mohammedanism as a duck takes to water.

Christians may point with pride to the Christian martyrs and heroes going singing and crying "Hosannahs to the Lord of Hosts," to be torn into pieces by the lions in the Roman amphitheatre or burned alive at the stake. But Islam can also point with pride to the fanatical enthusiasm and death-defying courage of the followers of the Mahdi, who repeatedly rush to be mowed down by thousands by British musketry and British cannon.

The African Negro takes so readily to Mohammedanism because it fits in so well with his previous modes of thought and feeling and appeals so powerfully to all that is deep and fundamental in him. The fatalism and sensuousness of Mohammedanism, its picture of a heaven with its fair gardens and luxuriant vegetation that has ever delighted the eye of man, its soothing music and beautiful women touch a responsive chord in the heart of the native of Africa. In the Mohammedan Paradise the African beholds his dream of earthly happiness visualized and

realized. Again while Mohammedanism does not particularly encourage, it does not distinctly forbid polygamy and slavery. Thus we can see why Islam can sway the native African in the way that it does.

The truth which is illustrated and brought out in this survey is this: The religion of a race or nation cannot be arbitrarily imposed upon it from without, but springs up and grows from within. It is the resultant of the longings and desires, the hopes and aspirations of the race. It wells up spontaneously and unconsciously from the soul depths of the race, issuing forth just as the spring, rising in the hills and expanding on its downward career into the river, on whose noble bosom the ships of the nations float, gushes forth from the mountain side, because impelled by unseen, elemental forces from below.

Israel, Greece, Rome, the Germanic and Saxon races are the five great races that have thus far made important contributions to civilization. Each race developed a peculiar genius along one line and perfected it in an organized and national life.

Now each race has followed the dialectics of its own nature in developing in the way that it did. It developed in ways peculiar to itself, because it was true to the trend of its own genius, because it followed the tendencies and bent of its own peculiar temperament. It passed its environment through the crucible of its own race psychology. We cannot understand how these races developed in the way that they did, unless we understand the peculiar and inexplicable soul life of the race. Now each of these five great race stocks not only was influenced and modified by Christianity, but each left its own impress upon Christianity and contributed its own distinct genius to it. It made its distinct and permanent contribution by following the dialectics of its own nature.

The Greeks, like Justin and Clement and Origen, who had studied Greek philosophy, embraced Christianity and they had to interpret Christianity in terms of the Greek philosophy. And Christianity in adapting itself to the Greeks had to recognize the truth in the philosophical systems. Now the Platonic philosophy with its conception of an unknowable God who was apart from the world, and the Stoical philosophy with its conception of the Logos or Divine manifestation of God in the universe, these

two systems of philosophy influenced the Christological conceptions of the day. Also Persian and Oriental notions of sin and Neo-Platonism influence Christian thinkers. The Alexandrian thinkers represented by Clement, Origen and Athanasius were largely given to recognizing Christ as the incarnation of God. It recognized and emphasized the divine element in Christ, while the influence from Antioch emphasized the human element in Christ.

Those who were steeped in Platonic and Neo-Platonic philosophy found difficulty in the conception of the union of the human and divine. Thus one Christological problem was the incarnation, "How could the human and divine be united in one person?" Clement solved it by showing that Christ was the Logos which was the Word of the Father, was the manifestation of the Father, who had always been in the world inspiring heathen moralists and philosophers and the good in all ages, and in so far as Socrates and Plato knew the Logos, they knew Christ. And the divine Logos or the indwelling Christ or Father was manifested in the reason, conscience and hearts of all men. He was the divine light of the reason of all men. The Christians must believe in the divinity and humanity of Christ at the same time.

The problem in the first three centuries was, "How could the unity of God be harmonized with the Trinity? How could the Absoluteness of God be harmonized with the Divinity and Deity of Christ? How could the Divinity and Humanity of Christ be harmonized?" Clement solved the last by showing that Christ as the Logos of God was present in the world and in man from the beginning, hence it was easy to see how Logos, who was imperfectly manifested in men heretofore, could be perfectly manifested in one man. Thus we see how the Greek philosophy and the philosophical trend of the Greek mind profoundly influenced and modified the theology of Christendom.

The Hebrew gave us the monotheistic conception of an ethical deity. It was from the Hebrew mind and spirit that Christianity derived its conception of the ethical perfection of God and of the reality of sin as an alienation from God. The gifted Greek mind, more versatile and poetic, gave to civilization, philosophy, poetry and sculpture, to which men still repair, as

to perennial founts of inspiration and perennial well-springs of wisdom. And it was from the Greek mind that Christianity obtained its conception of the immanence of the Divine Mind in nature, obtained its Logos doctrine that every visible thing was but the symbol and manifestation of an invisible thought. The practical Roman mind gave us a system of law and a policy of assimilating rather than subjugating a conquered people, that has revolutionized political history. Rome thus became the purveyor of the Hebrew and Greek civilization, and so unified the world that it was possible for Christianity to be disseminated over the entire civilized world. And when the hosts of the barbarians swarmed over the Roman frontiers and poured down upon Rome, sweeping everything before them, there was one thing that challenged the admiration of these rude Titanic tribes and that was the Roman civilization as embodied and crystallized in the Christian religion. It was this that really conquered the youthful and victorious barbarians. The Roman mind had expressed its monotheistic genius in the Roman Catholic Church and it was this that held the vigorous and untutored races together during those ten silent centuries that are fitly termed the Dark Ages.

The profound and mystical Teuton mind gave the theology, pietism and mysticism to modern Christianity. We find the German spirit free and independent. It emphasized the worth and sacredness of human personality. During the process which began with the mediæval mystics and culminated in the heroic pleas of Luther for the sanctity of inward piety, of the soul's communion with God, and for individual freedom in studying and interpreting the Bible, up until the present time, inward piety, philosophical and theological freedom have been the distinctive contribution of the Germanic race to Christianity. And it was from the mediæval mystic that the Lutheran Reformation in Germany received its theological impulse.

Fifteen hundred years ago the hardy Norseman and fierce Vikings made their presence known and felt in Europe. They laughed at the perils of the deep, courted danger, burned villages and pillaged houses. The Anglo-Saxon race ever since has stood forth as the perfect embodiment of daring courage and adventurous aggressiveness. By its bold, daring, adven-

turous and aggressive spirit the Anglo-Saxon race has conquered every race that it has ever come into contact with. It has preëminently originated and developed the idea of representative government, and has emphasized personal liberty in religion and politics.

What Rome did for the Hebrew and Greek mind the Anglo-Saxon race has done for the German mind. The Anglo-Saxon has assimilated the results of the Hebrew, Greek and German genius and it is aggressively carrying forward to all parts of the world the indestructible elements contributed by the Hebrew, Greek and Roman mind. The Anglo-Saxon is, then, the advance guard of civilization and it is the source from which the great missionary movements have sprung. It is the embodiment of a progressively aggressive missionary spirit and is actively interested in social reform. It must not be understood by this that the Anglo-Saxon is the only race that embodies the missionary spirit. Thus we see that religion is transformed and modified in passing through the crucible of race psychology.

Some say that the intellectual, moral and spiritual differences of the various races are due to the geographical location of the race. But we cannot explain the psychological genius of the Greeks, the monotheistic and ethical genius of the Israelites, the political genius of the Indo-Germanic races on geographical grounds. Neither can you explain the great racial characteristics or psychological peculiarities of the different races on biological and anthropological grounds. The race reacting in a different way on its environment, determines the course of development the race will take. The inexplicable soul life of the Germanic nations is the thing of main account that will explain what the Germanic nations have done and will do in history. How account for the psychical and psychological differences between races so that one has a genius for religion, another for art, and another for politics? It cannot be done upon merely geographical grounds.

A HISTORICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL ACCOUNT OF THE GENESIS AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEGRO'S RELIGION.

Is there anything that psychologically differentiates the Negro from other races? Every time the Negro minister is referred to

before a white congregation, immediately a broad grin spreads over the countenance and they call to mind the darkey preacher often referred to, who looked apprehensively at the sun and said, "De grass am gittin' weedy, de sun am gittin' hot, dis man's gittin' old and feeble; guess dis darkey am called to preach." When you speak of the Negro's religion, this audience will immediately call to mind another Negro, also often referred to, who pays his respects to the chicken coop on his way home from the prayer meeting. The Negro's religion is not taken seriously, and yet despite the superstitions, the incongruities and inconsistencies manifested in the Negro's religion, there is a deep vein of serious religion in the Negro's nature.

I will admit that the Negro race is not as practical and hard-headed as the Anglo-Saxon race, but neither had the Greeks and Romans of long ago, nor have the Germans, French, Italians, Russians or Spaniards of to-day that phlegmatic temperament that can coolly and calmly view every subject. But the Negro is as imaginative, versatile, plastic and imitative a race as the Greeks. He has a poetic imagination. Even the illiterate Negro has fastidious notions as to dress. The Negro has remarkable ability in adjusting himself to a varied and changing environment. That is why he thrives under changed surroundings, where other races perish.

The Negro race is the greatest race of natural talkers that ever appeared upon the stage of history. It is preëminently endowed with the gift of gab. It has its oratory on tap. All you have to do is to turn the faucet and a copious stream of oratory will gush forth. On election days, in the large cities of the North and East, every street corner is a rostrum, every barber shop a forum and every bar-room a free lecture platform. We think then of that brilliant epoch in Greek history, the days of Pericles, when the Athenian orators made the market place ring with their eloquence, when the peripatetic philosophers discoursed of high things in the grove of the academy and Socrates held his divine conversations in the streets of Athens. The Greeks were a race of talkers. But they could not compare with the Negro race. I know you will think of that fair moment in Grecian history when, as DeWitt Clinton declared, "the herb women could criticise the phraseology of Demosthenes and pro-

nounce judgment upon the works of Phidias and Apelles." I know you will recall how Pericles, Æschines and Demosthenes held the Athenian multitude spell-bound under the magic wand of their matchless eloquence. But reflect that in the cotton and corn fields of the South, our sugar and rice plantations and in the turpentine camps, there are untutored Negro preachers from whose lips issue forth eloquence that, though rude, is noble.

I know you will say that the Negro is prone to emotional excitement. But the only difference between the Negro camp meetings and the camp meetings of the poor whites is that you can hear the whites singing and shouting two miles away, while you can hear the colored singing and shouting three miles away. The rites at the Delphic Oracle, the Bacchanalian festivals in Greece and Rome and the miracles at Lourdes exhibit as much excitement and intoxication and frenzy as do those recent converts who go crazy and let themselves go when they picture themselves wearing white robes and golden slippers, and treading upon a sea of glass, surrounded by jasper and sapphire walls.

Then, again, the Negro race has an innate ear for harmony, an instinctive love of music. The aspiration and longing and sorrow and cravings of the Negro burst into expression through the jubilee songs and plantation melodies. Besides the soothing and plaintive melodies of these songs the gospel hymns of Moody and Sankey sound like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. These songs touch and move everyone because they come up out of the elemental depths of the Negro's nature. The Negro race is richer, then, in emotional endowment than any other race in the world.

It has an inspiring nature, for immediately after his emancipation the Negro began to aspire after the highest things in the American civilization. He tried to absorb the most complex political psychology ever evolved from the brain of man. The Reconstruction politicians even aspired to using Dresden china cuspidors.

Nature worship is the first form of religion, and the most primitive form of religion. Herbert Spencer seems to think that ancestor worship was the first form of religion, basing his argument upon the fact that the phenomena of dreams, where persons saw their parents and grandparents, was what caused

savages to ascribe the good or ill luck that attended them to their dead ancestors. But it is the almost universal verdict of scholars that Spencer is wrong. So far as we can learn by the observation of present peoples and by the study of the past, ancestor worship is found among more highly developed people than nature worship. The worship of crude and unsophisticated savages is almost always nature worship. By nature worship, or animism, we mean that form of human thought which ascribes spiritual life to the objects of nature and animals, or, as it is scientifically defined, "the doctrine that the phenomenon of life in animals is caused by the presence of a soul or spirit."

Professor C. H. Teile, the eminent scholar in the history of religions, in an article upon religion in the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, divides nature worship into three varied forms of nature religions: "The Polydæmonistic magical religions, under the control of Animism; the purified or organized magical religions, namely, Therianthropic polytheism; and the worship of man-like, but superhuman and semi-ethical, being in 'Anthropomorphic polytheism.'" He divides the ethical religions into two great groups, the national nomistic or nomothetic, and the universal religions.

We see the first form of nature religions in the religion of savages. We see the second form in the old Dravidian faith, in the religion of the Finns, in the Egyptian religions and the more organized American Indian faiths. We see the third form of nature religions in the Vedic religions, in Zoroastrianism and various Semitic faiths, in the Celtic, Germanic, Hellenic and Græco-Roman religions.

I think that Teile is right in making nature religion in the form of Animism, or the religion of savages, the most primitive form of religion. Human nature is everywhere the same. It is the same yesterday as it is to-day. It is the principle of causation and the impulse to interpret nature in terms of the mind's life that leads the speculative philosopher of the twentieth century to his belief in a universal world spirit, immanent in the universe. And it was the same universal desire to seek a cause adequate for every effect and to ascribe to nature a spirit akin to his own that led the untutored savage to worship his

Fetich and led the poetic Greeks to people the springs and streams with nymphs, the woods and groves with deities and to represent the thunder and lightning as but the frowning Zeus, hurling his dreaded thunderbolts from Mount Olympus' rugged heights. The Greek, in letting his imagination go out and paint one of the sublimest pictures that can enter the mind of man, when he conceives of guardian spirits presiding over forest, streams, hills and dales, and controlling the beneficent activities of nature, was but obeying the same universal instinct of the human reason that dominated the thinking of the Apostle Paul when he says, "In him we live and move and have our being," or the poet Wordsworth when he says,

> There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
> The earth and every common sight
> To me did seem appareled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream,

or the astronomer Kepler, when in reading aright the meaning of those grand elemental laws that control the movements of the stars in the Milky Way, he said he was thinking the thoughts of God after Him.

The poet-philosopher Plato calls God the great Geometer. The philosopher Kant says that there are two things which fill him with awe, the starry heavens above him and the moral law within him. The old prophets in the calm of the midnight sky saw God face to face. Who of you that has beheld the stars shining so calmly in the immensity of space has not felt that he was in the presence of forces and powers that were above and beyond him. The savage, the Apostle Paul, the poet Wordsworth, the astronomer Kepler, the poet-philosopher Plato, the philosopher Kant and you and I obey the same innate laws of human thought, the same constitutional principles of human reason, when we strive to get back of the phenomena to that which produced them.

Some have made the distinct characteristic of man that differentiates him from the lower animals, to lie in the fact that man is a tool-using being. Others have laid stress upon the fact that man is a being who has the gift of speech. But the peculiar characteristic of man that differentiates him from the

lower animals is that he is a metaphysical and reasoning being. Behind the ability to handle tools lies the ability to think, back of the power to use speech lies the power to frame a concept and carry on a consecutive chain of thought.

You throw a stone at an animal and conceal youself—it will give a start, look around and go about its business; but you throw a stone at a savage and hide yourself and he will immediately begin to reflect, and that is what the primitive men of all races and nations have done. That is what primitive man has always done in unconsciously obeying that constitutional tendency of the human mind which leads it to seek a cause for every effect.

The savage saw the sun rise and then set. He saw the stars shine in the firmament. He saw the trees and grain and grasses and fruit and flowers grow. He saw the frost and rain spoil his crops. He saw the cyclone sweep everything before it. He saw the rivers rise and surge and rage. He trembled at the thunder and lightning. He saw sickness and disease and death take away his fellows. He felt the rheumatism steal in upon him and was driven by the necessity of human thought to account for it. What more natural than that he, in seeking causes for the beneficent and baleful operations of nature, should ascribe them to good and evil spirits with a conscious, sentient and volitional life that was akin to his own. From the time when primeval man looked up to the stars and at the world around him and peopled nature with spirits akin to his own, up to the present time this has ever remained the process by which religion has germinated and unfolded in the mind of man. The wild African, the ancestors of the Aryan race on the hills of Northern Asia, and the poetical Greeks, all saw nature throbbing and pulsating with animate life.

Now if nature was believed to be peopled with good and evil spirits, where will these spirits exist. Primitive man had not reached that stage of advanced thought where he could conceive of disembodied spirits, neither could he believe that the objects of nature that he saw moving and growing were inanimate. He believed that all the physical objects and all the animals were impelled by some spirit. What more natural, then, than that he should believe that the unseen and invisible

spirits that lived and moved in things and animals should be the spirits who benefited or harmed them?

It is significant in this respect that animus is the Greek or Latin for spirit, and this is the step from nature worship to Fetichism. "A Fetich," in the words of one scholar, "is not an idol and is not properly a symbol, but is looked upon as the actual and visible dwelling place of a preternatural power." In Fetichism, then, the object is not worshipped or prized highly, because it itself has power to benefit or harm a man, but because it is the abode and habitat of some invisible spirit or unseen power.

"Every object," says Peschel, "that attracts the glance of the savage, who espies a ghost in every corner, may become in his eyes the abode of a deity." Sticks, stones, household utensils, ornaments, plants, trees, snakes and animals were thus looked upon and regarded as fetiches.

Oscar Peschel, on page 77 of his "Races of Man," says, "All true Negroes adhere either to a rude animal and fetich worship or to Islam."

Now these seem to be rather sweeping statements, but if the reader will but turn over the pages of Ratzel's "History of Mankind," by far the most exhaustive and comprehensive account of the darker races, their customs, institutions and religions, he will observe numerous instances which verify these statements of Peschel.

Fetichism is now common in Central Africa, among the Kaffirs, in Dahomey and among the degraded tribes of Senegal and Congo. At one time or another Fetichism has been common among the Red Indians, the Mexicans, the Germans, the Saxons, the Brahmins, the Hindoos and other tribes. When the fetich was a household utensil, it was punished or beaten or broken if misfortune befell its owners, or it did not grant his wish. Says Peschel again, "Before every great enterprise, the Negro of Guinea, if no old and tried fetich is at hand, selects a new one; whatever his eye falls upon as he leaves his house, be it a dog, a cat, or any other creature, he takes as his deity and offers sacrifices to it on the spot. If the enterprise succeeds, the credit of the fetich is increased; if it fails, the fetich returns to its former position." African fetichism is not different, then, from

the Fetichism that is found among other peoples and has been found in other ages.

It is but a step, then, from African Fetichism to African Shamanism. If nature was looked upon and regarded as peopled with invisible spirits, who bring not only beneficent results, but also misfortune, calamities, sickness, disease and death upon men; if in the religion of ancestor worship, the departed spirits of ancestors must be propitiated when angry, what more natural than that the primitive savage should seek for some means of counteracting the baleful operations of these evil spirits. In this way, priests or magicians, such as the African Shaman or Indian medicine man, grew up.

The Shaman, by his magic and peculiar medicines, is supposed to be able to cure sickness and disease, prolong life, ward off death, counteract the effect of witchcraft and come into direct communication with evil powers and the spirits of departed ancestors, thus receiving supernatural knowledge.

Says Peschel, "Of all nations the South African Bantus suffer most from this mental malady of Shamanism. Whenever a death occurs, inquiries are made of the Mzango or local Shaman as to its author. . . . When the seer indicates a suspected person, a trial by ordeal takes place, etc." Thus in African Shamanism, no man is regarded as dying from a natural cause; but from the malice of some wizard or some person who sought its evil powers.

African Shamanism is not only the religion of the South African and Bantu Negro, the Australians, Papuans and the Kaffirs, but is the religion of some Siberian tribes, of primitive North Asiatic and Central Asiatic tribes, of the Brazilian peon and of the North American Indian. It is something that is not peculiar to the Negro *per se.*

Now this native African, with tropical and luxuriant imagination, a passionate, sensuous, voluptuous and emotional temperament and nature religion, taking the form of a crude and superstitious Fetichism, was suddenly imported to an alien country as a slave. His condition here has been graphically portrayed by Dr. W. E. B. DuBois. He says, "Endowed with a rich tropical imagination and a keen delicate appreciation of nature, the transplanted African lived in a world animate with

gods, devils, elves and witches, full of strange influences of good to be implored, of evil to be propitiated. Slavery then was to him the dark triumph of evil over him. All the hateful powers of the under world were striving against him and a spirit of revolt and revenge filled his heart. He called up all the resources of heathen sin to aid,—exorcism and witchcraft, the mysterious Obi worship, with its barbarous rites, spells and blood sacrifice even, now and then, of human victims. Weird midnight orgies and mystic conjurations were invoked, the witch woman and the voodoo priest became the centers of Negro group life and that vein of vague superstition which characterizes the unlettered Negro even to-day was deepened and strengthened."

But this is where I differ from Professor DuBois: the woman conjurer and voodoo priest were not creations of the American Negroes in their slave life; they were rather modifications of the African Shaman or Medicine Man, who was at the same time judge, physician, priest, magician and wizard. What more natural than that the Negro in his new environment and new sorrows and trials should turn for comfort and solace to his old healer, the African Shaman.

To-day, even, in some sections of the Bahama Islands and the South, no man or woman is supposed to die of a natural disease, if consumption or typhoid fever takes him off. If rheumatism or paralysis afflicts him some enemy is supposed to work a charm and the man or woman conjurer is consulted and sought after.

What was there in the environment of the American Negro which caused his religious development to take the form it did? We have seen how the native African, following that primal instinct which is common to every primitive race, was led in seeking a cause for every effect to believe in the existence of unseen forces and invisible powers who could help or injure him. We have seen how he worshipped the various objects in nature, or animals in which these supernatural spirits were supposed to reside. We have seen how next he had recourse to the Shamans who were magicians or priests supposed to have the power to ward off the witchcraft of evil-minded persons and the mischievous designs of wizards and departed spirits. We have seen, too, how Negro Voodism, Gopherism and Conjurism is a direct evolution from African Shamanism. And the medicine

men and women conjurers who were familiar figures on Southern plantations were lineal descendants of the African Shamans.

Professor W. E. Burghardt DuBois, the eminent sociologist, in his article upon the religion of the American Negro in the *New World* for March or June, 1901, gives a graphic and eloquent picture of the transformation of the family and clan life of the newly imported slaves. He there says, "He (the slave) was brought from a definite social environment, the polygamous clan life under the leadership of the chief and the potent influence of the priest. The first rude change in this life was the slave ship and the West Indian sugarfields. The plantation organization replaced the clan, and the tribe and the white master replaced the chief, with his thirst for greater and more despotic powers. Forced and long-continued toil became the rule of life, the old ties of blood relationship and kinship disappeared, and instead of the family appeared a new polygamy and polyandry, which, in some cases, almost reached promiscuity. It was a terrific social revolution, and yet some traces were retained of the former group life, and the chief remaining institution was the priest or medicine man. He early appeared on the plantation and found his function as the healer of the sick, the interpreter of the unknown, the comforter of the sorrowing, the supernatural avenger of wrong and the one who rudely, but picturesquely, expressed the longing, disappointment and resentment of a stolen and oppressed people."

Before we proceed, it will be well for us to make a résumé of the ground already covered. We have shown that the genetic method of explaining things by the principle of growth by and through development, the comparative method of showing how all religions necessarily appeal to some fundamental element in human nature, is entirely forgotten and lost sight of when we study the Negro's religion, when in reality the Negro's religion is not outside of the stream of the general religious development of mankind. His religion is not, as commonly supposed, a phenomenon that is separate and apart from the historical development of the human race. In his religion, as in the white man's religion, we see but stages in the evolution of human thought. The colored man is gradually shuffling off his old superstitions and absorbing from his environment materials for further growth.

The presentation of a religion whose heaven and hell gave his imagination room to play, the presentation of a God and Saviour who awakened his religious aspiration and satisfied the cravings of his spirit, the songs of Christendom that appealed to his sense of music, was what caused the transported African to embrace Christianity.

The depression of slavery caused him to rest his hopes of happiness in heaven. His utter helplessness caused him to lean upon an unseen friend for comfort. And the aspiration and longing and sorrow and cravings of the Negro burst into expression through the jubilee songs and plantation melodies. The emancipation hope may be likened to the Jewish hope of the coming of a Messiah. And the relation between sexual and religious excitement is illustrated in the emotional excitement of the Negro in the ecstacies of the religious fervor.

The consequent effect of the change in the Negro's soul life that was produced by his emancipation upon his religion must be noted. The influence of the American Missionary Association, the Freedman's Aid and Southern Educational Society, Wilberforce University, the Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches in giving the Negro an educated ministry, raised the ethical standard of his religion. The general diffusion of intelligence among the masses broadened their faith. But the irreligious tendencies of the new Negro must be noted. The sportive and epicurean tendencies of the young Negro is the reflex manifestation of the irreligion of the present day. The rise of the Gospel of industrialism, of the "Get Cash Gospel," has caused men to forget that man has higher aspiration than feeding his belly; that eating and drinking and sleeping do not circumscribe and limit man's activity. What is needed is a higher gospel than get bread and nothing but bread.

There was often a divorce between religion and ethics in the ante-bellum days, and even now the Negro has not sufficiently shaken off the influences of slavery, which disrupted family ties, and has not completely assimilated the civilization and religion of a race that differs in history and tradition from his own. But the day is breaking; the Negro will never completely lose his rich emotional endowment, but his rich emotional life will be a life directed by intelligence and controlled by the will.

CHAPTER XII.

The Negro's Contribution to Literature, Music and Oratory.

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart's recent article in the *Independent,* upon the Negro question, has attracted considerable attention. His position as a well-known professor of Harvard University, his reputation as an authority upon American history and the calm, judicial tone of his article commended it to thoughtful students of the so-called Negro problem.

The significant feature of his article to me lay in the fact that only four colored men loomed up before him in large enough proportions and commanded his attention to the extent that he could regard them as four colored leaders.

For three of these men, their title to fame lies wholly and solely in the fact that, in their poems, stories and essays, they have portrayed and revealed the soul-life of the Negro in a way to appeal to the American mind. One of these men partly won his reputation as a writer, who could tell the story of his life in a manner to command the attention of the country.

So we can say, then, that the Negro race, in America, has only produced four writers of note and distinction, and none of these has produced an immortal work that will go ringing down the ages and will ring forever in the hearts of men. In the judgment of posterity, these, with the possible exception of DuBois, will probably be classed as talented writers rather than men whose insight into the human soul and inimitable manner of uttering their thoughts ranks them as men of genius. These four Negro writers are W. E. Burghardt DuBois, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Charles G. Chestnutt and Booker T. Washington. And of these, DuBois is the most gifted literary artist. And it must not be forgotten that we have other colored writers almost as talented as DuBois, Chestnutt and Dunbar.

I will endeavor to show in this chapter why the Negro, with his rich artistic equipment and endowment, has produced so many good talkers and so few good writers. I will endeavor to show why the four men whom Professor Hart characterizes as the

"four Negro leaders" do not leap the chasm or bridge the gulf that separates the clever from the great writers; and by a brief study of Homer, Dante, Goethe, Milton, Shakespeare and Carlyle, what the Negro writer must do, if he would not only artistically uncover to our gaze the inner life of the Negro, but would touch the throbbing heart of humanity, feel its pulse beat as it keeps time to the footsteps of the Almighty, as he writes his eternal laws of righteousness in the movement and march of human history, and would create those unforgetable phrases which haunt the memory and linger in our minds like—

> Music, when soft voices die,
> Lingers in the memory,
> Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
> Live within the sense they quicken.

There is one thing that the Negro race has bequeathed to literature and that is DuBois's picture of Alexander Crummell in his "Souls of Black Folk." Carlyle and Ruskin, at their best, have never surpassed the inimitable touches with which DuBois portrays the strivings of a Negro for the higher life. Crummell was a kingly, gracious soul, and DuBois has made this suffering man live in his pages. DuBois's hero haunts the memory and lingers in the mind for weeks. It is such a delicately drawn portrait, such a halo surrounds it that some have doubted that it was the likeness of a real man and believed that it was the picture of an ideal, an imaginary Negro. I should call DuBois's chapter upon Crummell "The tragedy of a human soul." What is tragedy but the thwarting of a man's will by Fate, or the State, or Society? What is tragedy but the struggle of an exhausted swimmer against an outgoing tide that carries him out to sea and finally overwhelms him? And what do we find in the life of Alexander Crummell but the struggle of an idealist against relentless American caste prejudice and selfish self-seekers in his own race. And I believe that that one chapter in which DuBois felt the pulse-beat of one throbbing negro soul is worth more than all of his pathological studies of Negro criminology, poverty, and mortality.

Those who have studied the Negro closely have observed that he possesses an imagination that is tropical in its fertility, fruit-

fulness, and luxuriant richness. He is gifted with graphic descriptive powers. He is a vivid word painter, and can give a pen picture of an event that interests him. He has an eye that can take in the beauty of Nature, and is keen to observe misfit of clothes and the changing thoughts and emotions that mirror themselves in the human countenance.

I have in Washington, D. C., North Carolina and Florida heard uneducated and untutored Negro orators and preachers describe the radiant splendor of dawn, the beautiful tints of the rainbow, the golden glories of the setting sun, the buoyant freshness of a springtime, when Nature bursts into life and weaves for us a new garment and pulses into beauty in blade and grass and flower, the pensive sadness of the Indian summer and the crimson yellow glory of autumn, or the flight of an eagle, in a way to thrill me.

He is endowed with the natural gifts of the orator. He preëminently possesses the faculty of language. Not since that fair moment in Grecian history when their philosophers discoursed often on high themes before the οἱ πολλοὶ in the market place, or when the choice disciples of the peripatetics eagerly hung upon their lips and treasured their every word in the groves of the academy, not since the palmy days when the eloquence of the Athenian orators, speaking in the open air, thrilled their audiences, not since that high hour in Greek civilization when, as DeWitt Clinton declared, "herb women could criticise the phraseology of Demosthenes, and the meanest artisan pronounce judgment upon the works of Phidias and Apelles," has any race of natural talkers appeared upon the stage of history who could compare with the Negro as talkers. One has only to attend the revivals, camp meetings, funerals, emancipation day celebrations in the South, and he will wonder how such illiterate and ignorant preachers and orators can talk with such ease and fluency for one or two hours. While he may laugh at some of their uncouth phrases, he will marvel at the wealth of their illustrations and their copious supply of words and at the tumultuous, torrential flow of their sentences.

Upon the street corners, in the barber shops and political clubs of the North, he will see this gift of fluent speech, this natural ability to talk and talk and talk manifested during

election times. But in the North, the restraints of the Anglo-Saxon civilization have curbed and repressed the effusive, effervescent and enthusiastic oratory of the Negro, while in the Southland the Negro's imagination riots in its barbaric splendor and wild extravagance to its heart's content, unhindered and unimpeded by the standards of the civilization of another race. In the South no wet blanket, in the sense of propriety of another race, chills and dampens the fires of Negro eloquence.

Besides this, the Negro possesses the oratorical temperament. This may seem a superfluous statement. But a vivid imagination and fluency of speech are not the only requirements of an orator who can hold an audience spellbound, and sweep it off its feet, and so charge it with his own enthusiasm and passion that it but reflects his own ardent personality. The eloquence must burn and seethe in his own soul before it can burst forth, like a smoking and flaming Mt. Ætna, when she belches forth a mass of molten lava that moves upon its triumphant march to the sea. True eloquence is the spontaneous outburst of thoughts and emotions that have been fermenting and working in the soul for a long while, just as a volcanic eruption or the gushing forth of a spring under the hillside are the resultant of forces which have been working unseen beneath the surface; just as the breaking forth of a terrific storm, in which the lightning flashes and leaps across the heavens and the reverberating thunders roll their deafening roar, has been preceded by the silent gathering of dark, heavy, threatening clouds in every section of the sky. There is no cataclystic or violent outburst of dynamic forces in Nature. What seems so, is but the sudden letting forth of energy that has been stored up slowly and has been silently accumulating for a long while.

The true orator must be so absorbed, lost and wrapped up in his subject, that it takes possession of him until he has but one thought, and one desire, and that is to give expression and utterance to the truth or message that is burning and stirring in his soul. And this it is that gives fascination and charm to the poetic eloquence of an Isaiah, explains the inspiration of the Hebrew prophets and accounts for the power and influence of the Apostle Paul as a preacher and writer. It partly explains the matchless charm of the magnetic personality of the lowly

Nazarene. It partly accounts for the spell of the enchantment which his gracious and benign presence wove over his followers and friends, so that the servants of the High Priest sent to arrest him exclaimed: "Never man spake like this man"; so that his two disciples who journeyed with him to Emmaus, not knowing who he was at first, exclaimed after he revealed himself to them: "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?"

When a man is aflame with a noble enthusiasm or a righteous indignation, his eye glows and lights up with a new fire, his countenance shines and speaks, and there is a nervous quiver and tremor to his voice that can thrill and electrify an audience, or excite it until it goes into hysterics, or that persuasive quality to his voice that can touch the sympathetic and responsive chords in his hearers' hearts. Sometimes, as in a Cicero or Savonarola, his very frame will vibrate and tremble, his very arm and finger will shake, his every gesture will have a meaning more eloquent than words. Now the Negro orators and preachers can involuntarily and unconsciously throw themselves into their subjects, become enthused and enthuse others.

The Negro also has an innate love for music, an instinct for detecting the melody of harmonious sounds or dissonance of inharmonious sounds that makes the untrained ear of a Blind Tom or some of the singers of the old plantation songs and jubilee melodies a more unerring judge and monitor in music than all the training that the schools can give the Anglo-Saxon. The old slaves voiced their religious hopes and aspirations and longing for freedom in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and "We will Walk through the Valley in Peace," etc. After the war the changed conditions of the Negro introduced a modification in his soul-life, but it did not quench the deathless ardor of his soul. His soul was still stirred to its depths, with an elemental power, by the swing and rhythm of the old hymns which have moved Christendom. But at first the Negro attempted to create no new music of his own. At first he but satisfied the needs of his soul, and poured out his soul in the sublime hymns of Isaac Watts, which were set to the old meters, to "Auld Lang Syne" and to "Greenwood." And what a power there was to those old meters. I can sometimes hear

the old-fashioned Christians singing "There is a land of pure delight," and "Go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, I'll meet you there, Go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, I'll meet you there." I remember well the love feasts and communion services in the old Methodist churches in New Haven. Those old hymns seemed to lift me to Heaven upon their soaring wings.

But the creative instinct, the passion for self-expression is an inborn quality of the human soul. The Negro liked the white man's songs, but his aspirations did not stop there. A few years ago five young men, Rosamond and James Johnson, Bob Cole, Will Cook and Gussie L. Davis, composed refined rag-time two-steps, if there is such a thing as refined rag-time two-steps, if there is such a thing as refined rag-time, some dreamy waltzes and sentimental songs. They did some very clever work, but produced no enduring work. It was reserved for Samuel Coleridge-Taylor to enjoy the unique distinction of being the first of his race to produce a masterpiece and attempt something upon a large scale. The music of his "Hiawatha" is soft and sweet and soothing. It is rich, luscious and voluptuous. His flowing melodies, his dreamy languorous music sometimes reminds me of the ravishing strains of Verdi's Aïda. But some of his critics claim that his music "cloys upon the taste," that there is too much sameness and not enough variety to the piece. But as Taylor attempted to incarnate and embody the spirit of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" in his music, and as there is a great deal of sameness to that poem, I believe that he can be acquitted of the charge of monotony. The Boston *Journal* says of Taylor: "To those who follow music, it is needless to state that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, as the composer of the trilogy on Hiawatha, has written the most beautiful, original, richly-colored and fascinating music that has come out of England for a hundred years at least."

I have endeavored to state in what the Negro's artistic equipment and endowment consists. I have said that he is gifted with a poetical imagination, fluency of speech, the oratorical temperament and an ear for melody and harmony. It explains why Samuel Ringo Ward, Frederick Douglass, Hon. R. Brown Elliot, J. C. Price, Alexander Crummell, George William Williams and John Mercer Langston could delight and charm both white and

colored audiences in the past. It explains why ex-President William Laws of Paul Quinn College, Hon. Thomas E. Miller, Professor N. W. Collier, James Hayes the agitator, Dr. C. T. Walker, Dr. William V. Tunnell, Dr. M. C. B. Mason, Professor William H. H. Hart, Dr. F. J. Grimke, Rev. J. T. Wright, Bishop Abram Grant, Bishop Alexander W. Walters, Rev. J. T. Welch, Rev. J. L. Dart, Rev. J. W. E. Bowen, Rev. Dr. Owen M. Waller, Rev. J. A. Cotton, Rev. Charles S. Morris, Dr. William Decker Johnson, Rev. N. C. Cleaves, Rev. John Adams, Lawyers W. H. Lewis, J. N. Bundy, E. M. Hewlett, E. T. Morris, Clement G. Morgan and James D. Carr, Dr. Booker T. Washington, Roscoe Conkling Bruce, William Pickens, Professor R. R. Wright, E. M. Hewlett, President D. J. Sanders, Dr. J. H. Frank, Hon. A. S. White, Dr. J. Milton Waldon, Hon. Joseph Lee and President W. G. Goler can interest and sway large audiences at present, why Dr. H. H. Proctor, of Atlanta, Ga., could so thrill the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association that he was elected as assistant moderator of the National Council. But it does not explain why the Negro's literary output has been so meager.

It is said that great literature is produced in the storm and stress of life, that the greatest works of Dante, Milton, Carlyle and other writers were wrung out of the agony of their souls, that it was because they suffered and felt and sympathized with the world's woe and world's suffering that they could sound the universal note, freighted with the hopes and aspirations of toiling, struggling, humanity, in their immortal works. Did not Carlyle call Dante "the voice of ten silent centuries," the voice in whom the religious faith and cravings of the dark ages spoke? This being true, the Negro has a past and present rich in literary material.

The woe and misery and wretchedness of two hundred and fifty years of slavery, when our fathers and mothers groaned under the yoke, bled under the lash, heard the sound of a master's voice and felt the sting of the slave driver's whip, and were hunted by bloodhounds, when husband and wife, brother and sister, mother and child were parted at the auction block, never to meet again this side of Jordan, is rich in dramatic, picturesque situations.

The caste prejudice in America, which is an asylum for the persecuted of every race and nation, except the Negro, this caste prejudice, I say, which limits the Negro's possibilities in industry, business and politics to certain prescribed channels and grooves in the North, which disfranchises and Jim Crows him in the South; this caste prejudice which says to the Negro, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," which builds a wall to restrict Negro aspiration and Negro ambition, furnishes the environment for the development of many a Carlyle, of many a Milton, of many a Dante. Thus far it has produced but one man whose protest against it has caught and held the ear of the country, and that is W. E. Burghardt DuBois, whose "Souls of Black Folk" is the most brilliant and suggestive book ever written by a Negro, which if it had combined the philosophic insight of a Carlyle's Sartor Resartus with DuBois's psychological and literary genius, would have raised DuBois to the rank of the world's great writers.

There is one world that knows no distinction of race or color, and that is the world of letters, art and science. Why hasn't the Negro realized his possibilities in this line? The Negro has made a very creditable performance in scholarship. There were a few colored professors in Howard University who were worthy of positions in a white university of high grade. I refer to Professor Kelly Miller, the mathematician and sociologist, Dr. William V. Tunnell, head of the history department, Professor Benjamin Lightfoot, the late C. C. Cook of the English department, Professor William A. Joiner of the pedagogical department, Professor W. H. H. Hart and Professor W. H. Richards of the law school, Dr. P. F. Purvis and the late F. Shadd of the medical school. Then in Dr. E. Blyden, President W. S. Scarborough, Professor Oreshatikeh Faduma, Professor Charles S. Boyer, Professor Benjamin Lightfoot, and Drs. Henry Bailey and G. H. Henderson, the race has produced classical scholars. In George W. Forbes, William Monroe Trotter, J. Max Barber, Professor H. T. Kealing, Professor J. W. Crommell, T. Thomas Fortune, L. M. Hershaw, W. Calvin Chase, Max Barber, W. Ashbie Hawkins, J. E. Bruce, R. W. Thompson, and H. Slaughter, the race has produced up-to-date journalists and writers for the press. But literature is different from scholarship and journalism.

There is this difference between the spoken and the written word,—the written word is divorced from the charm and irresistible magnetism of the speaker's personality. Very few are the men whose written word is as effective as their personal presence and the spell of their personality. Again, there are grammatical errors, constant repetitions, infelicitous expressions, clumsy phraseology, which are not noticed or are overlooked when one is impressed with the earnestness or intoxicated by the fire and enthusiasm of a speaker. But these are detected and criticised in the written discourse. The fact that eloquence consists in the ability of one man to impress his personality upon other men, that the secret of his power lies back of his thread of argument, back of his brilliant rhetoric and flowing diction, and is found in his commanding and masterful or sweet and gracious personality, explains why a race may produce finer orators than writers; but it does not explain why the race has been more successful in scholarship and journalism than in the world of letters.

There are three reasons why the Negro's literary output has been so meagre. The first reason is the same that makes the American statesmen, scholars and writers not as profound and comprehensive as the English and German statesmen and scholars.

Money is deified in America. The standards of success are materialistic. The worth of a man to society depends upon his ability to make money. The value of an education depends upon its power to make a man a successful money-maker. Consequently, literature, poetry, art, and philosophy, the studies whose function it is to develop the imagination and to acquaint a man with the best and noblest that has been thought, felt and believed in the world, are now in disfavor. Literature does not flourish in a materialistic age,—that is why the age of Gray was a barren age in English literature. It needed the dawn of the nineteenth century, with its French Revolution and new ideas about man and nature and God, it needed the breath of German idealism in English literature to make it blossom into life in the nineteenth century. The decadent tendencies of the hour, the pernicious drift of the American civilization towards a crass and sordid materialism has swept the Negro along with it and

caused him likewise to despise culture for itself, and to value only the so-called practical studies.

The result is that so many Negro scholars, writers and teachers do not bathe themselves in the fountain of knowledge, and are afraid of becoming erudite theorists and idealistic dreamers. In their desire to become practical, they turn aside from books and literature too soon. The result is that Negro scholarship and literature partakes of the shallow, superficial and dilettante character of American scholarship and literature. And as America does not produce statesmen as profound and scholarly as Burke, Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Salisbury, Balfour, James Bryce and John Morley, so the Negro writer, imitating the American ideals, falls short of supreme excellency.

Then, again, the fad and craze of industrial education for the Negro has discredited the educated Negro and put a premium upon the Negro who owns houses and lands and is a good servant. This conception of industrial education as a panacea of all Negro ills, past, present and to come, is a survival of that slaveholder's notion which regards the Negro as an inferior being, fit only to be a race of hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is a manifestation of that American caste prejudice, which would reduce the Negro, irrespective of his ability or worth, to the class of serfs and peons, yea, to the lowest strata of American society. And this wave of industrialism has borne the Negro along with it and turned many talented colored men and women from the college to the bench, the plow, the brick yard, the stable, the dining room and the kitchen. It has quenched the aspiration of many a budding artistic and literary genius, shining through a black skin.

Now we come to the last and most important reason for the dearth of Negro literature of high grade. I believe that Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe are regarded as the five universal poets, whose words will go ringing down the ages and will ring forever in the hearts of men. Some may perhaps question Milton's title to the rank of immortal poet. I believe that Thomas Carlyle is regarded as the greatest prose writer the English-speaking people have yet produced, if not the greatest prose writer the world has yet seen.

This is the one quality these writers had in common. They were rooted in the life and soil of their native country. In them the ideals, the hopes and aspirations, and longings and cravings of their times and country found expression. However much they might soar in the empyrean of imagination and fancy, their feet were firmly placed upon terra firma. However much they might touch in their sweep the life and thought of other countries, in them the peculiar genius of their own race, the peculiar and inexplicable soul life of their own people burst into utterance. Back of their writings was the deep, rich soil of the unexpressed thoughts, hopes and longings of their race.

Homer personified and incarnated in his "Iliad" and "Odyssey" the Greek ideals of courage and friendship, the Greek dreams of beauty. It was the literary bible of the Greek race. The bravery of the Athenians at the battle of Marathon, of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ, was fed and nourished by admiring the heroes of Homer. Alexander the Great, the greatest general the Greek race ever produced, who is but a shade inferior to Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon, slept with Homer's "Iliad" under his pillow and modeled his character upon that of Homer's immortal hero, Achilles, who combined in a preëminent degree, grace and beauty of person with marvelous physical strength. He was the realization of the Greek dreams of manhood and heroism. What do we find in the friendship of Patroclus for Achilles, of Priam's love for his son Hector, of Andromache's love for her husband Hector, of Hector's fondness for and tenderness for his infant son, of Penelope's faithfulness to the absent Ulysses, when other suitors pressed around, what but the consummate expression of the Greek ideals of friendship and love?

I have said that Carlyle called Dante "the voice of ten silent centuries" because his was the voice in whom the religious faith and cravings of the Dark Ages spoke. It was the passionate outburst in literature of the seething soul-life of men, who in the eloquent words of Hamilton Wright Mabie, "for ten centuries had been toiling and suffering; building states, organizing societies, elaborating a church with its creed, ritual and government, evolving languages; bearing a world of crushing burdens and doing a world of necessary, difficult and in the main noble work;

but all this had gone on in silence." And Dante broke the silence and told us what these men were thinking and dreaming about, as he pictures in lurid colors souls in Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. He not only carries us through the three worlds, but opens to our view that religious faith which reveled in erecting such magnificent and colossal Gothic cathedrals during the Middle Ages.

Similarly we could show that Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" were but the theology of English Puritanism, soaring upon the wings of Milton's sublime imagination and speaking in the matchless music of his blank verse; that Goethe's "Faust" was the classic answer to questions about the meaning of life that agitated the minds of men a century ago; that Shakespeare was a mirror who reflected in myriad ways the life and thought and feelings of his own age; that Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was the peculiar product of German idealism grafted on to his own rugged dyspeptic Scotch nature; that he appealed to the men of his times because the blending in his works of German transcendentalism and his own heroic temperament satisfied the religious needs of men and women of puritanic moral fibre, who found the rigid, Calvinistic theology too narrow and antiquated for them. It was the breath of German idealism in "Sartor Resartus" that made it a living book. Thus we see that a writer must speak to his own age, must embody in his works the dreams and ideals of his own country, if he is to move men or occupy a unique place in literature.

But while it is true that Homer and Shakespeare, Dante and Milton, Goethe and Carlyle won recognition from their contemporaries because they expressed the life and thought and dreams and ideals of their own age and country, their immortal fame rests in the fact that they can transcend their own age and country, touch the universal heart of humanity and speak a word of cheer and comfort to men of all times. In Achilles, Patroclus, Hector, Andromache, Penelope and Ulysses, Homer not only pictured persons who appealed to his own time, but who can interest men and women of all times. Dante's Divine Comedy lives because of its beauty and the eternal truth that every sin leaves its baleful effect upon the character. It is the universality of Shakespeare, the fact that he presents human nature

as it is in all ages and times and countries, that gives him his world-wide fame. It is because Faust, the hero of Goethe's drama, represents the unrest and dissatisfaction of men to-day in this country, that Goethe's "Faust" is read to-day. It is because, in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," Carlyle draws heroic figures which the world will ever admire, that that book is still vital and fresh.

Now the Negro writers seem afraid of following the dialectics of their own nature, the genius of their racial psychology, consequently the note of individuality is not heard in their writings. As a rule the colored writers and colored speakers, who have the ear of the country, are more desirous of winning the favor and esteem of the Anglo-Saxon race than in giving utterance and expression to the thoughts that are burning in their own souls. Consequently they sing a song that will catch and please the ears of the Anglo-Saxon instead of speaking in trumpet tones the message that wells up in their souls, and comes to them from the Eternal God.

The Negro is an imitative being. He has shown remarkable aptitude in absorbing and assimilating the civilization of an alien race. It is the miracle of history that as soon as the Negro was emancipated from bondage, he aspired after the highest things in the Anglo-Saxon civilization. Even Negro politicians aspired to using mahogany tables, Brussels carpets, Dresden china cuspidors. This race, that had been living in ignorance and illiteracy for over two hundred years, immediately grasped and comprehended the most complex political psychology the world has yet seen. But in adapting itself to the ideals and standards of an Anglo-Saxon civilization the Negro went too far in taking his ideas ready-made from the Anglo-Saxon, and in letting his Caucasian brother do his thinking for him. The result is that Negro writers and speakers only utter commonplaces and platitudes. They efface their individuality and lack originality. The style of these colored writers lacks the color and flavor of individuality. The tropical imagination and ardent temperament of the Negro ought to give richness and warmth to his style, ought to cause the Negro essayists and journalists to excel in the sensational, picturesque and spectacular kind of writing. But in pruning their style and modeling it after the models of English prose,

these colored writers not only prune off their flamboyant barbaric extravagances but lose virility and a terse, trenchant and telling way of putting things. What does that quality called magic of style or charm of style consist in? When the writer's style expresses his own personality, and his personality is interesting, there is a flavor to his style that charms us in spite of the fact that he cannot coin those magic phrases that haunt the memory and linger in the mind for days. We get up from reading his easy, natural colloquial ways of putting things, feeling that we have had a heart-to-heart talk with him.

When colored men write as colored men and not as white men, only then will they be interesting. In assimilating the culture and traditions of Anglo-Saxons, they must not lose their rich and luxuriant African heritage, they must not lose the barbaric splendor of the African imagination or the fervid eloquence of the native African. The charm of individuality is the charm of naturalness. This is true of manners, and of writing and speaking, and acting and reading and reciting. The full meaning and significance of Emerson's now hackneyed phrase, "Be yourself," should dawn upon the budding Negro writer. The world will always lend a listening ear to the writer or speaker who has a message for it from out of the heart of the eternal. The man who has a personality and an individuality, who is rooted and grounded upon his own convictions, and whose writings reflect and reveal that personality, will always be listened to.

The Negro race must come to a consciousness of itself before it can produce great literature. It must come to a consciousness of its aims and powers, to a self-realization of its ideals and talents, before it can produce great literature. The civilization of a people is reflected in its literature. Literature is something that wells up spontaneously from the soul-depths of the race. It is the expression, in artistic form, of the deep-seated thought and feelings, dreams and longings of the race. A race that is self-conscious recognizes its strength as well as its weakness, its powers as well as its limitations. The Negro is more of a dreamer and an idealist than a doer of deeds. Consequently the contribution that the Negro will make to civilization will be in the realms of music, oratory, literature and art. Partaking of the Greek temperament, rather than of the practical phleg-

matic temperament of the Anglo-Saxon, who, at his best, resembles the stern old Roman, the Negro, as a rule, will be distanced by his Anglo-Saxon brother in the world of science, business and politics. These things the Negro writer must observe.

Again, many colored writers are outside of the stream of human history, and out of touch with the complex problems of modern life. There are three dominant tendencies prevailing in the world to-day, and especially in America. In theology and religion, the tendency is towards agnosticism, which says there may be a God, and man may be the heir of an immortal life, but we can never know it.

In ideals of life and character the tendency is towards a crass and gross materialism, towards a deification of money and the money maker, a contempt for the man who cannot make money, and an ignoring of the moral, æsthetical and spiritual values which literature, art, music and religion nourish. In politics the tendency is towards democracy, the recognition that "A man's a man for a' that," and that wealth, rank, race and color are but a stamp.

If the colored writer would float on the crest of the wave to the flood-tides of prosperity, he must be in the currents of modern thought and feeling. If he would move mankind, he must stay the advancing tide of materialism. If he would speak a word that the world will not willingly let die, this must be the burden of his message: "The soul of man is infinitely more precious than all the wealth of the money barons." If he would produce an immortal work, he must transcend the limitations of his own race, country and age, and utter some truth that will apply to all times and countries, to all ages and conditions of men, whose meaning will be unfolded with the growth and development of human thought. That is why Plato and Homer, Isaiah and Paul, Gray and Carlyle are read to-day. But there are four colored writers who have essayed to do what Homer did for the Greek race and what Dante did for the Middle Ages and what Shakespeare did for his own complex age. They have attempted to voice the thoughts and aspirations of their race. Is the note of power or permanence heard in their voices? Can they sing and catch the ear of their age as Carlyle did his?

Dr. Booker T. Washington is a very level-headed man. He has shown considerable tact, patience, perseverance, energy of character, and executive and administrative ability in building up his work at Tuskeegee. He can tell the story of his life and work in an interesting and impressive manner, both on the platform and in his "Up from Slavery." But his thought is never profound or original, his phrases are never pregnant with deep meaning, nor has his style that great quality called magic and grace. He is never a brilliant, suggestive and original writer. His "Up from Slavery" interests men because men desire to know the steps by which he built up his work at Tuskeegee and achieved his fame. He tells his story in an interesting way; but not with the charm and delicate grace with which Newman wrote his "Apologia pro vita sua." Already some of his friends feel that they have made too much of a fetich of him. And Mr. Washington's "Up from Slavery," without the prestige of his sudden leaping into fame, might never have appealed to men.

He was a fortunate man. He came upon the scene just after General Armstrong, J. C. Price and Frederick Douglass died, when Alexander Crummell and George T. Downing were spent rockets and worn out warriors and just before DuBois attracted the attention of the country.

No other Negro educator, or speaker, or writer, or white man, interested in the education of the Negro was before the country. And Mr. Washington had the stage all to himself. Again, it was his Atlanta speech that made him famous, and this speech did not mold the thought or sentiment of the American mind regarding the Negro, but catered to the dominant Anglo-Saxon prejudice, which would restrict the civil and political rights and business and educational opportunities of the colored man. That is why colored men see in DuBois, rather than in Washington, their leader, spokesman, and champion. Mr. Washington is now a waning influence in the country amongst the colored people; DuBois's star is in the ascendency.

Chestnutt's "Conjure Women," "The Wife of His Youth," "The House Behind the Cedars," and "The Marrow of Tradition" are splendid productions. He is an interesting writer. What he lacks is a quality that even few white writers possess, and that

is the quality possessed by Carlyle and Victor Hugo, the ability to paint heroes and heroines in flesh and blood colors. That is why we can't shake off the spell of Carlyle's French Revolution, or Hugo's famous battle picture of Waterloo. It may be questioned whether he has the vivacity of Dumas, the fascinating elegance of a Hawthorne, or the psychological insight of a George Eliot. But it is in the vivid word-painting qualities that Chestnutt is mainly lacking. Still his "Marrow of Tradition" is a burning protest against American race prejudice. And Chestnutt can not only feel and think and write as a Negro, but he can feel and think and write as an American citizen. In his "Conjure Women" Chestnutt's insight into Negro character and plantation philosophy and plantation life reminds us of Dunbar's unique poems and stories. But there is this difference: while Dunbar has preserved for us the relics of slavery days and interpreted the soul-life of humble colored people, of plain men and women, Chestnutt has in "The Wife of His Youth," "The House Behind the Cedars" and "The Marrow of Tradition," mirrored the thoughts, sentiments, and feelings of the intelligent and refined Negro, who has a large mixture of Caucasian blood in his veins. Chestnutt seems to have caught the spirit of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and revealed the pathos in the lives of cultured colored people who are not full-blooded Negroes. Chestnutt possesses many of the characteristics that made Ik Marvel famous. A vein of true and sincere sentiment runs through his stories. And at times he almost moves us to tears.

Dunbar is a poet of genius when he writes in Negro dialect and reproduces the soul-life of the plantation Negro, and only a poet of high talent when he writes in pure English, and deals with the complex problems of modern life. He has not the passionate and commanding personality of a Byron, the aërial imagination of Shelley or the delicate beauty of phrase of a Keats, but what he mainly lacks is the reflectiveness that characterizes the poetry of Goethe, Browning, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Clough, and Arnold. Still Chestnutt and Dunbar are in the front rank of living American writers, though I doubt whether they have grasped the significance of modern doubt regarding the verities of religious faith.

But we should not be too searching in our criticism of Dunbar and Chestnutt nor blame them for not doing what they did not aspire to do. Dunbar's first volumes were entitled "Lyrics of Lowly Life" and "Lyrics of the Hearth Side." He did not attempt to solve "the Riddle of the Universe." He essayed a humbler task, and he has succeeded admirably well. The same may be said of Chestnutt.

Dunbar's humor plays around his subjects just as lightly as the dancing sunbeams kiss the waving leaves. There is uproarious fun and merriment let loose in the "Party." In the "Ante-Bellum Sermon," we have the typical old-fashioned plantation preacher portrayed. There is a quaint fusing of Scriptural wisdom, history, and eloquence, with plantation philosophy and humor and nonsense in that sermon. And Dunbar has made live in that poem the John Jasper type of Negro preachers, which is passing away even in the South; while in "When Malindy Sings," "The Corn Pone's Hot," and a few other poems, there is an exquisite blending of humor and pathos and lofty sentiment that captivates us. We begin these poems with a smile, but before we know it we have left terra firma and are sweeping into the cloudlands of fancy and reverie upon the wings of Dunbar's genius. Dunbar's supreme greatness as a poet lies in the fact that he has done for his people what Robert Burns has done for the Scotch. He has touched the life of the lowly Negro with the transforming breath of poetry, transfigured it with the magic wand of his halo-shedding imagination and revealed its humor, its pathos, and hidden meaning.

In the poems of Phillis Wheatley, Rev. James David Corrothers, Francis Harper, A. A. Whitman, William Stanley Braithwaite, Mrs. Fordam, Still, Webster Davis and McGirt, in the books of William C. Nell, George W. Williams, Edward Blyden, Frederick Douglass, Alexander Crummell, Archibald Grimke and Dr. William Sinclair, in the novels of William Wells Brown, Francis Harper, Sutton Griggs, we see talented colored writers successful in clothing their thoughts in an attractive literary garb. I believe that Archibald Grimke's Lives of Garrison and Sumner are brilliant works. But these talented writers are not quite as unique and individual in their style and manner as Chestnutt, Dunbar and DuBois.

And now we come to the great DuBois. Both Dunbar and Chestnutt have artistically uncovered to our gaze the inner life of the Negro, but DuBois has done this and something more. He has not only graphically pictured the Negro as he is, but he has brooded and reflected upon and critically surveyed the peculiar environment of the Negro, and with his soul on fire with a righteous indignation, has written with the fervid eloquence of a Carlyle. If one desires to see how it feels to be a Negro and a man at the same time, if one desires to see how a sensitive and refined Negro mentally and spiritually reacts against social, civil and political ostracism, if one desires to see a Negro passing judgment upon his civil and political status, and critically dissecting American race prejudice as with a scalping knife, he must go to DuBois.

I well remember the thrill and pleasure with which I read his "Souls of Black Folk." It was an eventful day in my life. It affected me just like Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" in my sophomore days at Yale, Emerson's "Nature and Other Addresses" in my senior year, and Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" in my graduate days.

The reading of these three books were epochs and crucial moments in my moral and spiritual life. Henceforth the world was a different world for me. They revealed to me my own spiritual birthright, showed that there was a divine spark in every soul, and that God was manifest in every human soul and breathed his own nature into every human soul. DuBois's "Souls of Black Folk" came to me as a bolt from the blue. It was the rebellion of a fearless soul, the protest of a noble nature against the blighting American caste prejudice. It proclaimed in thunder tones and in words of magic beauty the worth and sacredness of human personality even when clothed in a black skin.

DuBois is a literary artist who can clothe his thought in such forms of poetic beauty that we are captivated by the opulent splendor and richness of his diction, while our souls are being stirred by his burning eloquence. His style is not only graphic and picturesque, he can not only vividly describe a county, in his brilliant chapter upon the Black Belt, but there is a dreamy suggestiveness to his chapters "Upon our Spiritual Strivings,"

"The Wings of Atalanta," and "Alexander Crummell," a delicate literary touch, which entitles DuBois to a place in the magic circle of prose poets. As a literary genius he ranks with Newman, Ruskin, Renan and Taine, and he has come to a self-realization of the ideals of his own race.

What then does DuBois lack? As Dunbar lacks a grasp of the problems that interest and perplex the modern mind, so DuBois seems to ignore the unity of human history. He is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "The black man has the same feelings and thoughts and aspirations as the white man." It is a voice that has caught the ear of this country, and made its appeal to the American conscience. But it is a lone, solitary voice. It is DuBois, an individual, crying out in righteous indignation and piteous wail, because he and his race, in the valley below, are prevented by the walls of American caste prejudice from climbing to the heights of Mt. Olympus and banqueting with the other immortals there. It is a Pilgrim, goaded and hurt because his race alone is shut out from the paradise of equal civil and political rights and equality of opportunity. It is not a prophetic voice, freighted with a message from the eternal, speaking, not with human force and emphasis, but with a "Thus saith the Lord" assurance and authority.

I understand the book because I am a Negro. White people put it down, surprised that a colored man's soul should be so sensitive to slights and insults.

But suppose DuBois had gone back to Father Abraham, and showed that Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Elisha and Isaiah championed the idea of the sovereignty of God, that they believed that he breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life, and that man became a living soul, and that Christ completed this conception and revelation by declaring the brotherhood of man; suppose DuBois saw in the religious faith of the Dark Ages, in the wresting of the Magna Carta from King John, in the Protestant Reformation in Germany, in the Puritan Reformation in England, in the American Revolution and the French Revolution, nothing but stages in the practical application to life of Christ's disclosure of the sacredness and worth of human personality; suppose that he saw in the anti-slavery struggle and the Negro's emancipation, not only the recognition of the Negro as a man

but the application to him of Christ's divine revelation, and the culmination of the history of fifty centuries,—then DuBois's argument would have swept the country off its feet, because the tidal wave of five thousand years of history would have backed his argument with its irresistible movement, and would have carried his argument along with its resistless roll.

Then the Americans would not have seen in DuBois a Negro chafing because he and his people have been caged and fettered, but a Daniel who reads the handwriting on the wall, and sees the hand of the Almighty in the progressive movement of human history. Matthew Arnold, the doubter, saw in human history "an eternal power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Yes, what is human history but man's coming to self-knowledge, man realizing his own spiritual birthright, man realizing the moral and spiritual meaning and significance of life, man realizing that the same human soul pulses and throbs in men of all ages and races and colors.

Just as we cannot explain that impulse in grass and flower and seed that transforms the world into a fairyland every spring, save as we see that it is the Divine Mind and Life breaking into expression, so we cannot understand righteous indignation at wrong, and the impulse in man towards a nobler life and a saving faith in humanity, save as we see in it the stirring within human nature of God, the World Spirit, who is constantly uttering himself in nature and human nature. If DuBois had grasped these truths as Carlyle and Emerson and Browning did, then he could say: "It is not I, DuBois, who speak, but God, the World Spirit, in whom I live and move and have my being, speaking in me." As it is, "The Souls of Black Folk" is the protest of DuBois, the individual, and not the protest of the universe against caste prejudice.

But it may be that if the subjective and personal note was not so clear and strong in "The Souls of Black Folk"; if instead of having for its keynote a despairing wail, it had rung with the buoyant faith of a Browning, the book might not have caught the ear of the age in the way that it has. Perhaps just such a pessimistic view of the race question was needed to arouse the American mind out of its lethargy, awaken the American conscience to its duty to the Negro and acquaint the world with

the unrest and dissatisfaction of colored men and women, who faced a blighting and blasting caste prejudice.

That DuBois's "Souls of Black Folk" has become the political bible of the Negro race, that he is regarded by the colored people as the long-looked-for political Messiah, the Moses that will lead them out of the Egypt of peonage, across the Red Sea of Jim Crow legislation, through the wilderness of disfranchisement and restricted opportunity and into the promised land of liberty of opportunity and equality of rights, is shown by the recent Niagara movement, which has crowned DuBois as the Joshua before whom it is hoped the Jericho of American caste prejudice will fall down. In July, 1905, colored men from thirteen different states, representing graduates from Harvard and Yale Universities, professors in Howard University, Washington, D. C., and some of the most prominent colored educators, preachers, lawyers and business men of the South and West, assembled at Niagara Falls, issued the declaration of Negro manhood and hailed DuBois as the standard-bearer of Negro rights and Negro liberty.

Many believe that DuBois will loom up in colossal enough proportions to completely wrest the scepter of Negro leadership from Washington. Thus far the movement against Washington's leadership has centered and focused around no single commanding personality. In 1901, William Monroe Trotter and George Washington Forbes were the brave warriors who donned plumed helmets and ventured forth as lone, chivalrous knights to battle for Negro rights. They hurled a dreaded mace, the Boston *Guardian*. In the spring of 1903, DuBois was the David who attacked the Goliath of race prejudice. His "Souls of Black Folk" was his sling and five pebbles. Then the gifted Grimke brothers and the able lawyers E. H. Morris and Professor W. H. H. Hart sharpened their swords. But they all fought as individuals. The Niagara movement means that the opposition to Mr. Washington's leadership has crystallized around DuBois.

DuBois is gifted with a more powerful intellect than Washington, is a more uncompromising idealist, and is a more brilliant writer. On the whole, his is the more impressive personality. But Washington is a more magnetic speaker and more astute politician, a greater humorist, and less of an aristocrat. It

remains to be seen whether the Niagara movement, headed by DuBois, will sweep Washington and his theories from the field. This is not a personal fight, but a battle of ideas, a struggle for the supremacy of rival theories.

There have been many instances in history where men, through their military or political genius, through their gift of speech or the magnetism of a fascinating personality, have forged to the front, challenged the admiration and compelled the homage of their fellows. Such men were Samuel Adams, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Douglass, James G. Blaine, Theodore Roosevelt, Daniel O'Connell, Parnell, Cavour, Garibaldi, Mirabeau, Bismarck, Napoleon and Cæsar. But DuBois is one of the few men in history who was hurled on the throne of leadership by the dynamic force of the written word. He is one of the few writers who leaped to the front as a leader and became the head of a popular movement through impressing his personality upon men by means of a book. He had no aspiration of becoming a race leader when he wrote his "Souls of Black Folk." But that book has launched him upon a brilliant career.

It will be observed that the best productions of the most gifted colored writers have dealt with various phases and aspects of Negro character and Negro life. The colored writers have not grappled with any of the great world problems nor related the so-called race question to the various theological, literary, political, or social questions which interest thoughtful men and women. But what the colored writers lose in breadth they gain in passion, what they lose in cosmopolitanism they gain in intensity. Then, again, it is natural that the thought of the reflective colored writers should turn upon themselves and their peculiar relation to their environment. The colored man lives in two worlds. He is regarded as a man, and yet an impassable gulf separates him from other men. He is an American citizen and yet is deprived of the civil and political rights which the most illiterate and ragged foreigner can have for the mere asking. And this paradox of the Negro's position in this country impresses every colored man, who thinks at all. But when the pressure of a smothering and strangling caste prejudice has been removed, then the colored writers, instead of expressing their indignation, despair or submission in the presence of a crushing race preju-

dice, will breathe easier and look out upon the world with the eyes of free men. Then the plaintive, despairing note will no longer be heard, but a song will spontaneously rise to their lips that will ring as joyously as the thrilling notes of the morning lark. Then the noble Anglo-Saxon friends of the Negro will see that the money, blood, and tears expended in his behalf have not been spent in vain.

Note.—In a letter, written to the author on August 7, 1906, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart said, "Of course you understand that in selecting four literary men of the Negro race, I did not mean to assume that there were no others, but simply to call attention to the striking literary output of those men; there are to my personal knowledge other speakers, and writers of distinction. Certainly Kelly Miller's reply to Dixon is a masterpiece of satire; and Bruce, in his address in Memorial Hall on last Memorial Day, rose to a very high pitch of eloquence."

It is undoubtedly true that men like Dr. Alexander Crummell, Hon. Archibald H. Grimke and Professor Wm. H. H. Hart of Howard University are gifted with unusual oratorical powers. Professor Hart has brought the grandiloquent style up to a high point of perfection. Dr. Crummell and Mr. Grimke in their brilliant analysis, vivid description, staccatic sentences and splendid climaxes almost rival Cardinal Newman. But their style is rather the orator's than the writer's style. The orator must state things clearly to make out a case. But the great writers have a dreamy suggestiveness and a play of fancy. In a later chapter, I pay my respects to Phyllis Wheatley—our literary pioneer in America, and to Braithwaite, who has forged to the front since this chapter was written. It is undoubtedly true, too, that Wm. S. Scarborough of Wilberforce University in his "First Lessons in Greek," "The Birds of Aristophanes," and "The Thematic Vowel in the Greek Verb," preëminently demonstrated the intellectual capacity of the American Negro and rivalled the late Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden as a linguist.

CHAPTER XIII.

Is the Negro an Imitative or a Reflective Being? To what Extent is the Present Anglo-Saxon Civilization Original and Underived?

It will be observed that I speak with what the philosopher Kant would term epideictic certainty. Perhaps it may be well for me to quote authorities: C. F. Riching's "Evidences of Progress among Colored People," DuBois's "Suppression of Slave Trade in America," Williams's "History of the Negro Race in America," William T. Alexander's "History of the Colored Race in America," Johnson's "School History of the Negro Race," Professor Daniel L. Williams's "Freedom and Progress," and H. F. Kletzing and Crogman's "The Progress of a Race" have furnished me with several facts. I read Simmons's "Men of Mark" and Wilson's "The Black Phalanx" when I was a schoolboy. But it might interest the reader to know what first inspired me to so patiently study the lives of prominent colored men. In the fall of 1896 I met two men who changed and directed the course of my life. In September, 1896, Rev. A. Clayton Powell of New Haven, Conn., was advertised to lecture in a Baptist Church in Newport, R. I., upon "The Stumbling Blocks of the Race." In company with Rev. Dr. Mahlon Van Horne, formerly consul at St. Thomas, West Indies, I attended the lecture. At the close, a tall, slender, dark-complexioned man, of stern and grave countenance, arose in the audience to express his appreciation of the address. His sentences were short, crisp and nervy; he spoke rather rapidly, but every word was clearly enunciated and he threw his whole soul, his entire personality, into what he said. Soon every one was feverishly leaning forward listening to what he said. I eagerly hung upon his every word. I asked Dr. Van Horne who the gentleman was. Dr. Van Horne said, "That is Dr. Crummell." When Dr. Crummell sat down, a large man, with a prominent brow and a face upon which determination and a resolute will were stamped and written arose, and spoke in calm

and measured words. Dignity and pride were expressed in his attitude and manner of speaking. That was George T. Downing. A recent graduate from college, I hurried forward, at the close of the meeting, to meet two men whom I had long regarded as heroes. The next day I called and spent the day with Crummell and Downing. Then every pleasant morning for two weeks Crummell and I would go down to the beach together; and such delightful conversations we had, as we looked out of Downing's window upon Bellevue Avenue, watching the gay equipages rolling by.

Crummell and Downing were then nearly eighty years old. They had been personally acquainted with all the prominent white and colored abolitionists and had been eye-witnesses of and actors in some of the most stirring anti-slavery scenes. They told me of Remond and DeGrasse of Boston, of Reason and Dr. McCune Smith of New York, of Purvis and Forten of Philadelphia, of Ward and Nell, Still, Wells, Brown, Garnett, Varshon and Frederick G. Barbadoes, the prominent colored abolitionists. In the summer of 1898, I met Mr. William Burr of Norwich, Conn., then a colored barber over seventy years old. He, too, had participated in some of the events of those days. He confirmed what Crummell and Downing had told me and added several new facts. In some respects he was one of the most remarkable self-made colored men I have ever met. His judgment was so sane and unerring, his estimates of men and women were so critical, his ideals were so high, the language that flowed from his lips was so beautiful, his literary tastes were so fine and true, there was such an air of refinement about the man that even his shabby clothes could not conceal, that I spent hours at his house, talking with him. At one time he and Jefferies of Meriden wielded considerable influence in their respective communities. The infirmities of age, with his failing eyesight, prevented his making much money at his calling; but he had seen better days.

Then, the last year that I attended Harvard, I boarded with Mr. Emery T. Morris of Parker Street, Cambridge. Colonel Higginson said that he had never met a man colored or white who had more books dealing with the anti-slavery movement and Negro question. Morris had gathered together books and

pamphlets that are now out of print and that were written by colored people and about colored people thirty, forty, fifty, sixty and seventy years ago. What is the significance of all this? Why, prior to my meeting Crummell and Downing, I didn't rate colored men so highly. I had been a student with and under white men so long that I, a colored man, had absorbed and assimilated the Anglo-Saxon's attitude towards the Negro intellect. And I am afraid that many colored men are now as I was then. Every time a colored man distinguishes himself at Yale or Harvard or rises to eminence, as a writer, educator, inventor, fortune accumulator, lawyer or physician, the whole country is surprised and astonished. Imagine my surprise when Downing and Crummell informed me that fifty, sixty and seventy-five years ago there were colored men living in Boston, New York and Philadelphia who were looked upon in those days as intellectual prodigies and literary curiosities. Imagine my surprise when I learned that John V. DeGrasse was admitted to the Massachusetts Medical Society in August, 1854, and that Charles Remond was seriously considered as a prospective member of an exclusive Boston literary society in the early fifties. Imagine my surprise when Downing one day read me what a white man had written in the early fifties about Rev. Samuel Ringgold Ward, rating him as a scholar and logician far above Douglass. Imagine my surprise when I heard that George B. Vashon received an A.B. degree from Oberlin College in 1843. I told Downing then that some day I would write a book or booklet about the colored heroes of the anti-slavery days, and behold the hour is at hand when the desire and wish is to be gratified.

When I think what high-minded and high-spirited colored men and women lived in the stirring times that preceded the Civil War, I wonder why the spirit of those heroic men does not live in the colored editors, educators, preachers, politicians and business men of to-day. I wonder why so many of them will, like Esau of old, sell their spiritual birthright for a mess of pottage, bartering away their own manhood and the rights of the race they represent for a petty political job or for a position in, or subscription for, a petty school. At last, I have discovered the answer. The Negro is largely an imitative being

and is largely the reflex image of the white man. Thus, the aristocratic colored man of Charleston is the reflex image of the white aristocrat, and the sporting Negro of New York City is the reflex image of the sporting white man. The insolent and impudent Negro of Georgia is the reflex image of the arrogant and coarse "Georgia cracker."

Whatever the white man approves of or admires, that the Negro will admire, too. If the white man admires most the bold lion, like Douglass, every Negro will try to be a little Fred Douglass. If the white man approves of a cautious, conservative educator and industrialist of the Booker T. Washington type, then you will observe a change of front among the Negroes. Little, petty, industrial schools will suddenly spring up all over the country. Colored ministers will have a little industrial attachment to their churches. Nearly every Negro will become a little Booker T. Washington, and then the Negroes will regard it as an unspeakable crime for a colored man to attempt to assert his rights as a man and an American citizen. The Negro is usually a thermometer which registers the ideas and opinions of the white persons he works for or associates with. Why, once I met two colored men, one in Georgia and another in South Carolina, who were unusually proud, haughty and self-assertive. And, behold, I found that one had been raised with, and another had worked for, Benjamin Tillman, and he was their ideal. In Booker T. Washington we see the faint reflection of General Armstrong and New York plutocrats. Why, I can tell what sort of people the white people of any community are by associating with the Negro.

In the Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah and Louisville Negroes, I see a reflection of the civilization, or lack of civilization, of the Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah and Louisville white man. The white man cannot ascend higher in the scale of civilization than the Negro can follow. Charles Sumner might be heroic and aristocratic, but a George T. Downing can grow into his likeness. Beriah Green might say that his blood would dry up in his veins before he would endorse slavery and Alexander Crummell, his pupil, catches the fire of his spirit.

Now, the Negro, to me, is an interesting being. He not only imitates the dress and manners of his white brother, but absorbs and assimilates his civilization and the ideas upon which that civilization is based. In Charleston, S. C., I met an uneducated colored man who was the prince of gentlemen, he was a Lord Chesterfield in his manner, and his ideals were high and fine and true. In him, I saw a reflection of the finest type of the Caucasian aristocracy of Charleston. He spoke of the white people of Charleston, what they say and think, as though he were one of them. The Negro is a perceptive, imaginative and emotional being. He has a creative and constructive imagination. He is original as a thinker and productive as an inventor. Why, then, is he an imitative being? Why, simply because the American white man, whom he imitates, who is his god, is an imitative being, too.

In my travels I believe that I have met three colored men who were original thinkers, three men who could sit in judgment upon the American civilization and critically dissect and analyze the ideas upon which it is based. They were Alexander Crummell, Edward Blyden and Hon. Archibald H. Grimke. All three were profound students of history. Crummell completed his education in Cambridge University, England, and lived for several years in Africa; Blyden lived most of his life in Africa and visited England frequently; Grimke completed his education at Harvard. They could compare and contrast the American civilization with the civilization of other times and other countries. In order for a man to pass from the imitative to the reflective stage of self-consciousness, in order for him to set up a higher ideal than that his own age and country affords, he must take a deep dive into history and philosophy.

I have said that the American white man is an imitative being. Of the epoch-making discoveries in science, biology and medicine very few originated in America. Newton, Laplace, Copernicus, Clerk Maxwell, Hertz, Marconi, Helmholtz, Lord Kelvin, Roentgen, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Pasteur, Koch, Metchnikoff and Professor Willard Gibbs of Yale, these are the men around whom modern science has revolved. And only one of these is an American. Some critic may point to Edison, the inventor, but Edison has not discovered any new principles in electricity as

Tesla has. Edison and the other American inventors have merely applied the principles. And Granville Woods, the Negro electrician of Cincinnati, has done the same thing. Then, going to the realm of speculative philosophy, going back to the time of Jonathan Edwards and coming down to the present day, I find only two American philosophers—Professor Ladd of Yale and Professor Royce of Harvard. I find only two American psychologists—Professor Ladd of Yale and Professor James of Harvard, who have made a positive contribution to philosophy and psychology. Professor Ladd derived his starting point from Kant, Lotze and Wundt, three German philosophers, and Professor Royce derived his starting point from Kant and Hegel, two German philosophers. Hon. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, the world's greatest interpreter of Hegel, built upon Hegel.

Professor John Watson of Kingston, Canada; Professor Edward Caird of England, and the late Thomas Hill Green and John Caird, probably the most potent English philosophers of the nineteenth century, received their cue from Hegel. The gifted Seth brothers went back to Hegel for their point of view. Professor Howison of California is a Neo-Kantian; so we can safely say that all of the profoundest English and American philosophers of the nineteenth century are Neo-Kantians, Neo-Hegelians or Neo-Lotzians or they represent a fusing and blending and developing of ideas of these three philosophers.

I will go a step further. What have we in Thomas Carlyle, the greatest prose writer the Anglo-Saxon race has yet produced, but German idealism grafted onto Carlyle's rugged dyspeptic nature? What have we in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," his masterpiece, but German idealism breaking into expression in poetry and eloquence, and somehow or other mingled with Scotch wit, humor, pathos and cynicism. As Professor Beers of Yale would put it, in Carlyle we see "the hot heart of the Scotch married to the transcendental dream of Germany." What have we in Coleridge but a reflection of German idealism? Then, take Emerson, the most original mind America has produced, and what have we but Yankee keeness and shrewdness and Puritanic moral fibre, touched and transfigured by Oriental mysticism and Platonic and German idealism?

I will go a step further. The Anglo-Saxon race has contributed no new ideas to civilization. Some of the ideas which underlie its civilization were contributed by the Hebrew race, others by the Greek race, others by the Roman race, and others by the German theologians and philosophers. If the Anglo-Saxon race has any genius, it is the genius of common sense. In Grant we see the genius of common sense applied to war, in Hon. James Bryce and Elihu Root we see the genius of common sense applied to law and statesmanship. In Professor Ladd, Professor Sneath and Professor Duncan of Yale and Professor Royce of Harvard, we see the genius of common sense applied to philosophy. In Professors Sumner, Adams and Wheeler of Yale and Professor Hart of Harvard we see the genius of common sense applied to history. In Professor Seymour of Yale we see the genius of common sense applied to the Greek language and literature. In the late Dean Everett and Professor Toy of Harvard we see the genius of common sense applied to theology. In Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard we see the genius of common sense applied to art and literature. In Professor Palmer of Harvard we see the genius of common sense applied to ethics, and in Deans Wright and Phillips of Yale we see the genius of common sense applied to the administration of practical affairs. In Professor H. A. Beers, Professor William Lyon Phelps and Professor A. S. Cook of Yale we see this genius applied to literature. What do I mean by the genius of common sense? The Anglo-Saxon intellect does not, like Plato, the Greek idealist, or Luther, Schleiermacher, Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, the German philosophers and theologians, spin and weave a system of theology and philosophy out of its own mind. It does not, like Rousseau, evolve a theory of natural rights out of its own brain. Kant for twenty-five years brooded over and meditated upon the problem of sense perception, upon the problem of how the mind can know anything at all, and then he revolutionized modern philosophy, so that he is justly called the Copernicus of modern philosophy, the man that was the pivot around which modern philosophy revolved. What do I mean by this?

This is how the Anglo-Saxon mind acts. I was a student of Professor Ladd for three years. Successively the philosophers Kant, Lotze, Wundt, Schopenhauer, Riehl and Bradley were

laid upon the dissecting table and critically analyzed by Professor Ladd's searching and penetrating intellect. As a result of such critical analysis, certain fundamental physical, psychological, moral, æsthetical and religious facts were disclosed and revealed as facts that must be accepted as the fundamental truths of our human experience. Then came the problem, how can such facts be harmonized in a theory of the universe that shall be self-explanatory and self-consistent? And then Professor Ladd proceeded to construct his system of philosophy. He built it out of the facts that emerged as the result of his critical analysis. Professor Royce constructed his system of philosophy by analyzing the four fundamental conceptions of being and then constructively synthesizing the results of such analysis. And I might go on still further. The philosophy of the Declaration of Independence is not the product of Thomas Jefferson's brain. That philosophy originated in the minds of Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot and the French encyclopædiacs of the eighteenth century. The Anglo-Saxon intellect, then, is primarily a keen, penetrating, critical and judicial intellect rather than a creative intellect. Sanity of judgment characterizes it. It very rarely flies off on a tangent or goes off half-cocked.

What has the great Anglo-Saxon race contributed to civilization? It has contributed its spirit. The love of liberty, the desire for personal independence and insistence that reverence and respect be paid to its personality is an inborn quality of the Anglo-Saxon mind. And that is the issue in the South. The Southerner does not dread physical contact or nearness to the Negro as much as the Northerner does. The presence of thousands of mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons in America is a living witness. Whence the ground of the race friction in the South? The Southerner demands that the Negro look up to him as a superior being, as a sort of demigod. If the Negro will but acknowledge his inferiority, mentally, morally and physically, to the Southerner, will but recognize him as lord and master, and will but say to him, with upraised hands, on bended knee, "My lord and my god, what will thou have me to do?" why the Negro will have a friend who will "stand by him until hell freezes over," as one Southern aristocrat put it; he will have a master who will be lenient with his shortcomings and deficien-

cies. But if, on the other hand, the Negro says, "I am a man the same as you are. You are dealing with a man and not a slave," then there will be war to the knife and the knife buried up to the hilt. The recognition of the importance of his own selfhood and the demand that others recognize it, that is the fundamental fact in the Anglo-Saxon's history.

The Anglo-Saxon is the greatest fighting race that has yet appeared upon the stage of history, combining aggressive force with dogged determination and a bulldog grit and tenacity of purpose, combining a daring, adventurous spirit with the ability to fight a hard, uphill battle. I believe the English-speaking people could stand off the combined armies of the entire world. Then in the leaders of New England transcendentalism and the anti-slavery movement we see this rugged strength blossoming into the fruit and flower of Christian kindness. But I do not believe the Anglo-Saxon intellect has the versatility of the Greek mind, and except occasionally in a Professor William James, the scintillating brilliancy of the French mind, or the speculative depth of the German mind.

On the other hand, is there such a thing as real originality? No one thinker, by solitary meditation, ever spun the philosophy and theology prevailing to-day out of his own unaided intellect. The world's system of thought is a stream that was fed from a thousand channels. Ideas from Hebrew, Greek, Roman and German sources have all contributed to make Christianity what it is to-day. Aristotle, the greatest intellect the Greek race has yet produced, sat at the feet of Plato, the prince of idealists, and Plato was a pupil of Socrates, who had derived his inspiration from Anaxagoras. Even the philosopher Kant, the father of modern philosophy, said that it was Hume who roused him out of his dogmatic slumber. Thus it has ever been in the world of thought. One thinker has added somewhat to the stock of thought and knowledge that was furnished him by his predecessors.

Rarely, in the world of science, has a great discovery or invention suddenly sprung from the brain of one thinker alone, like Archimedes' discovery of the law and principle governing the buoyancy of water, Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, Isaac

Watts' invention of the steam engine or Roentgen's discovery of the X-ray. Usually there has been a series of steps preparing the way for the epoch-making discovery. Darwin had his forerunners, who blazed the way for him. Few discoveries and inventions are suddenly shot out of the mind of one thinker, who had none to prepare the way for him. Not at a single bound was the palatial and commodious ocean liner evolved from the dugout of the savage, or the locomotive that pulls the Empire State express evolved from the old-fashioned stage coach, or the record-breaking automobile evolved out of the wagon; but many stages were passed through before the modern steamship, the modern locomotive and the modern automobile were evolved.

Some may point to Marconi's sending a message across the sea as a refutation of what I say. Clerk Maxwell had to prove theoretically the existence of electric waves, Hertz had to actually discover the electric wave, someone had to invent the ball oscillator, then the coherer and decoherer, someone had to conceive the idea of similarly tuned instruments, someone had to formulate the system of Morse letters before Marconi could send or receive a message by wireless telegraphy across the seas.

It is a law of the human mind and it applies to the Negro, Anglo-Saxon, French, German, Roman, Greek and Hebrew intellect, that the mind must first be roused to action by stimuli from the outside world before it unfolds its latent capacity and develops as a reasoning, moral and religious being. Material facts, physical, mental, moral, æsthetic and religious, must first be presented to the mind before it can construct its physical world, its world of thought, its moral world and its religious world out of them. The prophet Moses differs from the worshipper of Baal because he reacts in a different manner to his moral and religious environment. The poets Tennyson and Wordsworth differ from ordinary men because they see in the "flower in the crannied wall" and in "the clouds that gather round the setting sun" that which the ordinary man does not see; Carlyle differs from the ordinary man because the French Revolution starts in motion and sets in operation trains of thought and reflection that they do not to the ordinary man. The man of genius differs from the ordinary man because he

constructs a more magnificent edifice out of the material presented to him by his experience.

Civilization moves forward by one race appropriating the achievements of another race and adding to it. Greece absorbed and assimilated the civilization of Egypt. Rome absorbed and assimilated the civilization of Greece. The barbarians, who swept over the Roman frontier and captured Rome, were awed by the Roman civilization, as expressed in the Christian religion, and it took them over one thousand years to absorb and assimilate the civilization of Rome. The so-called Dark Ages mean that the English, French, German and Spanish people were, for ten silent centuries, slowly taking in and mentally digesting the ideas underlying the Roman civilization. And then the revival of learning, the rediscovery of the Greek world means that at the close of the Middle Ages, the mediæval mind bathed and steeped and saturated itself in the Greek civilization. The Protestant Reformation, however, was a distinctly forward move. It resulted from the brooding and meditation of a lonely monk in his cell. Some say that the Reformation would have come anyway without Martin Luther. But it would not have come so soon and would not have taken the form that it did.

So, then, when the American Negro builds the ideas underlying the American civilization into the structure and texture of his mental and moral life, he is only doing what mankind has ever done. The question remains, Is the Negro a reflective as well as an imitative being? Kelly Miller is not the only Negro scholar or writer who is endowed with an analytical mind. Mr. L. M. Hershaw of Washington, a graduate of whom Atlanta University may well be proud, is a logician and dialectician. And he is not the only Negro, unknown to fame, who is gifted with a keen and penetrating mind. The fact that the Cuffes, in the eighteenth century, petitioned for their rights as Negroes; the fact that colored men formed an anti-slavery society in 1831, seven years before the big anti-slavery society; the fact that Downing, Crummell and Garnett, as boys in New York City, formed an anti-slavery society, shows that the Negro has done some thinking for himself in the past.

But in the last ten or twelve years he seems to have taken his ideas ready-made from his Caucasian friends, and to have let

his Caucasian friends do his thinking for him. In a blind, naïve, unquestioning and unreflective manner, he has accepted whatever Mars' John has told him. If Mars' John tells Aunt Dinah that it is dangerous for her boy to go to college, if Mars' John tells Ephraim Jim Crow cars are good for him, medicine for the weary soul, if Mars' John tells Sambo that God didn't intend the Negro to be a voter and office-holder, why Aunt Dinah, Ephraim and Sambo will forego their right to think for themselves. Why is it there seems to be a fatalistic tendency in the Negro's nature? He submits gracefully to fate and bows to the inevitable. He submissively submitted to slavery. He accepted Booker T. Washington as a leader without hardly an audible murmur or dissenting voice, when Washington asked the Negro to forego those rights and privileges which the Anglo-Saxon race has ever held dear. The Negro can easily adjust and adapt himself to a changed condition and a different environment.

I have seen colored men and women suddenly step from prosperity to adversity, from wealth and affluence to poverty and pauperism. I have seen one United States Congressman, who was once wealthy, eking out a living by doing menial jobs. I have seen a prominent business man become a janitor. I have seen cultured and refined preachers who once were pastors of large, wealthy and aristocratic churches, take small and poor churches. I have seen colored persons who once lived in palatial mansions living in huts. And they bore this change of fortune with good grace. They accepted it philosophically. The reason why the Negro surrenders his individuality to the Anglo-Saxon is not because he is conquered by the Anglo-Saxon's intellect but by his will. The Negro has the plastic nature and temperament which conforms to its present environment instead of moulding its environment to the likeness of its ideal.

But the day is breaking. The Negro is going back to the temper that prevailed in the days of Crummell, Downing and Garnett. The Boston *Guardian,* DuBois's "Souls of Black Folk," DuBois's "Moon," "The Voice of the Negro," the Boston riot in the summer of 1903, the recent Niagara movement and the recent Macon conference to me are very significant facts. Some people see in them only jealousy of Mr. Washington on the part of over-

educated Negroes. But I see deeper. It has been repeatedly said that the Negro is a child race. Well, these seven happenings and the successful attempt of the colored people of Darien, Ga., to avert a threatened lynching, the refusal of the Thomasville, Ga., colored people to have anything to do with a fair and show that barred them on Washington's birthday, the attempt of the Jacksonville, Fla., colored people to challenge the legality of the Jim Crow law in the city of Jacksonville, and their subsequent boycotting of the Jim Crow cars, the fact that the colored people of Nashville ran busses of their own rather than ride in the Jim Crow street cars, Professor W. H. H. Hart's winning his case against the Maryland Jim Crow law in January, 1905, Professor Kelly Miller's reply to Dixon's Leopard Spots, the articles of Archibald Grimke and J. Wilson in the *Atlantic Monthly*, all these indicate that the Negro mind has roused itself from the former lethargy and that the Negro is beginning to think for himself.

Some people do not take the Niagara movement or the recent Macon conference seriously. They have been so accustomed to think of the Negro as a happy-go-lucky fellow, with simian traits well developed, that they pass lightly by with a toss of the head or a wave of the hand anything that he says or writes. It has been repeatedly said that the Negro race is a child race. But the movements and events referred to above indicate that the Negro has emerged from childhood to manhood. He is no longer a child but a man who has put away his childish clothes and toys, his childish way of looking at the world and viewing life. He has passed from the imitative to the reflective stage and DuBois is the leader of those who are in the reflective stage.

What do I mean? A Negro is in the imitative stage of self-consciousness when he swallows whole and gulps down everything his Caucasian friends tell him. Those colored men who look cross-eyed at the higher education of the Negroes, who regard the ballot box as a dangerous quicksand or a mirage in the desert, who regard Jim Crow cars as a boon and blessing in disguise, because Uncle Jonathan and Mars' John tell him the two former things are poison to him and the latter thing something God intended him to have, are imitative beings.

But when old Uncle Eff, Uncle Mingo, or young Cæsar, Scipio, Pompey, and Rastus begin to scratch their heads and thus solilo-

quize, "Is what is meat for the white man, poison for the Negro? If voting and office-holding are good for the white man, why are they not good for me? My Caucasian friends make light of my rights. And yet the pages of English and American history, which tell how English and American statesmen, orators, soldiers and patriots struck out for their liberties and their rights are the pages which are lighted up with a divine lustre and glow. In order to have liberty to worship God, as their consciences directed, the Pilgrim fathers left their happy homes in England, faced the terrors of an ocean voyage and braved the rigors of a New England winter on a bleak and barren coast. For the sake of a principle the American colonists refused to pay a petty tax that would not affect their pocketbooks to any appreciable extent, and thus forced a terrible war upon themselves. And now, my Anglo-Saxon friend, asks me to hold lightly the principles that he has treasured so highly and regarded so sacredly. On George Washington's birthday, Decoration Day and Fourth of July orators will tell of the courage of the Revolutionary soldiers at Valley Forge, they will tell of the brave Netherlanders who said, 'We will cut down the dykes and give Holland back to the sea' before we will yield to Spain. And yet they ask me to be Jim-Crowed. Now does my Caucasian friend think I haven't any intelligence or any feelings? Does he think that I do not recognize an insult and resent a snub?"

When I say the colored brother asks these questions, he has passed from the imitative to the reflective stage.

The Anglo-Saxon gods and goddesses, throned high upon the rugged heights of Mount Olympus, and basking in the sunshine of prosperity, hear the grumblings, complainings and mutterings rising from the vale below. They lean over the edge of the mount, look down into the valley and ask, "What is this noise that I hear? What is the matter with the colored people? Do they want to be invited to the feasts of the gods? Do they want to drink of our ambrosial nectar at our banquets? Do they want to listen to this seraphic music and view the intoxicating splendors of this dreamland?

No. Old Uncle Eff and young Rastus are not languishing and pining away, or dying of grief and sorrow because they are not invited to the banquet of the Olympian dieties. They

don't care a picayune or one scintilla about being invited to the private dinners, private parties, private receptions and private dances of their Caucasian neighbors. They do not desire to marry any of the Olympian goddesses, because they have handsome women, dazzling beauties in their own race, whose souls are as pure and fresh as the morning dew, whose honor is as stainless and unsullied as the snow when it first falls from the ethereal dome.

Then Father Zeus, who used to feast with the blameless Ethiopians, will ask, "Well, then, what is the matter with DuBois and Trotter and the men who are interested in the Niagara movement and Macon conference?" I will tell you,—the colored brother wants his humanity recognized. He wants to be treated as a human being and not as an animal. He, whose brawn and muscle, whose toil and sweat has developed the resources of the Southland, and for two hundred years has sustained and made possible the aristocracy of the South, desires to receive citizenship on the same terms that are offered to the ignorant and illiterate foreigner who seeks an asylum in this country. He asks the labor unions and employers in the North and West to give him a man's chance to earn an honest living. In a word, he asks for civil, political and industrial equality, in a country that is the haven for the persecuted and oppressed of every land and clime.

In my travels in the Southland, I have met Southern aristocrats from whose hearts the very milk of human kindness flows towards the Negro. In Mr. Smith, the city editor of the Charleston *News and Courier,* I have met a gentleman who is as noble-hearted as Editor E. H. Clement of the Boston *Transcript.* I realize, too, that there are some bad and vicious Negroes in the Southland and that they need to be handled with kid gloves off. But the Southerner does not discriminate and distinguish between the first class and the low down Negroes.

I will take Savannah for instance. Tom Dixon speaks of the Negroes of Savannah being impudent. I have met more insolent and ill-mannered Negroes in Savannah than in any other town I have ever been in. On the other hand, the colored brother may be seen at his best in Savannah. Along literary, political and financial lines, he has reached a high state of civilization.

There is the Men's Sunday Club of which Professor M. N. Work of the Georgia State Industrial College was the president, and of which Mr. G. S. Williams and E. W. Houston, both brilliant men, were active workers. Every Sunday, cultured and handsomely dressed men and women meet there and listen to a splendid literary and musical programme. Then, once a month, they invite some distinguished man to lecture for them in the Beach Institute Lecture Course. Professor George B. Hurd, a New England white man, is principal of the popular Beach Institute. Then there is the Colored Republican Poll Tax Club of Chatham County, of which J. C. Williams is president, James T. Burton, secretary, and the brilliant lawyer, H. A. Macbeth, chairman of the executive committee. This impresses upon the youth the duties of citizenship and inculcates civic pride to virtue.

Then there is the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company, of which J. W. Armstrong was general manager and F. M. Cohen, teller and cashier; the Wage Earners' Loan and Investment Company, of which L. E. Williams was president and W. S. Scott is secretary and treasurer; and the Union Savings and Loan Company, of which L. S. Reed is president, D. C. Suggs, vice president, J. T. Burton, secretary, T. M. Bell, treasurer; H. A. Macbeth, attorney; and W. A. Newsome and Wylly A. Thrash, two of the directors. I believe that it would be difficult to find three more wide-awake, aggressive and up-to-date business men than J. W. Armstrong, L. S. Reed and H. A. Macbeth. In Dr. T. B. Belcher we see a physician of the finest type, and Sol. C. Johnson is the progressive editor of the Savannah *Tribune*. So, after all, if Tom Dixon says there are some impudent Negroes in Savannah, there are also some very intelligent and refined colored people. And my bone of contention with the Southern white man is that he does not recognize the presence of the higher and better class of colored people.

To return to the point from which we have digressed. Is the Negro an imitative or reflective being? The Negro who believes in the Niagara movement, in the Macon conference, in the "Souls of Black Folk," and in the principles enunciated in this book is a reflective being. The Negro who does not, is an imitative being. Ask any Negro if he thinks DuBois has the key to the solution of the Negro problem. If he says "No," he is an imitative being. If he says "Yes," he is a reflective being.

I have long been thinking of writing a book of some thousand pages along the lines laid down in this chapter. DuBois's "Suppression of the Slave Trade in America," Williams's "History of the Negro Race in America," are masterpieces. But no discriminating accounts of colored history-makers have been written yet. All of the books eulogizing the great Negroes lack the historian's perspective. Giants, pygmies and ordinary men are thrown together, and you can't tell the heavy-weights from the light-weights. None of them combine the philosophic grasp of a Thucydides with Plutarch's insight into men and motives, and Carlyle's dramatic instinct, which seizes the spectacular events in a man's or nation's life and paints the heroes in flesh and blood colors, so that you can see them living, moving, struggling and striving, yea points them in a way to stir the blood and thrill the nerves. Sometimes I think the story of the great men and women of the race could be written so that it would read like a romance. That is the way DuBois has treated Alexander Crummell in his "Souls of Black Folk."

It is said that Æsop, the creator of those famous fables; Terence, the Latin poet; Alexander Hamilton, the constructive statesman; Robert Browning, the English poet; Henry Timrod, the poet of South Carolina, and General Lew Wallace, the novelist of Indiana, were of Negro descent and had a slight strain of Negro blood in their veins. Whether or no this is true, I do not know. But this has been asserted by both white and colored scholars. I believe that such sane thinkers as E. H. Clement, of the Boston *Transcript,* and Professor W. E. Burghardt DuBois believe it possible that these gifted writers may have been one-fourth or one-eighth or one-sixteenth Negro. It is claimed that one of the great-grandmothers of Hamilton, Browning and Timrod were Africans or mulattoes. That would make them octoroons or one-sixteenth Negro. You may lay it down as an axiom, that in nineteen cases out of twenty DuBois is right when he makes an assertion about the Negro. He is cautious and conservative as well as heroic and poetic. Whether these assertions about these men are true or not, I trust that this book will be a storehouse of information, a mine teeming with rich and pregnant factors. Whether I have found any nuggets amongst the dross, or discovered any ore in the rocks, the perusal of this book will disclose.

CHAPTER XIV.

Reason Why the Term "Negrosaxon," or Colored, Better Characterizes the Colored People of Mixed Descent in America than the term "Negro."

I. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. MY POINT OF VIEW.

Scholars and scientists are in despair as to what term will best classify the hybrid and ostracized group of individuals who are known in America as "Negroes," "colored people," and "Afro-Americans." "Negro" will not do, because that ethnologically refers to the full-blooded Negro in Africa, or of African descent living elsewhere, whereas more than fifty per cent. of the colored population in America has more or less of Anglo-Saxon blood in its veins and ten per cent. has Indian blood or the blood of the Indian, Jewish, Spanish, Italian, French and German races in their veins; "colored" may not do because the Indians, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese and Philippinos are colored people as well as the American Negro. While not a scientific, it is a good colloquial term.

"Afro-American" will not do, because it is a geographical rather than an ethnological term. The Canadians, Indians, Mexicans and Brazilians are just as much Americans as the citizens of the United States. And the Egyptians, Berbers, Arabs, Phœnicians and Carthaginians are just as much natives of Africa as the Negroes. What word will do then? Why, Negrosaxon, or colored.

We must remember that the colored race is a heterogeneous group of individuals in whose veins Negro, Indian, Jewish, Celtic, Teutonic and Latin blood is mingled, rather than a homogeneous race. The colored race has no ethnological integrity. It does not spring from the same stock, has not similar physical and psychological traits and characteristics, nor common ideals. The force that welds it together does not come from within, but from without. The colored race is held together by adhesion rather than by cohesion. It is the oppression of a more powerful

and more dominant race, rather than similar physical characteristics, similar race ideals that bind the colored people in America into a unity. When the external pressure and oppression is removed, it will fly apart. Why, because there is nothing to hold it together, no inward or compelling impulse which unites and binds together the different molecules and particles.

The machine is constructed by an external artificer. He puts it together or pulls it apart, piece by piece. He gives it an artificial unity by a mechanical arrangement of parts. When that mechanical arrangement of parts is changed, the machine collapses. But the organism has its principle of growth residing within it. That life principle in its growth development, unfolds itself in that inner structure and constitution that gives its unity to organism. Only when the life principle is affected, the vital process interfered with, does the organism die. Break the hour hand, minute hand and second hand of a watch and it is no longer a watch. Remove the wheels, the cow catcher, etc., and leave only the boiler and furnace and burning fuel and you no longer have a locomotive. But you can lop off all the limbs and branches of a tree, and it is still a tree, as long as there is the inward vitality. For it will put forth, from its resident and unimpaired forces, new limbs and branches, shoot forth new buds and blossoms and come to fruitage in new leaves and flowers. You may cut off a man's limbs; but as long as his brain centers, his lungs, heart, liver and kidneys, the vital organs are unimpaired, he will live on,—he is still a man. Now, the Negrosaxon or colored race in America has a mechanical and artificial rather than an inner and organic unity like the Anglo-Saxon or Jewish races. The integrity of the Negrosaxon or colored race in America will be destroyed the moment Anglo-Saxon caste prejudice is destroyed or removed. But the integrity of the Anglo-Saxon and Jewish races will not be destroyed until they amalgamate with other races and lose their predominating physical and psychological race traits and tendencies, and their peculiar and inexplicable psychical, moral and religious ideals.

Then, again, the Negrosaxon or colored race in America has no spiritual integrity, no common religious hopes and beliefs and aspirations like the Jewish race. In the Babylonian, Assyrian,

Greek and Roman dispersion of the Jews, caused by the Babylonians, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans conquering the Jews and carrying some away into captivity, the Jews were scattered all over the world two thousand and nearly three thousand years ago. To-day there are American Jews, English Jews, French Jews, German Jews, Russian Jews, Palestinian Jews and Armenian Jews. Yet the world over the Jew is the same dogged, determined, resourceful individual with a genius for finance. They have no home, no nationality, they are not a farming or manufacturing people, they live by buying and selling the products of other men's toil and labor, by lending money and banking. Two thousand years ago there was a saying current in Rome, "There is only one thing in the world more despicable than a poor Jew and that is a rich Jew." But to-day, some of America's most noted philanthropists and most brilliant preachers belong to the Hebrew race, which has produced some noble men and women. The school teacher who inspired me, a schoolboy nine years old, with the desire and ambition to rise in the world was a Jewess, Miss Fannie Ullman, one of the noblest women that gifted race has ever produced. But what causes the Jewish race, scattered all over the world, to hang together and to preserve the same psychical and psychological race traits and tendencies. It is their race pride and peculiar religious beliefs which prevents their intermarrying with other races and losing their race identity and individuality. Now, this Negrosaxon has not this Hebrew pride of race, or Hebrew religious pride that its race was the chosen people of God. His only God is the God that he borrowed from the Anglo-Saxon.

Again, the Negrosaxon has no territorial, geographical integrity or community of political ideas. The Englishman in Australia, China or India has a country he can call his own, a government that can protect him, a political history and political traditions that he is proud of, and certain political ideals of justice and liberty that he believes in. That is why the Englishman is an Englishman the world over. Now, the colored man is a pariah in American society. There is no country he can call his own. He is a social and political outcast. His only political faith is the political faith of a country that rejects him as a citizen and does not regard him as a full-fledged man. Now, how

shall we name and classify a heterogeneous and discrete group of individuals, who have no racial, territorial, geographical and political integrity, who are not unified by a peculiar religious faith as are the Jews, or the scattered Bedouin tribes under the Mohammedan religion, and who are only held together by the iron hand of American caste prejudice. Name them by the predominant bloods that enter into their composition? Negro and Anglo-Saxon blood predominates in the colored population of the United States. For in the Southland the bulk of slave holders and overseers who had children by the slave women were pure Anglo-Saxons. And while the colored people of America cannot boast of the manner in which they came by their white blood, they at least have this consolation,—most of the Caucasian blood that flows in Negrosaxon veins is the blood of Southern aristocrats. If, then, Negro blood is in every colored person in America and Anglo-Saxon in over fifty per cent., why not call the colored American a Negrosaxon? I am justified in my observations, for I know two noted colored educators who are black or very dark in complexion and yet their grandfathers were white men, and they are Anglo-Saxons. And there are many others such. The same ethnological considerations that apply to the term Anglo-Saxon applies to the term Negro-Saxon or Negrosaxon. Some may ask, why not be correct and call the colored people of America the Negro-Anglo-Saxon race? My reply will be, "for the same reason we do not call the English-speaking people, the Jute-Anglo-Saxon, Norman-French race. This is how the term Anglo-Saxon came to ethnologically characterize the English-speaking people.

When Julius Cæsar began the conquest of Britain in 55 B. C., he found a Celtic race there who were known as Britons. In the fourth and fifth century, A. D., Rome was hard pressed because of the tide of barbarian invasion which was sweeping over her frontiers. Then in 407 A. D., the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain for the purpose of helping Rome to stem the advancing tide of sturdy and rugged Goths. After the Roman soldiers were withdrawn, the peaceful and semi-civilized Britons were unable to defend themselves against the fierce Scots and Picts, who came surging like a mighty wave from Scotland and Ireland.

But meanwhile a mighty race of tall, fair-haired and blue-eyed Teutons, who were known as Saxons by the Britons, was arising in the north of Europe. They were the forerunners of those daring navigators, reckless pirates and formidable warriors who were afterwards known as the terrible Vikings, or Northmen, whose name brought terror to whatever shore in Southern Europe upon which they landed, and who afterward sailed up the Seine and sacked Paris. Three of these Saxon tribes, the Angles, Jutes and Saxons, occasionally attacked the east coast of Britain. So, imitating her mistress, Rome, who pressed into service one Gothic tribe to fight another Gothic tribe, the Britons, unable to cope with the Saxons, the wild Picts and Scots, promised the greatest fighting race known to history, land in return for services rendered in driving back the Picts and Scots. As the first tribe of Teutonic invaders who came from Northern Europe and attacked East Britons were Saxons, the Britons afterwards called the various tribes of Germanic invaders by that name. So that is how "Saxon" in the course of centuries came to ethnologically characterize the Teutonic branch of the Aryan race that conquered Britain. That is why Wendell Phillips in his oration upon Toussaint L'Ouverture could say, "Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your birth," etc.

But to return to our story. In 449, the Jutes, who were the first Teutonic settlers in England, came from Jutland, landed on the Isle of Thanet in the southeastern corner of England, near the present Canterbury, and vanquished the Picts. They spread and established the kingdom of Kent. Then the Saxons and Angles came over in greater numbers. Not receiving enough land and rations to satisfy them, they turned against the race that had invited them over and swept it off the face of history. They conquered the Britons in battle after battle and absorbed the remnant that they did not exterminate and annihilate.

Thus, three Teutonic tribes, the Jutes, Saxons and Angles, invaded and conquered Britain. But only the Angles and Saxons gave their name to the race. As the first tribe of Teutonic invaders who landed in Britain were Saxons, the Britons called all Jutes, Saxons and Angles, by that name. So that is why the term Saxon has clung to the Teutonic settlers. The Jutes were few in number and formed a small and insignificant set-

tlement. So their name was last. The Angles, who settled on the eastern coast, on the other hand, occupied the bulk of the land, a much greater portion than the Saxons, who settled on the southern shores. Hence, when the Teutonic settlers called themselves by a common name, it was Angles or English, and the island was called England. Thus Saxon is the name the conquered Britons gave to the Teutonic invaders and Angles is the name the Teutonic settlers gave to themselves, and that is how, in the course of time, they were called the Anglo-Saxon race and the language they spoke was called the Anglo-Saxon language.

But in the ninth century, four centuries after the Saxon tribes invaded Britain, Danish pirates began to make raids upon the east coast of England, and conquered the Anglo-Saxons in 1016, but their kings only ruled England for a quarter of a century. So, from 449, when the Jutes conquered the Picts, until 1066, when the Norman-French, under William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy, crossed the English Channel and defeated Harold at the battle of Hastings, the Anglo-Saxon race was supreme in England. But the conquering Danes or Northmen, who came over from Normandy, on the northeast coast of France, and subjugated the Saxons, did not exterminate them or drive them out. They lived side by side, the Norman-French as the aristocratic and ruling, the Saxons as the serf and peasant class. Finally they mingled their blood. But why did not the conquerors, the Norman-French, give their name to the mingled language and blended race? For the first time in history, the conquered or subjugated people gave their name to the mingled language and race. How explain this ethnological and philological miracle? The answer is near at hand. Immediately there began a struggle for the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman-French language. It lasted for four centuries; and when, in 1475, Caxton gave the printing press to England, the Anglo-Saxon language had won the battle, two-thirds of the words in the English language being Anglo-Saxon words and only one-third being Norman-French words; and over three-fourths of the words in daily use being Anglo-Saxon words and less than one-fourth of the words being Latin-French words. So that is the race stock, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, which rep-

resented the blending of the Jutes, Angles, Saxons and Normans, who were called the Anglo-Saxon race. So we can see that by ethnological and philological laws of the survival of the fittest the race of Teutonic or Germanic settlers of Britain was called the Anglo-Saxon race. And the word Saxon, which was the name of the first Teutonic invaders of Britain, has in the course of centuries come by natural psychological and ethnological laws to be a synonym to represent the entire race of Germanic settlers in Britain. So that is why I call the race in which is mingled the blood of the Negro and Anglo-Saxon race, the Negro-Saxon or Negrosaxon race.

II. ETHNOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS.

Colored Americans do not belong to the Negro, but to the Negrosaxon race.

What do we mean by Negro? Most of the encyclopædias, geographies and dictionaries define him as a black person, of African descent, low, receding forehead, knotty, kinky, woolly hair, broad, flat nose, enormous lips, a monkey grin that stretches from ear to ear, thick, coarse, heavy, brutal features, guttural utterance, flat-footed and either bow-legged or knock-kneed and usually reeking with the malodor of perspiration. He is described as an emotional and excitable creature, devoid of reason and conscience, and with the passions and instincts of a brute or beast. This is the picture that is conjured up by the words big burly Negro, and this is the picture of the Negro brute, who only represents one-tenth of one per cent. of Negro society. Does this represent the Negrosaxon in America? No, the Negrosaxon varies in complexion, from deep black to blond white, in hair from woolly knots to flowing, flaxen locks; in features from heavy African to refined Caucasian. I know families in whose veins course Negro, Indian, English and Spanish blood. Does Negro ethnologically describe that group? No, the only ethnological term to describe the mixed colored population in America is Negrosaxon.

III. PSYCHOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS.

The colored man is not psychologically different from other individuals.

One eminent Negro divine said that the colored man who points with pride to the Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins is boasting of his bastardy, and that the colored man is the only being who boasts of his bastardy. There is a large measure of truth in this. But in coining a new name to describe the colored people of mixed descent in America there is only one that is ethnologically true and that is Negrosaxon. Just as there are differences in color and hair and features in the Negrosaxons, so there are intellectual and moral differences. There are all grades of intelligence and character in the Negrosaxon race. The Negrosaxons, even those of pure Negro descent, have forsaken their African heritage and absorbed and assimilated the political, social, moral and religious ideals and conceptions, the language and religion and the social manners and customs and usages of the Anglo-Saxon race. In fact, Alexander Crummell, who became metamorphosed into a cultured and polished Englishman, was a pure-blooded Negro. And Kelly Miller, the mathematician, and Judge Joseph E. Lee, the astute politician, who possess the phlegmatic temperament and analytical mind of the Anglo-Saxon, are almost pure blacks. These three, one of whom was a pure black, the other two almost pure blacks, possess as many of the psychical and psychological characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon as any colored men I have ever met. Crummell was a born aristocrat and a born autocrat. He was an intrepid, dauntless soul and was steeped and bathed and saturated and dyed with English ideals, traditions and prejudices. And yet he had not an ounce of Caucasian blood in his veins. Kelly Miller has not the aggressiveness of the Anglo-Saxon, but, like Francis Bacon, he is the incarnation of pure intellect, and has the calm, judicial mind and cool and calculating intellect of the Anglo-Saxon. Judge Lee is as gracious and polished in his manners as a Lord Chesterfield and as shrewd, as far-seeing and as discreet and self-controlled as a Tom Platt. And yet he and Kelly Miller have very little Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins.

IV. SOCIOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS.

Our destiny is not to build up peculiar racial ideals, but to become American citizens. Calling ourselves Negrosaxons defines our race ideals. The American Indian was exterminated because

he would not adopt the Anglo-Saxon civilization. If the Negro-saxon expects to share in the political inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon, he must be made over in the likeness of the Anglo-Saxon. He cannot bleach out his complexion, or straighten his hair, or sharpen his nose, or thin his lips. But in mind and character and disposition he must become a black white man. After the Negro-saxon has been made over into the likeness of the white man he can hope to be made over into the image of God.

I have just spoken of three Negrosaxons of pure or almost pure African descent. Take now three who have more Caucasian than Negro blood in their veins. I refer to the gifted Grimke brothers and the peerless writer and brave champion of the black folk, DuBois. Not only by blood and descent are the Grimkes from the best Huguenot stock, but in intelligence, refinement, aristocratic bearing and puritanic fibre, they are Huguenots through and through. They have not the slightest trace of Negro characteristics, although I suppose that they are one-fourth Negro. There is DuBois,—what is there Negro about him, except that he is one-fourth Negro by blood and descent? While he has the poetical nature and tropical imagination and gift of language of a Negro, in intelligence, pride and sensitiveness, he is an Anglo-Saxon of the bluest blood.

I desire to say that I regard the term Negro, to characterize the mixed race, in whose veins flow Negro, Caucasian and Indian bloods, as a misnomer. It is an opprobrious, disingenuous epithet, into which has been packed all conceivable and imaginable hatred, venom, disdain, contempt and odium. What causes more of a shudder or revulsion to run through the frame than the phrase, "A big, burly Negro." The term Negro is so loaded down and freighted with ignominy and contempt that the colored man who brands himself as a Negro thereby catalogues and labels himself as a being who is outside of the pale of humanity, as a being who is separate and distinct from other men. So much that is low and degrading is suggested by the name that the colored race can never hope to dignify and exalt the term.

When a colored man calls himself a Negro he puts himself upon the defensive. He then has a case to prove. He calls himself by a term that suggests a low type of man. Then he has to prove and demonstrate that he possesses the higher qualities

and finer characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon. The odor of that word Negro will cling to him like mud upon trailing skirts. It will be as easy to eradicate a birth mark as to purge out the objectionable and offensive features of that word.

We must forget the word Negro and all that is connected or associated with it. We don't want any Negro philosophy, Negro theology, Negro religion, Negro art, Negro music and Negro literature. Our destiny is not to build up a separate nationality in America but to become American citizens. Let us call ourselves the "Negrosaxon race" or the "Colored race" instead of "Negro race"—"Negrosaxons" or "Colored Americans" instead of "Negroes."

Thoughtful Negrosaxon leaders have observed that there has been a change of sentiment on the part of the white man towards the colored brother during the past twelve years. A wave of anti-Negro sentiment has swept over the country. Some have attributed the change to the fact that the old abolitionists and Grand Army heroes have died and that their sons have become engrossed and absorbed in money-making and have hardened and deadened their consciences to moral appeals and sentimental considerations. Others have shouldered Booker T. Washington's industrial-and-surrender-civil-and-political rights fads with the responsibility for the changed attitude of the country regarding the colored brother. Some have thought that the Associated Press, siding with the South and branding the Negrosaxon as a criminal, has turned the North against him. But we colored people ourselves are partly responsible for the changed attitude of the country. When we called ourselves Negroes, when Negrosaxon teachers, editors, orators and preachers made the term popular, we tagged ourselves with a name that suggested that we were a peculiar class of beings, different from other men, that we were a little higher than the ape, and a little lower than the rest of mankind. Then, when we dubbed and labeled and catalogued ourselves as inferior beings, we laid the burden of proof upon ourselves. Then we had to establish the fact that we were equal to other men.

And that reminds me of a story. Once upon a time a dog bit a man; the man was a Quaker, averse to the shedding of blood. So he said to the dog, "I will not kill thee, but I will give thee a bad name." So he yelled out, pointing his finger at the dog,

"Mad dog, mad dog, mad dog." Soon others took up the cry, "Mad dog, mad dog," chasing the dog meanwhile. And finally some one shot him. Now, that is what we did. When we called ourselves "Negroes" we gave ourselves a bad name. What was the result? In October, 1898, the Red Shirts in North Carolina yelled out "Negro, Negro, Negro, Negro this and Negro that," and the Wilmington riot resulted. In September, 1906, Hoke Smith's and John Temple Graves's newspaper repeated, "Negro, Negro, Negro, Negro this and Negro that," and the world was horrified by the spectacle of the Atlanta massacre. In October, 1906, the citizens of Brownsville, Texas, proclaimed, "Negro soldiers, Negro soldiers, Negro soldiers this and Negro soldiers that, and Negro soldiers the other." The result was that President Roosevelt in November, 1906, discharged without honor a whole battalion of 167 colored soldiers, simply because he could not detect or discover the thirteen who were supposed to be guilty of murder or attempted murder. In December, 1906, the white people of Scoobo, Miss., set up the howl of "Negro, Negro, Negro, Negro this, Negro that, and Negro the other." The result was that Nicholson, a prosperous Negrosaxon farmer, and other innocent Negrosaxons were murdered in Scoobo, Miss. And unless the Negrosaxons or colored people stop blackguarding and libeling themselves and besmirching their reputations by calling themselves Negroes, the lynching, shooting down and stringing up of often innocent Negrosaxons by crazed mobs will continue to go on in the South.

To mention or use the word "Negro" to a white man of the South or a white mob is like waving a red flag before an angry bull. Why? Words have a history. In the course of time certain associations and traditions become attached to the word. Immediately the Negro is mentioned, certain suggestions are called up by the word. Now the word "Negro" originally referred to a native African black, who was a barbarian and a savage. When this native African black was imported and transported to America, a genuine infusion of aristocratic Anglo-Saxon blood into his veins took place, due to white slaveholders and overseers having children by black, mulatto and quadroon women. Then, too, this transported slave absorbed and assimilated the civilization, language and religion of the Anglo-

Saxon race. He forgot his own native language and spoke the English language; he forgot fetichism and idol worship and accepted Christianity; he forsook polygamy and accepted monogamy. Ethnologically and psychologically he is a different being from the being to whom the word Negro originally applied. So the being to whom the word Negro originally applied is different entirely from the being who is now called by the word Negro. For there are five million Negrosaxons with Anglo-Saxon blood coursing in their veins. Even the five million American Negrosaxons who are pure blacks are psychologically different from the native African blacks. As long as the Negrosaxons call themselves Negroes they will be disfranchised, Jim-Crowed, segregated and lynched. The loophole out of our political and civil ostracism is to call ourselves Negrosaxons or Colored people.

But you can't make the colored leaders see this. The Negrosaxon has shown a remarkable faculty for appropriating the Anglo-Saxon ideals and absorbing and assimilating the Anglo-Saxon political sagacity and foresight. He can master Greek, Latin, French, German, science, mathematics, mechanics, agriculture, philosophy and literature. But when it comes to his own salvation, you have to take a sledge-hammer to drive anything into his head or hammer any ideas into him. He possesses more hindsight than foresight. He is as slow of comprehension of what concerns his own future welfare as the Englishman is of a joke. The Negrosaxon, Irishman or American catches on to the joke immediately. But the Englishman is slow of comprehension. He goes home, thinks it over and the next day it dawns upon him, and then he will collapse and explode with laughter.

I have said that the race problem will be solved by the colored people calling themselves Negrosaxons, or Colored people, instead of Negroes, because the word Negro misrepresents us and conveys a false impression in the minds of our Anglo-Saxon friends and critics, and suggests that we are a peculiar people. Three things will result from our calling ourselves Negrosaxons. In the first place we will see that our mission and destiny as a race is not to build up a Negro-ocracy or little Africa in America, but to appropriate Anglo-Saxon ideals and absorb and assimilate the Anglo-Saxon civilization. Some say this is a

servile imitation. No, I do not think so. The Anglo-Saxon civilization is the highest and best yet evolved in the history of the human race. The twentieth century Anglo-Saxon civilization is a stream that is fed by currents from Hebrew, Greek, Roman and German thought. It is a thread into which are woven strands of Hebrew monotheism, Greek art and philosophy, Roman law, German mysticism and philosophy and Anglo-Saxon aggressiveness and reverence for women. Fibres of Hebrew, Greek, Roman and German civilization grafted on to the Anglo-Saxon's power of initiative and love of personal freedom and independence of character, is what we find in the Anglo-Saxon civilization. And what higher purpose could the Negro have than to enter into the spiritual inheritance of such civilization and regard Milton, Hampton, Chatham, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Chinese Gordon, Samuel Adams, Emerson, Sumner, Garrison and Phillips, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe as his spiritual heroes and heroines and grow into their likeness. I know that reading Tom Brown's School Days and Tom Brown at Oxford when I was about fourteen years of age fired me with the ambition to get an education and be a man.

In the second place, if we call ourselves Negrosaxons or Colored people the white people will ultimately call us Negrosaxons or Colored people, and, in the third place, as a consequence of this, they will recognize that their blood is in our veins, and that even those Negrosaxons or Colored men who have not a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, have partaken and shared in the Anglo-Saxon civilization and built Anglo-Saxon ideals in the roots of their being and fibres of their nature. And while the Anglo-Saxon will not permit our children to marry his sons and daughters, he will still permit us to share in his civil and political life.

The carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, sulphur, potash, iron and magnesium and silicon in the blood of the pure black comes from the same American soil as do the chemical elements in the blood of the American white man. He, with the other social units in America, comes from the same American earth and draws his sustenance and nurture from the same natural bosom. And, if this is true of the physical elements that go to make up the physical structure of the pure black or Negrosaxon, how much more

real and identical is that kinship which comes from moral ideals and aspirations and intellectual faculties and their development, with all of its binding threads of language, love, labors of hope and of righteousness, the only rational end of life—to say nothing of those enduring bonds which bind the creature to the Creator, and the religious work and worship of this great Christian American nation, which has exalted in its secular and sacred life the brotherhood of man equally with the fatherhood of God; to say nothing of all the devout hearts and souls of all this nation, black and white, believing in the immortality of the soul and the eternal responsibility of man to his Maker for the observance of the divine law. This divine leaven of Christianity will yet impress itself fully and freely upon all of our government institutions and over social intercourse. To hasten that day of the new world and new social order, when the Lord's Prayer shall become the world's heritage, when His Will will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, is the duty of every American citizen, black or white, and this book is the fruit of my abiding conviction on this point —of this fact.

The term "Negro" suggests physical and spiritual kinship to the ape, the monkey, the baboon, the chimpanzee, the ourang-outang and gorilla. The term "Negrosaxon" denotes the physical kinship of half of the colored people of America and the spiritual kinship of ninety per cent. of the colored people of America to the noble Anglo-Saxon race. It is up to the Negrosaxon or Colored man to say which badge he shall wear, the badge of monkeyhood or of manhood, the badge of brutehood and bestiality or the badge of humanity. Calling ourselves "Negrosaxons" or Colored people will not let down the social barriers to us and give us entrance to Anglo-Saxon society; but it will give us the only kind of equality and opportunity that we need and desire—civil and political equality and industrial and economic opportunity. This is my commonsense inquiry, What is the use of our taking a name that misrepresents us, ethnologically and psychologically, and then hope by our deeds and achievements to purge the name of its odium? Why not take a name that ethnologically and psychologically represents us?

The term Negro passed into general circulation about three centuries ago, early in the seventeenth century, to characterize

tribes of African savages and barbarians. Its original meaning has clung to it during the past three hundred years. By the term "Negro" a being who possesses the instincts of a brute, who is uncouth in his manners and hideous to look upon, is conjured up by the imagination. This colored race is no longer a pure Negro but a mixed Caucasian and Negro race, no longer a savage but a civilized race that is fast becoming cultured. In a word, it is an entirely different race of being from the African savages to whom the term "Negro" was originally applied. We colored people in America create the race problem by calling ourselves by a name that ethnologically and psychologically suggests what one side of our ancestors were three hundred years ago. Negrosaxon, both ethnologically and psychologically, suggests what we actually are to-day, and why not call ourselves by our proper name?

Judge Samuel Hoyt of Atlanta, Ga., believing that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, said, "That which we call Negro would smell as bad by any other name." But the Judge, while eminent in legal lore, is not a philologist or psychologist. If he had understood the history of language he would have known that words have a history, certain meanings become packed up in them and they come, in the course of time, to suggest certain ideas. Now the word Negro suggests what over fifty per cent. of the colored people are not, ethnologically and psychologically, and what seventy-five per cent. will not be ethnologically and psychologically twenty years from now. It may be that the colored American is an offensive and an objectionable being to the Anglo-Saxons and always will be. But he is a little higher in the scale of being than the word "Negro" represents him to be.

Now the word Negrosaxon sounds rather queer and strange. It suggests incompatible ideas. "Negro" calls up a black, kinky-haired and heavy-featured being; "Saxon calls up a very white, flowing-haired and thin-featured being. But the term "Negrosaxon" is a linguistic symbol for a physical fact. It represents a race that is the blending of the blackest and the whitest race known to history. The sons of Japheth, seeking the black but comely daughters of Ham, gave rise to the mixed race that I call Negrosaxon or Colored. Some say that is a base origin for a race. But the duke of Normandy by his deeds and achievements changed his title name from "William the Bastard"

to "William the Conqueror." Abraham Lincoln made the world forget the dishonor that shrouded his birth and he goes down in history as the "savior of his country." Some of the ancestors of the present aristocrats and millionaires of America came over to this country two and three hundred years ago as redemptionaries, paupers, adventurers and social outcasts. So the obscurity and shame, for which black women were not responsible, of the origin of the Negrosaxon race need not deter its members from ascending the highest pinnacles of fame. Colored, then, is the colloquial and Negrosaxon the scientific term to designate the individuals now called Negroes.

NOTE.—While the author does not think the term "Negro" properly characterizes the colored American or Negrosaxons, he uses it because of common custom and because he realizes that Andrew Carnegie and Col. Theodore Roosevelt, far more powerful than he ever dreams of becoming, were unable to reform American spelling.

CHAPTER XV.

Chapter on the Laws Governing the Migration of Nations and Negro Labor and Foreign Emigrant Labor in the South.

The central fact of human history has been the migrations of nations and the laws governing such migrations. In the course of human history nine great migratory waves have swept over the world, changing the course of empires and determining the fate of nations. These migratory waves were the Mediterranean, the Aryan, the Gothic, the Saxon, the English and the European. Now to take them up in detail.

The study of Sanscrit led Max Müller and other philologists and ethnologists to conclude that Sanscrit was the mother tongue of all the Aryan peoples, that the cradle of that race and of civilization was in Asia. The Aryans were supposed to have emigrated from Asia, carrying the germs and formative elements of civilization with them. But Sergi, a professor in the University of Rome, has demolished that theory in his recent book, "The Mediterranean Race." He shows by a study of skulls and physical characteristics that there were physiological and craniological differences between the ancient Italians, Greeks, Celts, Germans and Slavs, indicating that they could not have sprung from the same human stock or been derived from the same human root. He claims that a race which came from North Africa and dwelt upon the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, was the founder of the world's first civilization. He says in his preface, "The two classic civilizations, Greek and Latin, were not Aryan, but Mediterranean. The Aryans were savages when they invaded Europe." He claims that the Germans and Scandinavian blonds, the early inhabitants of Greece and Rome, the African Berbers, the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Carthaginians and Negroes were branches of this Mediterranean race, which dwelt originally upon the north coast of Africa and then diffused itself northward into Europe and southward into Africa.

Climatic conditions working through centuries accounted for the differences in complexion. The tower-building Pelasgians or Etrurians of Greece, with their sombre religion in which Hades,

Demeter, Persephone, Dionysus, Castor and Polydeuces were prominent, and their conquerors, the Semites, who introduced Apollo, Posideon, Heracles, Hermes, Cybele, Hera, Athena, Aphrodite and Artemis, were branches of this race. Agamemnon was the last of their kings. Davidson, in his "History of Education," partly backs up Sergi, for he says, "The civilization described by Homer is not the Greek or even Aryan, but Semitic and Turanian. He writes Aryan indeed in Greek; but his myths and legends, his gods and heroes are mainly Semitic." Thus the first great migratory wave was that of the Mediterranean race, which diffused itself over Europe and Africa.

Just as the Semites drove the Pelasgians to the mountains and barren places, so about 1100 B. C., the Aryan Hellenes, in three tribes, the Æolians, Dorians and Ionians, conquered and absorbed the Mediterranean Greeks, who had been weakened by the Trojan War. And the Greek race which gave the world its philosophy and art was a blending of the Mediterranean Pelasgian and Semites and the Aryan Hellenes. The early population of Italy was composed of the Greeks and the great builders, the Etruscans, who belonged to the Mediterranean race and the Iapygian and Italians, who were Aryans. So the second great migratory wave is the Aryan, which swept into Greece about 1000 B. C. down the mountain passes from the north and across the Ægean Sea and into Italy from the north, conquering and absorbing the Mediterranean peoples and appropriating their civilization.

And now we come to three great migratory waves, or series of migratory waves—the Gothic waves which began in 120 B. C., when Marius and his Romans cut to pieces 3,000,000 armed Cimbri and 15,000 mailed knights at Vercelli; which manifested itself again five centuries later when the Goths under Fridigen in A. D. 378 destroyed two-thirds of the Roman army at Adrianople and burned the Emperor Valens in his cottage; which gathered force when Theodosius, the emperor, coquetted with the Goths; and which wave rose to its crest in 410 A. D., when Alaric and his Goths sacked Rome, after Stilicho, the giant Vandal who held the Goths at bay, had been murdered by the Emperor Honorius, who was jealous of his military fame and was afterward dethroned. Alaric died soon after his capture of Rome. Then a fierce enemy, the terrible Huns, a wild Tartar tribe, who

cut their faces to make themselves more hideous in battle and rushed into the fight uttering unearthly yells, swept down upon Rome. They drove the East Goths before them, who in turn crowded the West Goths. Finally, in 271 A. D., Aurelian admitted the Goths within the Roman Empire. About the middle of the fifth century, A. D., their greatest king, Attila, who called himself "The Scourge of God," arose. Rome by herself was unable to hurl back the swarms of Huns and Germans who under the terrible Attila bore down upon her. So she pressed into service the Goths and Franks. She played German against German and German against Hun. So in 451 A. D. the Romans, Visigoths, who were led by their king, and the Franks, who were marshaled into a mighty army under Ætius, defeated Attila with his Huns and Germans at the battle of Chalons. Valentinian was emperor at this time and, following in the footsteps of Honorius, he caused the brave Ætius to be murdered. Two years after his defeat at Chalons, Attila died. Then the Teutons and Tartars who formed his army began to wrangle and quarrel among themselves. Finally, at Netad near the Danube, the Tartars were defeated by the Teutons and the Tartar peril and menace to civilization was at an end.

But Rome was not saved. In 455 A. D., when Maximus was emperor, Genseric, the Vandal, came over from Africa, being summoned by Eudoxia, the widow of the murdered Valentinian and wife of the murderer Maximus, and sacked Rome.

Then the Gothic wave made its appearance again. And now comes the natural and logical climax to Rome's history for five centuries. When Rome conquered a country she made citizens of the conquered people and enrolled them under her banners. Barbarians under Roman leadership fought and conquered barbarians. She played off barbarian against barbarian, German against German, and German against Hun. The Goths and barbarians formed the bone and sinew of her armies. The natural and fitting climax would be that a Goth and barbarian should finally become king of Italy. This happened in 493, when Theodoric, the king of the Ostrogoths, called Dietrich Von Bern, murdered by his own hand Odoacer, a German soldier who deposed the Emperor Romulus Augustus, and was made king of Italy by the army, became king of Italy and ruled for thirty-three years.

Then Justinian, the nephew of Justin, an Illyrian peasant, ascended the throne, attempted to revive the old Roman Empire and drive out the Ostrogoths, who had ruled Italy for nearly half a century. His general, Belisarius, trapped Vitigis and his Goths at Ravenna. Belisarius was disgraced because of jealousy. Then Totila and his Goths conquered Belisarius and captured Rome. Then Narses, the terrible Eunuch, arose. He defeated and killed the sturdy Totila and his Goths in the Apennines and defeated and killed the mighty Teia and his Goths on the slopes. So between them, Belisarius and Narses exterminated the Ostrogoths and Justinian wrested the southeastern portion of Spain from the Visigoths, and it was old Rome once more for a few years. In 568 A. D., the Lombards, another German tribe, swept over Italy and ruled over her for two centuries. Then the powerful Charlemagne gathered the broken and scattered fragments of the Roman Empire into a mighty kingdom. It was broken up again after his death and from the breaking up of his empire the different nationalities arose.

The sixth migratory wave was the Saxon wave, the tribes of Jutes, Angles and Saxons who came from Europe and conquered the Britons. The seventh was the Norman-French wave, which, under William the Conqueror, crossed the English Channel and conquered the Saxons at the battle of Hastings. The eighth was the English wave which planted English colonies in Canada, America and Australia and conquered India. The ninth was the European wave which has peopled America with foreigners.

The question may be asked, Why have these great migratory waves swept over the world? Why have there been these vast migratory movements of vast bodies of men? Why have men left their native homes and wandered to foreign lands? There are four causes. Sometimes the population has become too numerous and too dense for the productive properties of the soil and there must be an overflow and outlet somewhere. Sometimes men have been doing fairly well, but have migrated to find a warmer climate, richer pastures and a more fertile soil. At one time love of adventure sent them forth. At other times again love of conquest, the desire to enlarge one's boundaries has been the propelling migratory impulse. And it seems that the present migratory wave is from Europe to America. European

peasants longingly look to America as a Promised Land that is flowing with gold and money.

MIGRATING WAVE IN THE SOUTH.

There are four dates in the history of the United States that are profoundly significant and fraught with a pregnant meaning to the student of sociology. Those dates are December 21, 1620; 1619; July 4, 1776, and 1792. They may be said to mark the ushering in of a new industrial era in the history of this country and determining the course that events should take.

On December 21, 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers stepped from the *Mayflower* and landed on Plymouth Rock. In 1619 a Dutch ship brought and sold nineteen Negroes, the first cargo of slaves, to the Jamestown Colony, Va. On July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed. And in 1792 Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin.

It has been one of the miracles of history that the men who shaped human history, changed the course of empires, founded cities and propagated religions were born in humble and obscure circumstances and many of the events which have decided the fate of nations have had a humble and obscure beginning.

Some forty centuries ago a little babe was placed in a bulrush cradle of weeds and left in the River Nile to be devoured by hungry crocodiles. And yet that babe became the prophet and lawgiver for a people that gave the world the monotheistic conception of the Godhead. And he has made the name Mount Sinai, upon which he received and wrote down the ten commandments, synonymous for the moral law that reigns supreme in our inward life and for the conscience that thunders within us.

Some nineteen hundred years ago a little babe was born in a manger, in a stable, with only a few humble shepherds to welcome his advent into this world. And yet this babe of obscure birth became the highest incarnation and expression of the divine in human form and gave the world the religion which is the life blood of our modern civilization and our hope in the life to come. To-day the nations which bear his name and are called the Christian nations are known as the civilized nations and the nations which do not bear his name are known as the heathen nations. That little babe has made his name stand for the pre-

dominating characteristic of modern civilization and has made the day, Easter Sunday, commemorate the act which crystallized the belief of the civilized world in the immortality of the human soul.

Four hundred years ago, at the dawn of the sixteenth century, a lonely monk, who had sung for alms and begged for food while on his way to college, was brooding and meditating in his cell upon the doctrine of justification by faith. And yet those spiritual conflicts, that wrestling of the spirit in the obscure cloister, resulted in that stirring of the human spirit which shook Europe from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean, from Great Britain to Russia, plunged her in a hundred years' war, broke the authority of the Pope, and the power of Spain, and bathed Sweden, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France and England in that sea of revolt which washed away the old landmarks and swept in the germinating ideas which sent the Pilgrim Fathers across the Atlantic, dethroned and beheaded an English king, Charles, and cropped in the intellectual, scientific, religious and political freedom of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The Revolutionary War, the French Revolution, the Civil War and the nineteenth and twentieth century democracy, the right of an individual to govern himself, was born in the storm and stress of Luther's soul in the internal conflicts in that cell, when there dawned upon Luther's mind the conviction that religion was the striving of the human soul for faith in God and Christ, that religion was a matter between each believing soul and his Maker and that each one had a right to interpret the Scriptures for himself.

So it has always been with the beginning of the epochal events and great movements of America. That frail bark that crossed the Atlantic in 1620 with a few score passengers bore with it the destiny of a continent. They planted the seeds of a mighty nation and founded the greatest republic that the world has yet seen. As that Dutch ship sailed up the James River in 1619, holding in its cabin nineteen African Negroes who were despised because they were black, despised because they were heathens fresh from Africa, and hence sold into slavery, little did those Dutch traders know that they were saddling upon America the most perplexing and baffling race problem the world has yet

seen, for the Sphinx riddle, the tangled skein, the Gordian knot that the American Anglo-Saxon is puzzling his brains about is how to elevate and subjugate the Negro at the same time, how to lift the Negro out of the mire of ignorance, illiteracy, immorality and pauperism, and at the same time teach him to know his place and prevent him from aspiring to reach the sunlit heights of full and complete manhood—something that has never and can never be done.

Yes, those nineteen frightened savages, who were huddled and herded in the cabin of that slave ship, have bequeathed to America the problem of the twentieth century. For the problem of the twentieth century will be, "Is modern democracy, is modern Christianity, broad enough to embrace and take in the Negro?" Can the democratic idea of the dignity of man, the Christian conception of the sublimity and majesty of human personality, be applied to the brother in black?

In the fall of 1792 Eli Whitney, a young graduate of Yale College, invented the cotton gin; little did he realize that he would spread slavery in the South and plunge America into the greatest Civil War known to history. And on November the 5th, 1906, there happened an event that attracted no attention and aroused no interest on the part of the American Negroes and yet it may be prophetic of the future misery and woe of the Southern Negro, may carry within it the germs that, like the dragon teeth, will rise as the industrial monsters who will destroy the Southern Negro. On November 5, 1906, the North German Lloyd steamer, the *Whittier,* unloaded five hundred immigrant aliens in Charleston, S. C., who will be employed as farm laborers. And in December, 1906, a South Carolina judge handed down the decision that the Alien Contract Labor Law, which prevented individuals and corporations from supplanting American labor with cheap foreign labor, does not and will not hinder State authorities from throwing out inducements for alien immigrants. What is the significance of this fact? Heretofore some of the alien immigrants have come to America because they have been lured by the glowing description that their friends on this side of the Atlantic wrote of the Paradise they found here. Others have been brought over by steamship companies. But the landing of the foreign immigrants in Charleston on November 5 and the

decision of the South Carolina judge means that if any Southern state decides that it needs ten, twenty or thirty thousand alien immigrants as farm laborers it can send for them and bring them across the Atlantic. The American Negro has overlooked the meaning of this fact.

There comes to my mind now the memorable introduction to Patrick Henry's immortal speech, "It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes to a painful truth and listen to the voice of that siren, until she transforms us into beasts."

This is strikingly true of the prevailing attitude of the mind of the American Negro. The Negro is naturally a buoyant, sanguine, hopeful, optimistic race. Possibly this is the result of his superb physical vitality and tremendous physical energy. Perhaps it is fortunate, despised, circumscribed and ostracised as he is, with ambitions fettered and aspirations limited by Anglo-Saxon caste prejudice, that the Negro can laugh and smile when he is the under dog in the fight.

But there is also a sad feature about the Negro's sanguine temperament. The Negro is not thoughtful, and lacks foresight. He has shown a remarkable faculty for absorbing and assimilating the religion, language, customs and civilization of an alien race, perhaps the most remarkable in human history. But he lacks foresight. There are exceptional and gifted individuals in the race who possess this quality; but it is not a race trait. The world was astonished when the news of the Wilmington and Atlanta riots—or Atlanta massacre, rather—was wired across the country, and those riots fell like a bolt from a clear sky upon the astonished colored people of those towns. And yet the colored people of Wilmington and Atlanta had been warned and should have been on their guard.

In Wilmington, the white people held meetings and made threats, but the colored people did not take them seriously. On the night before the Wilmington riot the mayor assembled the colored ministers and leading colored citizens and desired to know whether they would endorse Manley's editorial reflecting upon the character of Southern white women. Their reply did not reach his house before he left the next morning and assembled the mob. Had he received their reply that night the riot would

have been averted. In the summer of 1906 the colored people of Atlanta were sleeping carelessly upon a volcano, and didn't know it. When the Atlanta newspapers were offering rewards for lynching Negroes and were putting in big headlines accounts of attempted assaults, I fail to see how the colored people could believe that all was well in Zion.

A few years ago, as I traveled through the South, I read the Northern and Southern newspapers, observed the white people of the South and saw how the Negro problem was uppermost in their minds, while the masses of the Negro were as happy as Belshazzar and his feasters when the Persians were turning the river bed and entering the city to capture it, or the dancers in Belgium's capital on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, some of whom would be spilling their life's blood in the battlefield next day. Sometimes it seems to me that the Negro has the wisdom of the ostrich, which buries its head in the sand when it sees an enemy coming.

But we must not be too hard on the Negro. As a slave, he took no thought for the future; his master did that. So the Negro, as a race, has had less than fifty years in which to gain discipline by paddling his own canoe and hoeing his own row.

Heretofore, the Negro has had no industrial competitor in the South. During two hundred and fifty years of slavery and forty years of freedom, ninety or ninety-five per cent. of the agricultural and industrial work of all grades has been exclusively in the hands of the Southern Negro. During the past five or six years many immigrants, especially the Italians, have come to Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Alabama and Arkansas. They have come in great numbers to Florida, Louisiana and Texas. They are still coming to the number of twenty or twenty-five thousand a year in the South. It looks as if an agricultural wave of Italians was about to sweep into South Carolina.

When we reflect that trades unions discriminate against the Negro in the North, that in Northern cities like Boston, Newport and New York, Negro waiters, bellmen, cooks, butlers, coachmen, footmen and servant girls have been supplanted by foreigners; when we reflect that LeBon, the eminent psychologist, says that the Negro is only tolerated in the South as a useful animal, to

be shot or lynched when he manifests the first dangerous symptoms, and that the Negro will be exterminated like the Indian or banished like the Chinaman or subjugated like the Hindoo when he ceases to become a necessary industrial factor in the South; when we remember that Rev. Richard Carroll, a noted Negro educator and journalist in the South, says that the only conditions under which the Negro can survive in the South is that he become a good servant, it is well for us to pause and ask ourselves the question, "Will the foreigner supplant the Negro in the South, and, if so, what will be the fate of the Negro?"

For the year ending June 30, 1905, 8,972 immigrants were received in Florida, 5,101 in Louisiana, 4,022 in Texas, 1,609 in Virginia, 1,342 in Mississippi, 912 in Alabama, 782 in Tennessee, 681 in Kentucky, 518 in Georgia, 431 in Arkansas and a few others in other Southern States. In Florida more than one-half of the immigrants were Cuban cigar makers, but there were many Italians among them. In Louisiana and Mississippi, more than one-half of the immigrants were Italians, and in Texas many of the immigrants were Italians. In the year ending June 30, 1906, about 25,000 immigrants landed in the Southern States. Most of these landed in Texas, Florida and Louisiana; Galveston and El Paso, Texas; Key West, Fla.; and New Orleans, La., being the ports that received most of them, of whom about forty per cent. were Italian laborers and farmers.

On November 5, 1906, the North German Lloyd steamer *Whittier* unloaded nearly six hundred alien immigrants in Charleston, S. C., who will be employed as agricultural laborers. And in 1906, South Carolina appropriated $20,000 to bring over desirable foreign immigrants.

During the past five or six years, North German Lloyd steamers have carried a farming class to Galveston, Texas. New Orleans has been an open port for many years. The Italians have been coming for distribution as farm hands in Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas during the last five or six years. In recent years, too, an industrial and immigration wave has swept over North Carolina, bringing in foreigners who have built cotton mills and factories and have been employed in manufacturing industries.

So we may safely say that since the twentieth century has set in about one hundred thousand immigrants have been received into the South. The greater part of these have settled in the Gulf States, and a large per cent. of them were Italian laborers. Then, the fact that last December, a South Carolina judge handed down the decision that the alien contract labor law, which prevents individuals and corporations from supplanting American labor by cheap foreign labor, does not prevent the State from offering inducements to immigrants, means that any Southern State has a right to pay the transportation for any immigrant whom it may need. The indications are that in the next quarter of a century over a half million, perhaps a million immigrants will be received into the South, and the question is, Will the immigrant crowd the Negro laborer to the wall in the South?

NEGRO LABOR IN THE SOUTH.

The cry goes up that the Negro is leaving the farms and flocking to the cities; that he won't work, etc. I have visited farming communities in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Kentucky. I have attended farmers' conferences in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and I have arrived at certain conclusions. Most of those who find fault with Negro laborers regard the old slave as the ideal Negro laborer, a being who works hard all day for his food and raiment and receives no pay. I saw colored farm hands in and near Camden and Orangeburg, S. C., and DeLand and Palatka, Fla., leaving the farms and going to the turpentine camps, where they could receive more pay. Major James Albert Clarke of the Bureau of Immigration in Washington, D. C., says that when he paid Negroes one dollar a day to ditch and build and work for him at Carolina Beach, Va., they left the farms, where they were paid ten or fifteen dollars a month, or where they were in debt to the man for whom they worked, and who supplied them with pork and meal.

Then, again, Negro farm hands flock to the cities because they can get better police protection there. So we may lay it down as an axiomatic truth:—The Negro will not work hard for starvation wages any more than the white man will. But how about

the Negro who works for himself or receives good pay? In the tobacco factory of Duke, in Durham, N. C.; in the cotton press of Sprunt, in Wilmington, N. C.; in the Atlantic Coast Lumber Company of Georgetown, S. C.; on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad in Florence, S. C., and in Jesup and Waycross, Ga., and along the wharves in Brunswick and Savannah, Ga., and Jacksonville, Fla., where the Negro receives good pay, he works hard. Then, when I recall that William Wade, a colored farmer in Malee, N. C., who owns over a thousand acres; Deal Jackson of Georgia, who markets the first bale of cotton each year, and Cody Bryant of Covington, Ga., worth over $1,000,000, all started poor—when I recall the prosperous colored farmers that I met in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, in Danville and Lexington, Ky.; when I recollect that the census reports of 1900 show that the Negroes in Georgia own 26,636 homes, and are worth $80,501,600; that the Negroes in Mississippi own 28,855 homes, and are worth $77,122,000; that the Negroes in Alabama own 23,536 homes, and are worth $71,346,000; that the Negroes in Louisiana own 21,023 homes, and are worth $56,105; that the Negroes in Virginia own 46,248 homes, and are worth $51,412,000; when I recollect that this wealth has been accumulated during the past forty years; that the Southern Negro when emancipated hardly owned the brogans upon his feet,—I am constrained to admit that the Negro is a hustler.

WILL THE IMMIGRANT CROWD THE NEGRO TO THE WALL?

We now come to a very grave and serious question, one to which divergent answers have been given. One class of students of Southern conditions claims that the Italian is a harder worker than the Negro; the other says that he is not. It seems that most men generalize the Negro from the few Negroes with whom they come in contact. But I will present both views and draw conclusions. In Louisiana the Italians, in planting and cultivating cotton, worked the lands up to the ditches, fences and river banks, while the Negro cotton raisers are said to only scrape the middle. The Italians rented land and picked their cotton so quickly that they could hire out to Negro farmers who were said to be too lazy to work hard and fast. The Italians plant vines and make

their own wine as in Italy. They grow plenty of fruit, own fine farms, put up fine buildings, make money and are said to be getting ahead of the Negro in Louisiana, Alabama and Arkansas. That is one side of the picture. Now for the other.

Senator Paddock was chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture in the early eighties, and he investigated the cotton product in the National exposition. General Humphries of Texas, who had charge of the Negroes' part of the Farmers' Alliance, and Colonel Polk of North Carolina, head of the Farmers' Alliance, reported to him, and this is Senator Paddock's report, so I am informed by Professor Jesse Lawson of Washington. The Chinaman rattled his tin god and bowed to it. The Italian worked as he chose. The German wanted to be his own boss. Each German thought he was an emperor in himself and that he could evolve a god out of his own consciousness. The Negro was the best workman.

Dr. E. W. Lampton, the late bishop of the A. M. E. Church, has had abundant opportunity to observe the immigrants in Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee and Arkansas. And this was the substance of his observations. Immigrants can be brought over in car loads. But it takes about as much money to watch them at work and prevent them from running away as to pay their transportation. They will work hard and faithfully until their transportation is paid. Then they will walk off in the day or leave at night. The Italians can and will work as hard as the Negro, but you can't keep them at it. There are three or four instances in Mississippi where the Italians have made a cotton crop. As soon as the cotton crop was laid by, you could find them with their baskets of bananas and fruits. When asked about harvesting their crops and paying their bills, they would say to the boss man, "I will pay you." When asked how, the Italian would reply, "By this," pointing to his basket.

My own view is that there is a measure of truth in each of these views. If the Italians should immigrate to the Southland in large numbers, they would probably prove a very formidable and dangerous industrial competitor to the Southern Negro. For generations the Italian has been schooled in the school of bitter adversity and poverty. He has been forced to subsist upon small wages. He has been trained in thrift, frugality and economy.

The Italian laboror did superb work in the New York subway and the new Union Depot in Washington, D. C.

On the other hand, from my knowledge of the Italian venders and storekeepers and of Jewish merchants in New Haven, Conn.; from my knowledge of Syrian confectioners in Wilmington, N. C., and of Jewish merchants in Durham, N. C., Savannah, Ga., and Greenville, Miss., I observe that the Jewish, Italian and Syrian immigrant endeavors to get away from drudgery and enter upon mercantile life.

IS IMMIGRANT LABOR SUPERIOR TO NEGRO LABOR?

Now we come to the vital question that concerns the industrial and agricultural welfare of the Southern Negro. Is the immigrant superior to the Southern Negro as a workman? It is hard at this early date to arrive at conclusions. Unfortunately, the Negro problem is not taken seriously; but is flippantly discussed. Nearly every Caucasian schoolboy or newsboy has his theory for the solution of the Negro question. The Northern tourist reclines cosily in the Pullman palace car as he is being whirled through the Sunny South, takes a sweeping glance at a few log cabins and Negro loungers and loiterers around the depot, consults a few prejudiced Southerners who employ Negroes, and returns North prepared to deliver a series of lectures, or write a series of articles, upon the "Brother in Black," and the "Southern Situation." What he really gives is the race problem as seen from a Pullman. President Roosevelt, in his Panama Canal message, seemed to regard the Italian and Spaniard as superior to the Negro laborer. I am inclined to take a middle ground with regard to Mr. Roosevelt. I neither regard him as an infallible judge on the one hand, nor a boasting demagogue on the other hand. He is a brave soldier, a born leader of men, and a resourceful politician. In a word, he is a successful man of action and as such has all of the merits and defects of a man of action. The virtue of a man of action is that he can think and act quickly in an emergency, and in the main be correct. Now, Mr. Roosevelt possesses this quality in a preëminent degree. In one respect, the man of action is superior to the man of thought. There is a virus to the academic life, an insidious danger in the life of contemplation and introspection. This was seen in a mild form

in the poet Gray and Walter Pater, and in a more serious form in Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, Samuel Coleridge and Coventry Patmore. These three men carried introspection and reflection to such a point and degree that it resulted in paralysis of the will and indecision of character. We see Hamlet in Shakespeare's play hesitating and doubting and baffled and perplexed. Now, the man of action escapes this.

But the habit of thinking and acting quickly, of relying upon keen perceptions and quick intuitions, prevents the man of action having that cautious attitude of mind that carefully sifts and weighs evidence, balances authorities and then in a calm and judicial spirit comes to a decision. And that is why Mr. Roosevelt sometimes errs.

NEGRO LABOR IN THE SOUTH.

According to the census reports of 1900, the American Negro in the South owned 376,036 homes, and his wealth was estimated at $937,830,000, exclusive of school and church property, which is valued at about $100,000,000.

When the Southern Negro was emancipated in 1865, with the exception of the free Negroes of Charleston, S. C., whose wealth was estimated at nearly $2,000,000, and the free Negroes of New Orleans, La., he hardly owned the brogans on his feet. But in 1900, thirty-five years later, there were twelve Southern states, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia, where the Negro's wealth was estimated at over $30,000,000 in each state.

In 1900, there were eight colored States, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia, where the Negro's wealth was estimated at over $40,000,000 in each state; five Southern States, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Virginia, where the Negro's wealth was estimated at over $50,000,000 in each state; three Southern States, Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama, where the Negro's wealth was estimated at over $70,000,000 in each state. Some have claimed that these figures, which appeared in a colored man's paper in Washington, D. C., are exaggerated. Oftentimes property is assessed at less than its market value.

PART III.

A THREAD TO GUIDE ONE THROUGH THE MAZES OF THE COLOR QUESTION.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Key to the Solution of the Race Question.

I. THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE COLOR QUESTION.

I believe that in a few paragraphs I can state the philosophy underlying this book. I do not believe that the Negro is outside of the pale of humanity and that he is such a peculiar being that he needs a different kind of training, a different kind of treatment from other men. I do not believe that any one formula, recipe or prescription will solve the race question. I do not believe that industrial education alone is the universal panacea for all of the colored man's ills and ailments. It took the farm, the workshop, the mill, the factory, the bank, the store, the public school, the college, the church and civil and political liberty to make this country what it is. And I believe that it will take all of these, nothing less and nothing more, to make anything of the Negro. If I am asked, "What does the Negro need most, industrial or higher education?" I reply, "He needs both!" If I am asked, "What does the Negro need most, wealth or the ballot?" I reply, "He needs both." Why? Because he is a man and not a monkey, because he is a full-fledged man in all that the name implies, and not half a man as some of the colored brother's friends would endeavor to make him believe.

Then, some one may ask, "What do you think of the Jim Crow car and of social equality?" I don't care the snap of the finger for social recognition. I don't hunger and thirst and hanker and crave for the society of men and women. As to whether I am invited to dine by any man, white or colored; as to whether I am invited to any social function, are minor concerns of my life. When I was at Yale, my happiest moments were when I would take my Emerson and Carlyle and my Irish terrier, named "Birdie," go out to the Slaughter woods and West Rock on some spring or fall day, look down upon the dreaming, sleepy quiet village of Westville, which was nestled so cosily among the trees, watch the play of sunlight and of shade, see the stream lazily dreaming its way through the meadows and, with the blue

sky above me for a canopy, drink in the beauty of nature, as I brooded over the mystic words of two lofty thinkers. What is the hollow and artificial life of man, with its vainglories and petty rivalries and prejudices, compared to the memory of such golden moments as these, when I saw all nature radiant with the glory of a present God?

Then, too, there were some memorable experiences and memorable days at Harvard, when inspiration came to me in the presence of memorials of the past. I well remember the Sunday in May when I first visited Concord, Mass. It was a beautiful afternoon, with just enough haze in the atmosphere to relieve the glaring brilliancy of the noonday sun and to soften the outlines of the trees. I remember coming to a lonely lane. It was in a quiet, secluded spot, running off from the main road and far away from the business center of the town. It seemed that the Almighty intended to hallow and consecrate this spot, by placing it at a distance from the center of trade and the wranglings, quarrelings, and contentions of men. It was a beautiful lane, shaded by four rows of trees, with the statue of the Minute Man of '76 at the end of the lane. Unless I confuse it with the statue of a minute man I have seen elsewhere, it is a bold, defiant youth, who, with flashing eye, and set lips, and bared chest, holds a gun. The fire of battle is in his eye. He seems eager for the fray. And there is the bridge just beyond and from the bridge rises the hill that is crowned by the house from which Emerson's grandfather witnessed the fight.

It was down this hill that the New England patriots marched, and here it was that the "embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." I would call this place the meeting of the waters. Three or four quiet, peaceful lakes and lazy, lingering streams seem to meet and mingle their waters under this bridge. Heaven seems to have shed its benediction upon this scene, and then I asked, Will I ever in reality be able to share in the glorious memories of those heroic days?

And then I reflected. The colored boy pursues the same and yet different ideals from the white boy. Ambitions which appeal powerfully to the white boy touch him not at all. Hopes and fears and longings and sorrows, too deep for tears, that the white boy knows nothing of, visit him constantly and stir him

deeply. On Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day, he hears of the bravery of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the heroism and patriotism of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry, of Otis and Hancock and Warren, of Israel Putnam and General Stark at the battle of Bennington, and straightway goes into a world where the rattle of musketry in the streets of Boston and the thunders of Bunker Hill, the story of Paul Revere's ride and the ringing of Independence Bell, sends no thrills of patriotism. The white boy who sweeps out an office may some day become president of the bank. The white boys who sells newspapers in the railroad cars may some day become the president of the railroad corporation, and the white boy who blacks your boots or splits rails may some day become the President of the United States. But no such vista stretches out before the colored boy. His horizon is limited, his sphere circumscribed. His activities are confined to a narrow circle. The trades unions discriminate against him in the North and East. Certain callings are closed to him. He is barred from them.. In others he can go to a certain point but there must stop, regardless of his ability, aspiration and ambition. And I regard it as a healthy sign that the caste prejudice is teaching the Negro self-reliance and that colored men are going into business for themselves.

No, I do not care for the attractions of society, but I will speak the truth: I do hate, when I am in the South, to be constantly reminded of the fact that the color of my skin is different from that of most of the other American citizens. I do hate to be constantly annoyed, insulted, humiliated, treated with open contempt, taunted with my inferiority and forced to feel that I belong to a despised race, as when a white clerk in a manufacturer's office told me when I introduced myself as Mr. Ferris, "We don't call you people by the title of Mr." (Mr. is a title of respect in the South and denotes a gentleman, which is of course too high a title for a Negro), or, when I heard the sign over one door at the Atlanta Exhibition read, "Negroes and dogs not allowed." I do not enjoy or relish the inferior and uncomfortable accommodations that are given colored people on the Jim Crow car. I think it a shame that a colored lady of culture and refinement is unable to secure a berth in a sleeping car. I do hate to be constantly

reminded of the fact in the South that I am a Negro, not a man. I don't like to always feel I am of a darker complexion, my hair is not as straight and my features not as aquiline as those of most of the other American citizens. It is refreshing for me to visit a little town like Beaufort, S. C., where the thought of color, color, color, color, is not always brought to the front and emphasized and where the two races dwell together in peace and harmony.

I like to feel rather that I am a human being, that I belong to the human family. I like to feel that I belong to the genus vir as well as to the genus homo. I like to feel that the same flag waves over me that waves over the white man. I like to feel that the Stars and Stripes is the emblem and symbol of the government to which I belong as an integral part and not as an alien. I like to feel that it protects me as well as the white man. I like to feel that there is a divine spark within my soul. I like to feel that a divinity stirs within me no less than in my white brother. I like to feel that I am an immortal soul, dwelling for the space of a few short years in this tabernacle of flesh, in this temple of clay. I like to feel that the same God who speaks in thunder tones in the conscience of the white man lives and moves and has his being and manifests his inmost nature in my reason, and higher impulses and higher instincts, too.

Some people say that the Negro must not expect too much, after only forty years of freedom. But in the year 1800, A. D., every one of my ancestors, with two exceptions, were living, moving, breathing as free men and women. And the love of liberty was such an inborn quality and characteristic of their souls, that these two would not, and could not, be kept as slaves. They secured their freedom immediately after the War of 1812.

Sixty years ago to-day, both of my grandfathers were property owners. The blood of the warlike Delaware Indians flows in my veins. My father, my uncles and grand uncles, fought in the late Civil War. Some of my relatives baptized with their blood the soil of this country in order that "this nation, under God, might have a new birth of freedom." Haven't I some rights in this country? Does not this country owe me as much as it does the foreigner who came over yesterday?

II. WILL WEALTH ALONE SAVE THE NEGRO?

Then some say, "The Negro must do something, must have a material foundation for his prosperity." This is all very true, but I believe that the foundation upon which the race needs to build is the bed rock of manhood and womanhood, and not the shifting sands of cowardice and sycophancy.

It is as true to-day as it was in the days of Paul, that the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are unseen are eternal. The works of the hand perish before the wind, the rain, the corroding forces of the atmosphere, and the wear and tear of time, but the products of the mind endure forever. The Parthenon, the marbles of Phidias, the buildings on the Acropolis and all the memorable works of the age of Pericles are crumbling away. Soon not a vestige of them will remain. But the writings of Plato and Aristotle, the orations of Demosthenes, the poems of Homer and Pindar, and the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides still live; and when every last one of the material landmarks of the age of Pericles shall have succumbed before the corroding forces of nature and the abuse of man, and shall have passed into oblivion, the literary products of that brilliant moment in Grecian civilization will still remain as the imperishable treasures of the human mind.

Go to mighty Rome, that city of one million souls, which once ruled the entire world. What has become of the Coliseum, of the temples of the Gods, and the palaces of the Roman emperors? They are a mass of ruins, but schoolboys still read the orations of Cicero, still admire his exposure of Catiline's conspiracy and his eloquent defense of the poet Archias, still delight to scan the lines of Vergil beginning:

> Arma virumque cano. Troiae qui primus ab oris.
> Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinia venit
> Littora; multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,
> Vi superum, saevae memorem Junonis ob iram;
> Multo quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem,
> Inferretque deos Latis! genus unde Latinum
> Albanique patres, atque altae meonia Romae,
> Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso.

The Gothic cathedrals and rugged castles of the middle ages are crumbling into decay. Some of the old mediæval abbeys

are in ruins; but Dante's divine poem, which Carlyle called, "the voice of ten silent centuries," will ever remain as the literary monument, the literary expression of the genius, and the religious hopes and aspirations and cravings and longings of the benighted souls of the Middle Ages.

Gone is the temple of Solomon, once the pride of the Hebrew world. The glories of the old Jerusalem have passed away, but the reflections of Job, the poetry of the Psalms, the splendid visions of Isaiah, the profound words of John and the burning eloquence of Paul still stir our hearts and minds. Yes, it is true that the works of man shall perish, but the word of our "God" will abide forever.

Despite the at tuba terribili, sonitu taratantara dixit of Booker T. Washington, and the other prophets of Baal and worshippers of the brazen calf, I still believe that Jesus Christ is the greatest builder the world has yet seen. You could take all of the kings of finance from the time of Crœsus to the present day; all of the statesmen from Khufu to Gladstone; all of the conquerors from Pepi of Egypt to Napoleon, and estimate the permanent value of their works, and you would probably find that their combined influence would hardly surpass that of the lowly Nazarene. He sowed a few germinal thoughts like seed corn in the minds of a few chosen disciples. They grew and developed and were reproduced in ten thousand times ten thousand men. The soul of one man, the Apostle Paul, was touched by these thoughts. He stood against the Roman Empire, which reached from Germany on the north to the wilds of Africa on the south, which stretched from Great Britain on the west to the Parthian empire in the eastern part of Asia. The whole world was shaking beneath the triumphant tread of Roman soldiers. Her eagles were flying at the head of her victorious legions.

Human slavery was embedded in the very fibre and woven in the very web and woof of the Roman civilization. What could one man do against the great, the vast Roman Empire?

But Paul said, "I preach Christ and him crucified." He was stoned by a mob, beaten with rods, and beaten with stripes. He was shipwrecked three or four times. He floated for a day and a night on the great deep. He languished in prison. Bound with fetters upon his wrists, a chained and manacled prisoner, he

still wrote letters that thrilled and inspired Christendom. He faced centurions and Roman governors. He addressed the cultured Greeks from the historic Mars Hill. The flaming enthusiasm and burning zeal of those Christian martyrs, who went singing to be torn in pieces by lions in the Roman Amphitheater, and whose burning bodies lighted up the gardens of the infamous Nero, penetrated the inmost core and kernel of his being. What was the result? Christ, through Paul, conquered the Roman Empire.

And when Rome, weakened by licentious ease, was unable to stem the advancing tide of the sturdy, hardy barbarians, and yielded to the rugged Goths, who poured over the Roman frontiers; Christ, through the Christian religion, which was embodied in the Roman civilization, overawed and impressed and conquered and tamed the barbaric Teutons.

I know that this is the age of practical atheism. Men scan the heavens with the telescope, they examine plants and microbes with the microscope, and they say they see no God. But His image is engraved upon the human conscience, and written in the ideals of the human heart, and His nature is expressed in those moral imperatives which, springing up in the human mind, we know not whence, we know not how, are the impulses to all human progress. And unless the iron of manhood enters the blood of the Negro youth, unless the nerve of manliness is incorporated into the sinews and fibres of his moral nature, the Negro will never amount to anything. We must have for our foundation faith in God, and faith in manliness and womanhood. Then we can get all the wealth and buy all the land that we can.

When Christ said to Peter, "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," on which Peter was he to build the church? On the timid, hesitating, doubting and denying Peter? No, but the Peter, whose God was a man of war, the Peter who was so rooted and grounded in his faith in God that he had the boldness and lionlike courage to defy and face a frowning world; this was the Peter on which Christ was to build his church.

Let us then lay first the foundation, deep and strong, in the manhood and womanhood of the race. And then we can add wealth and culture, and the comforts and luxuries of life.

When was it that the civilizations of Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, Constantinople and Spain crumbled away, and when did those nations fall before the attacks of other more vigorous people? Was it not when they had become enervated by luxury and ease and licentiousness? When was it that the Persian, Greek, Roman and Spanish soldiers swept opposing armies before them as with the onward sweep of a mighty torrent? Was it not when those nations were rugged and sturdy and strong, were in the youthful period of life and were characterized by simplicity and simple tastes?

I realize that in an age which has witnessed the invention of the telephone, telegraph, phonograph, and vitascope, etc.; I realize that in an age which has witnessed the marvelous development of the material resources of this country and the miraculous accumulation of great wealth in the hands of a few individuals, the doctrine that the race problem will be solved by the colored man's getting wealth, seems very plausible. But money-making alone will not solve the race question.

The Phœnicians were once the traders and merchants of the ancient world. Egypt, Persia, Greece and Spain were once mighty empires, but wealth did not save them. Babylon once reveled and rioted in wealth and luxury. Athens, the home of philosophers, orators, statesmen, scholars, artists and poets, was once basking in the sunshine of material prosperity. Carthage was once the queen of commerce and the mistress of the sea. Rome was once blessed by seeing the wealth of the entire world pouring at her feet, and the nations of the world prostrating themselves before her. Constantinople was once the metropolis of the Eastern world. Florence was once a flourishing and art-loving city. And yet all of these magnificent cities fell in power, and saw their ancient glory fade away. All of them, with one exception, heard the tramp of conquering armies within their city gates. Go to Babylon, Athens, Carthage, Rome, Constantinople and Florence and you will everywhere see the relics and remains of a glory that has departed, of a grandeur that has passed away.

There can be no doubt that wealth gives a man great power and influence. A rich man can surround himself with all of the comforts and luxuries of life. He can go abroad or to the

Adirondacks, to California, Colorado and Florida, whenever a whim seizes him, or the necessities of his health require it. He can buy up orators and writers, lawyers and judges, mayors and governors and congressmen and senators. He can control the judiciary and corrupt the fountain sources of legislation. And David Graham Phillips, in his brilliant articles in the *Cosmopolitan* upon "Treason in the Senate," says that a few multi-millionaires, through Senators Depew, Aldrich and Gorman and others, have their hands upon the throttle valve of the United States Senate. But great as is the power and influence of the immensely rich, unless like the Stokes, Thornes, Harrisons, Schiffs and Sloanes of New York, the Hazards and the Wetmores of Rhode Island, the Masons and Cranes of Massachusetts, and the Hearsts of California, their hearts have been touched by the humanitarian waves of thought and feeling that have swept over the country, their riches avail nothing.

Then, again, the doctrine that a Negro must acquire property before he secures his manhood rights, means that the Negro, whose sweat and toil has made possible the Southern aristocracy, must acquire wealth to secure the rights that the ragged immigrant secures from the mere fact that he is a man. It furthermore means that we must take Jesus Christ, the Apostle Paul, Martin Luther, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Revolutionary Fathers, the Abolitionists, Phillips Brooks, Richard Salter Storrs, Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, George William Curtis, Dante, Milton, Carlyle and Emerson down from the lofty pedestals upon which the gratitude and common sense of manhood have placed them, and admit that they were pursuers of chimeras and mirages. It means that a man must be a millionaire before he is a man. It means that it is no longer the fashion to estimate and rate a man for what he himself is, for his intrinsic worth as a man.

III. OUGHT THE COLORED BROTHER TO ASPIRE TO BE A MAN?

Some people are confused about the race problem. But I believe that it only requires the exercise of a little common sense to understand and solve the problem. It seems to me that even a child ought to be able to grasp the color question as easily as he learns his alphabet. Let us remove the colored glasses of our preconceived notions and prejudices and look at the prob-

lem in the clear light of reason. The Negro is not a dog nor a slave, not a monkey nor an ape, not a jackass nor a mule—but a man. And hence he deserves not the treatment of a dog, slave, monkey, ape, jackass, or mule—but a man's treatment. Let us no longer lump all of the Negroes in a mass and treat all alike. But let us recognize individual differences and treat colored men and women as individuals. Let us give each colored person the education, training, treatment and opportunities that his talents, ability and character, his natural tastes and aptitudes and inclinations require that he should have. If we banish to the limbo of exploded ideas the theory, regnant in the days of slavery, that the Negro is a soulless brute, no longer will the ghost of Negro domination or the nightmare of social equality disturb our peaceful slumbers. The members of New York's Four Hundred do not invite the Irish immigrants to their social functions. The descendants of the old Puritans, who came over in the *Mayflower,* do not entertain the Jewish banana vender in their parlors, and yet they treat them as human beings and not as beasts of the field.

This is all that the brother in black asks. It is not an abstract question of theoretical rights; but the simple, practical question as to whether the Negro is or is not a man. Our Anglo-Saxon friends are shocked and surprised when they see a colored man manifesting manliness and spirit and sensitiveness. It seems now to be political heresy for a colored man to emulate the spirit of the heroes of the Anglo-Saxon race. And a colored man who is interested in literature, art and philosophy is dreaded as if he were an anarchist or fire-eater.

All my life, I have in the grammar and high schools, in the college and graduate schools, been taught by white men, and sat by the side of white students. Now the Anglo-Saxon ideals of manliness have become part of my mental and moral constitution. No man can study in Yale or Harvard without being affected by the atmosphere and catching the spirit of these two institutions of learning. Besides, my ancestors on both my mother's and father's side were high-minded and high-spirited people. My parents, grandparents and six of my great-grandparents never groaned under the yoke of slavery, never trembled with fear at a master's frown, never heard the crack or felt the sting of a

slave-driver's whip, never bled under the lash, nor shuddered at the far-off bay of the dreaded bloodhound. And old Enoch Jefferson, my great-grandfather, resolved one day to be his own master. He rose in the dignity, strength and majesty of his manhood, threw off the yoke of slavery, and stepped forth a free man. It is reported that he spent one Sunday in the woods and by the creek planning his escape. He returned home Sunday night. His master asked him where he had been. He said to church. His master asked him what the text was. Enoch replied, "You shall look for me in the morning and shall not find me." Sure enough, next morning, Enoch was missing. He had taken the wings of the morning and departed for parts unknown. This story has been repeated in different parts of the country. But I understand that my ancestor actually uttered these words. He was the father of about a dozen boys and six daughters. Most of his sons and many of his grandsons became farmers. His son David, who lives in Middletown, Del., and my grandfather Enoch became very successful farmers. The Jeffersons in Delaware excelled as brickmakers, farmers, wrestlers and athletes. My grandfather Enoch and his wife were raised and trained by Philadelphia Quakers, and I suppose that is why their ideals were so high. His wife was one half Indian, one quarter Negro, and one quarter Caucasian. My grandfather, David Ferris, was a hard worker, and a fiery preacher. His ancestors were emancipated at the time of the Revolutionary War. Coming from such a splendid stock, and being bred and born in New England, being saturated with New England traditions, admiring Samuel Adams and Israel Putnam, even as a schoolboy, is it strange that I have absorbed and assimilated the white man's aggressive spirit and ideals, while I still retain the Negro's buoyant, optimistic and hopeful nature?

Professor Ladd, Professor Duncan, Professor Sneath, Professor Sumner, Dean Wright and Dean Phillips of Yale, and the other Yale professors, gave me a sound philosophy. But Thomas Carlyle, Frederick Douglass, Alexander Crummell, and George T. Downing developed the combative instinct which was born in me. But I believe that Professor DuBois has had as much influence over my ideals as any other man. When I heard him read his paper upon "The Conservatism of Race Traits,

and Tendencies of the Negro," at a meeting of the American Negro Academy in Washington, in March, 1897, I trained my guns upon DuBois and severely criticised him. But the more I reflected the more truth I saw in his views. Dean Everett, Professor Royce, and Professor James of Harvard broadened my conception of life. But the strenuous spirit of my great-grandfather, Enoch Jefferson, who burst asunder the bonds of slavery, lives in me, and that is why, while I admire Booker T. Washington for the consummate ability with which he organized and marshalled his forces at Tuskeegee, I cannot accept his view that the Negro should remain at the foot of the ladder, should extol as blessings in disguise, Jim Crow cars, and should give up the ballot and officeholding.

I look at the situation philosophically. The white man in the South dominates the Negro psychologically and the Negro must adapt and adjust himself to him, because he has the wealth, the government and press on his side. But sooner or later the day must come—it will come, when the civil and political status of the Negro will be determined, not by the color of his skin, but by his intrinsic worth as a man. What the Negro has to do is to make the most of his present opportunities, and never lose sight of the fact that the ultimate solution of the color question will never be found until he has all of the rights guaranteed him by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, and is clothed with the full paraphernalia of manhood.

I believe that the race question will be brought to a focus and a crucial test in Georgia, and that Georgia will be the battle-ground and storm-center where the problems centering around the civil and political rights will be fought out. The situation is more acute and the friction between the races greater in Georgia than in any other State. In the first place, there are more wealthy and educated Negroes in Georgia than in any other State. Then the white men in Georgia taunt and goad and wave the red flag before the Negro more than they do in Beaufort, Charleston, Summerville, Orangeburg, Denmark, or Georgetown, South Carolina, or some towns in North Carolina, Florida, and Kentucky. I don't say that there is any more prejudice in Georgia than in the other States. But the Georgian does not sugar-coat his pills, or administer his medicine in homœopathic doses

He is not as courteous and as polite as the South Carolina aristocrat. And one will see the haughty, arrogant spirit, the contempt of the Caucasian for the Negro, in its plain, unvarnished simplicity in Georgia. Thus the Negro, except in Savannah, Brunswick and Darien, is irritated more in Georgia than in the two Carolinas, Kentucky and Florida; and the Georgia Negro is intelligent and wealthy enough to be manly and self-assertive. Hence there is likely to be an interesting development in Georgia. Then again, there are in Georgia men like Rev. H. S. Bradley, D.D., of Atlanta, Judge E. H. Callaway of Augusta, Ga., Attorney D. L. Clarke and Colonel J. H. Estill of Savannah, Ga., who believe in giving the Negro a man's chance in life, and that is all that a sensible man wants.

Editor B. J. Davis, of the Atlanta *Independent,* in the issue of April 19th, in an able editorial under the headlines, "The Case is Made, and Burden of Proof is upon the Negro," says: "The celebration (referring to the twenty-fifth jubilee celebration at Tuskeegee) demonstrates beyond cavil this moral certainty, the white man North and South has agreed upon the solution of the Negro problem. Both sections have agreed to put it up to the black man and leave it to him to fix his status in the social order upon his neighbors and compel the estimate that they shall place upon his worth as a man and citizen. Instead of depending on self, the Negro, to his hurt, depended too much upon the Republican party, and for something to happen out of the ordinary in Yankeedom." Now, Editor Davis in a very able manner unravels his text. It applies to any man, black or white, that he must acquire the wealth, the education, the character and manliness that the community requires and demands in those it would respect and honor. But it seems to me this editorial really begs the question and dodges the main issue. The Negro confronts the bars of race prejudice. Suppose his Caucasian neighbors tell the Negro, "thus high shalt thou rise, and no higher"; suppose the decree goes out, that not even the wealthy and educated Negroes can hold office in the South; suppose the Negro is disfranchised, under terms that are contrary to the spirit and the letter of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Federal Constitution; suppose Jim Crow car laws are passed that fly in the face of interstate commerce laws,—what then?

There are two classes of men and women in the world. There are those who believe in submitting and succumbing to the existing moral, religious, social and political evils, and there are those who believe in a finish fight with injustice and unrighteousness. They believe in going into the battle determined to conquer or die. They believe in winning out, or going down with their colors flying and banners floating to the breeze. I will admit that there are times when a man must stoop to conquer. But generally the soldiers who go into battle determined, in the words of the Spartan mother, to return with their shields or upon them, are the winners in life's battles as well as in war.

The man who impresses his convictions, his ideas, and ideals, and hopes and aspirations upon his fellows, and dominates his associates by the sheer force of his own transcendent personality, is the real maker of history.

William Pitt the elder, called the Great Commoner, afterwards made the Earl of Chatham, is my ideal leader. He swayed men by appealing to their imagination, by charging them with his own faith and enthusiasm, his own passion and patriotism. If a man is to bring a message to men and implant in them his own fundamental and basal ideas regarding life and its meaning, he must be something more than a tactful diplomat or clever compromiser. To be an intellectual and moral force in the world a man must be free to assert his individuality. A man whose individuality has lost its color and flavor is like a faded rose which has parted with its fragrance and sweetness.

Now the problem is, can this ideal of manhood be realized by a colored man in the South and in a colored college? Can a colored man be a man here? An independent thinker, who, like the Hebrew prophets of old, speaks with a "Thus-saith-the-Lord" authority and blazes a path through the unknown, is always a potent factor in civilization, always a force to be reckoned with. Julius Cæsar, Oliver Cromwell, John Calvin, and Napoleon Bonaparte, at certain crises of history, saw that to be masters of the situation and control the discordant elements, they must lay aside their democratic and republican ideals and inaugurate an imperialistic form of government, with the seat of authority residing in one man. They burned their bridges behind them, carried the war into Africa, bearded the lion in his den, took the bull by the horns, and came off victors.

The prophets like Paul, Mohammed, Calvin, and Wesley, the soldiers like Cæsar, Napoleon and William the Conqueror, the religious heroes like Luther and Cromwell, the statesmen like William Pitt the elder, who possess an irrepressible individuality, who do not get discouraged and disheartened when obstacles and opposition loom up before them in gigantic proportions, but in whom all the lion in their natures rises at the sight of difficulties, who gather all of their forces together, and hurl themselves against the obstacles and drive through the opposition with the force of a moving catapult or flying wedge, these are the great captains of history and the epoch-makers.

It is no doubt true that it is the height of absurdity and foolhardiness for a man to lower his head and run at full tilt against a mountain; it is suicidal for a man to stand in the middle of the track and crash into a locomotive coming at full speed, as an angry bull and an English bull dog once did. But history teaches us that the men who, when they have a fighting chance to win, go into the fray and risk their lives, their all,—go in determined to come out conquerors or meet their Waterloo, usually turn seeming defeat into victory, as Cæsar and Napoleon more than once did, as William the Conqueror did at Hastings and Phil Sheridan did at Winchester. It is related that at the Battle of Hastings the report spread amongst the Norman invaders that William the Conqueror was slain. This scattered and disorganized them. But, in a voice of thunder, William cried out, "I live and by God's grace will conquer yet!" He rallied his disheartened forces and won out on that memorable day at Hastings. Why is it?

There is no one quality of the human mind that is so contagious as courage. The preacher, the statesman, the reformer, the soldier, who possesses an unconquerable and indomitable spirit, who never gives up, who never knows defeat, who never says die, can charge a thousand, yea a million men with his own faith and passion, his own zeal and enthusiasm. Thousands will flock to his banners and rally around his standards. That is why the mighty minds and great souls of history dominate their fellows and followers in the way that they do. The weaker natures gravitate towards the stronger by as irresistible a law of gravitation as that which draws the needle to the magnet

or compels the tidal waves of the sea to obey the resistless pull of the moon. What is the secret of eloquence? It is not the voice, the elocution, the gesture, the thoughts, the words and rhetoric that explain the secret of the orator's spell or the preacher's power. The magic wand by which the orator sways listening thousands is a psychic influence. He communicates his mind, his soul, his spirit to his hearers, and by the force of his individuality and personality impresses his ideas and convictions upon those who come within the radius of his influence. His soul illumines his features and transfigures his voice. That is why his countenance is radiant and his voice magnetic.

Milton's Satan is the real hero of his "Paradise Lost," in fact the most powerful character, the most heroic figure in poetry and fiction. The unconquerable, indomitable, invincible, dauntless and defiant spirit that he exhibited when he had been hurled over the battlements of Heaven into Hell, has challenged the admiration of the world. How eloquently does Milton describe his fall and dauntless resolution!

Him the Almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
. . . . .
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
. . . . .
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine and named Beelzebub.

Is Satan discouraged? Mark how he holds discourse with the arch fiend Beelzebub:

Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.
. . . . .
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope.

Though Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" to justify the ways of God to man, nevertheless the Puritan poet who, when fallen upon evil days, when some of his friends had been imprisoned and others executed, when his enemies were upon the throne and in the saddle, did not abate one jot of heart or hope; thus Milton, I say, unconsciously breathed his own heroic nature, his own intrepid spirit into the being that he intended to represent as the Prince of Devils, the defier of the Powers of the Universe. Milton intended to represent him as the Prince of Demons, instead he made him the King of Fighters. The whole world loves and admires a fighter. I don't know whom to pity the most, the Indian or the Negro. The Indian played the lion, was exterminated, and now is admired and honored by the entire world. The Negro played the lamb, survived and is now despised and proscribed in America as is no other race or class of people in the world. I believe the Negro assumed the wiser but less heroic rôle. Too often, though, the Negro leaders have been sickening in their servile sycophancy, sickening in their cowardly cringing.

Why, my grandfather, David Ferris, although only a stevedore and local Methodist preacher, had a spirit within him that might well put to shame these latter-day saints. It was no doubt true that he regarded the whipping of his boys as a religious duty, and consecrated and made too much of a religious ceremony over a mere whipping, for he would first read the scripture, preach a short sermon to them, whip them, and then pray over them. But he was the type of the soldiers who formed the backbone of Oliver Cromwell's "Ironsides." Men had to respect the "House of the Lord" when he preached. One night some brothers began to quarrel in the church. He said "Go slow, brethren, go slow." They began to fight: he said again and again, in ever louder tones, as he approached nearer and nearer to the combatants. "Go slow, brethren, go slow." He was a tall, powerful man, and as graceful and as supple as a dancing master. They wouldn't heed him, and finally he pitched and plunged into the fray. He picked up first one and then the other, and threw them out of the door. There were no more fights when he conducted the services in the Methodist Church. Now, I believe that the younger breed of Negroes need some of his sterling qualities.

Some think that the race problem will be solved by the Negroes becoming a race of spineless and flexible-kneed sycophants. I notice that if a dog can't fight, nearly every dog in the neighborhood will jump on him, and send him home howling. If a boy is cowardly, nearly every boy in the school will kick and cuff him about. If a man is soft and mushy and short in the vertebrate column, he will be used as a football and a doormat. It requires a man, and not a weakling, to stand the stress and storm, the rivalry and competition of modern life. The men to stand the struggle for existence must be made of stern stuff and cast in a heroic mould.

The moulding of an enlightened public sentiment will solve the race question. Now, no one will be so potent in affecting public opinion in his own behalf as the colored man himself. It is not enough that he be a producer in the agricultural, industrial, commercial, manufacturing world, not enough that he be a creator in the world of letters, art, music and science, but he must manifest and exhibit manliness. The main reason why the

Negro is despised and looked down upon by his Anglo-Saxon neighbors is not because of his color and hair, his illiteracy and poverty, but because he and his ancestors so tamely and cowardly submitted to chattel slavery. As many degrees as the Negro race rises in manliness and courage, just so many degrees will the thermometer of the Anglo-Saxon's respect, admiration and appreciation for the Negro rise.

I do not mean that colored leaders should wave the bloody shirt and stir up race riots in the South. On the other hand, I disapprove of Negro educators who are running around the country soliciting funds, painting the South as an earthly paradise, a New Jerusalem, for the colored brother, where the lamb and the lion lie down together and where Leibnitz's preëstablished harmony prevails. It is advisable for the Southern Negro, who is in the lion's den, to move with caution, circumspection and discretion for the present and acquiesce in existing conditions. But it seems to me to be injudicious for colored leaders to extol as "blessings in disguise," and laud to the skies, the despotism that crushes them down.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Return of the Scholar and Dreams of my Boyhood.

Now, some critics and friends of the brother in black say that the Negro will never follow his own leaders, that colored men of the larger vision stand alone, and are a generation in advance of their race. This is partly true and partly false. Immediately after his emancipation, the Negro had a hunger and thirst for education. He followed his political leader blindly. He reverenced the colored educator, and worshipped the colored statesman. Why, twenty-five years ago, when I began to learn my A, B, C's, the speeches of Congressman R. Brown Elliott, in behalf of the civil rights of the Negro, were electrifying the country, and twenty years ago, when I was rolling my hoop, and playing hide and seek, on the New Haven playgrounds, the Negro press and pulpit were ringing with the praises of President Scarborough, who wrote a Greek text-book. Then a mere youngster, I heard of Douglass and Elliott, the Negro statesmen, of Garnett, Crummell, Bassett, Bouchet, Greener, and Scarborough, the Negro scholars. Then, a mere schoolboy, I made up my mind that I would some day be a scholar. I didn't know what the word scholar meant. But I remember hearing the Methodist preachers, who dined at my father's house, say, "Scarborough is a *scholar,*" emphasizing the last word. Then I remember hearing Rev. Mr. Jackson say "Rev. Laws is a coming scholar." If you had asked me then, what is a scholar, I would have replied, "A scholar is a man who is bigger than a preacher." As I grew older the meaning of that mystic, mysterious, unfathomable word "scholar" gradually dawned upon me.

But seventeen years ago, with the rise of the gospel of industrialism and the spread of the industrial wave over the country, the entire Negro race was swept off its feet and swamped. Dr. Crummell wittily said that no one would imagine that the Negro for years had been dining on terrapin, sleeping on beds of eiderdown, having breakfast served to him in his room, and having a barber come up to shave him at 2 P. M., while he still reclined on his couch, and was just now awakening to the fact that he

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must work out his own salvation and earn his living by the sweat of his brow. Then the Negro, obeying the old slave impulse which made him worship the fellow slaves who had won his master's approval and look down upon those who had won his master's disapproval and carry tales from the kitchen to the "Big House," began to despise culture and scholarship and to treat the scholars and thinkers in his own race with a degree of contempt that surprised even the white people of both the North and South. The men who spent studious days and laborious nights, who burnt the midnight oil, were ignored and not appreciated at their face value. Soon a set of Afro-American sophists, having their headquarters in Washington, and branch offices in a few other cities, issued the edict and sent out the decree: "No man who believes in the higher education of the Negro and his civil and political rights can secure a position as teacher in the Washington schools, or a government position in Washington. We will hound and persecute and blackguard and vilify any man who does not agree with Booker T. Washington in every particular. We will crush and annihilate the Negro scholar or orator that dares to think for himself, and calls his soul his own." They illustrated the saying, "Envy despises the excellence it cannot reach."

This was the reign of little men. Then the men who possessed more flippancy than brains, who were more smart than wise; then the men of imposing appearance and pompous manners, who strutted like peacocks and posed and paraded and masqueraded as great men, like the ass in the lion's skin in Æsop's fables, had their day.

But old Abe Lincoln, the Solon of the nineteenth century, said, "You can fool some of the people all of the time, you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." The people saw that their educational and political leaders were feathering their own nests, fattening their own cribs, and leaving the people to starve. Then the people cried, "Oh, God, give us an honest and courageous leader!" And God raised up William Monroe Trotter and sent them the Boston *Guardian*.

The Greeks said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing. Drink deep or taste not of the Pierian springs." The people

saw that their supposedly wise counsellors were merely sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, that the so-called leaders possessed the external manifestations of culture but not the real article itself, possessed a thin veneer of refinement, and a superficial layer of polish, but lacked wisdom and insight. Then the people cried, "Oh, God, send us a scholar and thinker to lead us!" And God raised up DuBois and sent them "The Souls of Black Folk." Yes, despite the shallow superficiality of the American ideals, which the Negroes have blindly imitated, the scholars, philosophers, thinkers and writers will have their day again, as they have ruled the world in times past and gone. And the real leaders in the country and in the Negro race will be men of thought and scholarship. The old maxim was, "The pen is mightier than the sword. A public school is a better safeguard than a standing army." The new maxim will be, "The pen is mightier than the American dollar. The thinker is the High Priest of modern society."

Too often our Southern Negro schools and colleges do not appreciate real scholarship and the pupils only get a smattering of an education, instead of a thorough grounding in literature and science, history and psychology, economics and sociology. And that is why they have sent out so few scholars and writers of note and distinction. That is why the Negro race in America has only produced one writer who has in a preëminent degree that quality which Matthew Arnold would call "magic of style." I refer to DuBois, whom Harvard developed and Germany ripened. Too often that manliness that Thomas Arnold inculcated in the students of Rugby, that Thomas Arnold illustrated in Tom Brown's school, that the Duke of Wellington praised in the students of Eton and Harrow, is not emphasized in Negro schools and colleges.

Many of our Anglo-Saxon friends are shocked because ignorant, illiterate and superstitious Negroes do not kindle with enthusiasm or fully appreciate the scholars and thinkers of the race. They are inclined to believe that an educated Negro is a failure, if he is not fully understood by and very popular with the masses of his own race. They would not expect a Yale or Harvard professor to be appreciated at his face value by the residents of the Bowery and Tenderloin districts of New York, and by the rank

and file of Tammany Hall. They are not shocked if a college professor goes into ward politics and is snowed under by a petty ward politician. They would not expect an Oxford or Cambridge professor to be idolized and lionized in the Whitehall district of London. Hence it need occasion no surprise if colored scholars are not deified and apotheosized by crude, primitive and untutored Negroes of a mercurial temperament, ever craving a new sensation. So, then, we must judge the scholars and thinkers of the race by the impression that they produce upon men and women of solid attainments, culture, and character, by the impression they produce upon the poor, the humble and distressed, rather than by the estimate that shallow, superficial, half-educated and conceited upstarts form of them.

I try never to be a pessimist or a cynic, because life is like a game of football—as long as you keep your feet, they can't hurt you and you can keep going, but if once you fall, not only is your progress impeded, but the whole eleven will pile on top of you. If you lose in the battle of life, it is because you don't keep your feet. Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone, is a much quoted but true saying. Whenever you bask in the sunshine of prosperity, men and women draw near to you, in order that you may shed some lustre upon them. But when the sun of popularity goes down upon you, when the sun goes down upon your greatness, they will desert you and scan the horizon, looking in the east for the rising of another luminary. Mark how slow the world was to recognize and appreciate the genius of Wagner, Carlyle, Millet, Turner, Grant and Sherman! Whenever you find a man a pessimist, you can usually set it down to the fact that he was born with a morbid, brooding disposition, or else the world has soured upon him. But looking at the matter from a calm, cool, dispassionate, from the objective point of view, I must say that during the past ten years I have watched the attitude of the American mind change towards the educated Negro, from one of kindly sympathy to that of *severe* criticism and positive hostility. Fortunately the pendulum is beginning to swing back again. I remember when I was a schoolboy and college student, if a colored student or scholar possessed literary and artistic tastes or manifested the ability and the desire to grapple with and grasp political, sociological, psycho-

logical and philosophical problems, it was regarded as an intellectual achievement and an advance of the colored brother in the intellectual world. But it is not so to-day. And the Negro imitator has out-Heroded Herod, and outdone his Caucasian masters in pouring contempt and ridicule upon those of his own race who aspired after the highest and best things in the American and Anglo-Saxon civilization. The colored scholar has stood alone, running the gauntlet of two hostile groups; on the one side pelted by those of his own race not cultured enough to understand and appreciate him, on the other side clubbed by those of the Anglo-Saxon race who thought that he was eating of the forbidden fruit of knowledge. They have almost driven him out of Paradise and stationed an angel at the gates, with flaming sword, to prevent his return.

In his essay upon heroism, Emerson says that many extraordinary young men never ripen. He says that when we hear them talk of books and life, etc., we expect great things of these youthful giants, who seem sent to work revolutions. But the world has its revenge, the moment they put their fiery steeds of the sun to plough in its furrows. They enter an active profession and the forming colossus shrinks to the common size of man. This is especially true of the young colored graduate, who leaves the idealistic university atmosphere and faces a cold, hard, indifferent and unsympathetic world.

A few brilliant and talented colored men have lost hope, and given up in despair, sinking to waiters and bellmen and railroad porters and janitors. But others have hung on with a grim determination, and fought a hard, uphill fight, confident that the battle belongs not to the swift nor to the strong, but to him that endureth to the end; possessing the indomitable, unconquerable spirit, which, when a mountain of difficulty looms up before them, only causes them to knit their brows, grit their teeth and strike the harder; possessing the splendid, last-ditch courage of a Napoleon, who, when thirty thousand Prussians swept across the field on the fatal day at Waterloo, as the battle was wavering in the balance, instead of retreating in order, only gathered the Old Guard together, inspired it with his own dauntless, defiant spirit, breathed into it his own reckless daring and hurled it against the combined armies of England and Prussia, staking

his all, and risking his fortunes on the outcome of that last desperate charge.

It is said, that as the mantle of night was spreading itself over the battlefield, enveloping everything in darkness and gloom, a lone figure stood in the middle of the road, pleading, gesticulating, vainly attempting to stay and turn back the tide of terrified and frightened soldiers who fled from the scene of battle, throwing away everything. And then when he saw that his efforts were fruitless, he rushed frantically back to the thickest of the fray, to charge, one lone man against the triumphant and advancing Prussians; but kind friends forced and drew him back. It was Napoleon. Does anyone wonder why the poor, unknown Corsican boy became the general and statesman who mastered the situation in France, changed the map of Europe, and had kings and queens waiting in his ante-chambers as supplicants before him? It took the losses of the Moscow campaign and the combined armies of almost entire Europe to overpower the man for whose sake thousands of soldiers would perform superhuman deeds of valor.

I have traveled considerably in the North, the South and the middle West. And I can truthfully say, that I believe that the New England ideal of manhood and womanhood is the highest and noblest ever evolved in America, if not in the entire world. If it were a little broader on the color question, Charleston aristocracy would rival Boston culture. Whenever I tarry long in the Southland, I have a longing to get back to New England and brush up against civilization again. I do hope the day will come when the New England type of manhood and womanhood will be realized in the Southland, when the Negro church and Negro school, like the *Crisis, Guardian* and kindred papers, will be the medium for the expression and development of personality and individuality. Now, unless a man is free to assert his individuality, free to develop the dominant tendencies of his personality, free to express his fundamental ideas and convictions, he is an intellectual and moral slave. He will then get stuck fast in the conventional ruts and grooves of opinion. Intellectual and moral stagnation will result, and he will not grow and develop intellectually and morally. The great need among the Negro race, especially in the Southland, is the presence of

writers, of a literary class, the representatives of advanced thought and scholarship, who will do for the Southern Negroes what Emerson and George William Curtis did for America and New York; what Carlyle, Matthew Arnold and Ruskin did for England and what Goethe and Fichte did for Germany. If the colored farmer in the South possessed the intelligence and sturdy independence of the New England farmers, if the colored educators in the South possessed the literary tastes and manly independence of the New England college professor, the race would evolve such a high type of manhood and womanhood that his Caucasian neighbor would be constrained to respect him.

People seem to overlook the fact that the ministers, teachers, editors, lawyers, physicians and business men are the leaders of the Negro race, and that upon the kind of education and training that is given them will depend the salvation of the masses.

While the training and education of a ripe colored scholar is too far in advance of the rank and file of his race for him to be appreciated at his face value at present; while the jealousy and misrepresentations of the intermediaries between him and the masses he tries to uplift occasionally causes the life of a profound thinker to be wasted, and his time spent in vain, in the Southland; while it will be twenty-five years before colored scholars will be honored among their people as white scholars are revered in New England, it is a hopeful sign that even the colored farmers and laboring men in the South are getting tired of half-educated demagogues and shallow, superficial leaders, and are crying out for preachers and teachers of wisdom and scholarship. The Southern Negroes never will forget that the masses of the Negroes ought to become proficient in the agricultural and mechanical pursuits and should strive to acquire wealth, but the demand is growing stronger each year for trained and cultured and thoughtful leaders. The colored man of literary tastes and aspirations will yet have his day.

The industrial fad, the stop-thinking craze, like an intermittent fever, has run its course, so far as the colored people are concerned. Even the untutored masses of the Negro race see that they need trained minds as well as trained hands, cultivated brains as well as brawny muscles, to succeed in the battle of life and make money on a large scale. Shrines will be erected to

the scholars of the race. The words of the philosophers will be treasured as the Greek people treasured the oracular sayings of the Delphic priestesses, and the thinkers will be revered as in days of old as high priests.

This volume is sent out as an educational document, for the purpose of giving the Anglo-Saxon friends of the colored brother a thread to guide them through the mazes of the labyrinth of the color question, and of kindling anew in the colored man's heart the altar fires of hope and inspiration, which have been burning faint and low.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Is there Place and Room in the South for a Negro of Strong Individuality and Masterful Personality? No.

The Northern philanthropists believe that all of the colored men educated in Northern universities ought to go South and be missionary teachers or preachers. Theoretically the South is the place for the educated Negro, but practically it is not. The South is narrow, provincial, conservative, and non-progressive. And in the South there is an inaccessibility to new ideas, a distrust of innovations, and a hostility to the importation of foreign and Northern ideas, usages and customs.

Neither in religion, education, politics, manners, morals, social customs nor usages does the South desire a change. This is true of both colored and white.

If a man goes South and falls in with the ways and customs and traditions of the South, he will meet with a warm and cordial reception. But if he attempts to introduce and import New England ideals and traditions, sometimes the clannish spirit in the Southern white man and Southern Negro will assert itself and they will unite in an organized opposition. Sometimes the Negroes will starve him out; the whites will run him out or string him up to a tree. Starvation, death or exile usually stares in the face the white or colored man from the North who possesses individuality or personality. Just recall the fate of the heroic Rev. Mr. Ransom of Boston, Mass.

If a man has a passive or negative individuality, if he desires to be a spectator and not an actor in the drama of life, if he desires to live in a place where competition is not keen, where the struggle for existence is not intense, where people take life easy and do not have nervous prostration, and where land is cheap, the South is the place for a Negro. But for the young man of ideas, ambitions, push and energy, for a young man who desires to be a positive factor in civilization, the North, East and West are the places for him.

This is no gloomy or pessimistic picture, no prejudiced or biased account of Southern life and ideals. In the commercial, scientific, intellectual, literary, educational, and religious worlds, the South has lagged behind the North, and has never been in the vanguard of progress.

Few of the men who have shaped the political and religious life and thought, and none of the men who have directed the intellectual and commercial life of the country, have come from the South. Towns like Greensboro, N. C., Savannah and Atlanta, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., Birmingham, Ala., and Louisville, Ky., which have felt and responded to the throbbing pulse of modern commercial life, have usually owed their business activity and wide-awake progressive air to Northern and Jewish brains and capital. I have talked with more than one Southern white man and heard him say, "This would be a fine town if we had some Yankee capital and brains to develop its resources." There is much in the Southern white man that I admire: I admire his courage, chivalry and gallantry, his generosity and hospitality and reverence for womanhood. But the South is not the scene where the great world ideas are being fought out, not the testing ground for New England ideals and traditions.

This need occasion no surprise. For how can it be otherwise when freedom of thought and speech are repressed in all the South? When communications with the outside world and contact with outside ideas are cut off, intellectual, scientific, moral and religious growth are impossible. It was the blighting hand of the Spanish Inquisition, crushing freedom of speech and thought and repressing the assertion of individuality, which brought about the intellectual, moral and religious stagnation and consequent deterioration of national character and caused Spain to decay in intellectual power and material splendor and to become the ghost of a once glorious past.

The South has always felt that she had peculiar institutions, which are sacred and inviolable and which must not be tampered with or touched or criticised. The result is that the connection between the South and the world's thought has really been cut off. And when the influx of new ideas is checked, when the clash between new and old ideas ceases, progress of any kind and intellectual and moral growth stops. What the South needs is not more religion but more civilization.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are the product of their environment. Only one man out of a thousand transcends and rises above his environment and shapes and forms and fashions for himself an ideal that is higher than that supplied by his immediate environment. Now the Negro, having a plastic, imitative, receptive and impressionable nature, absorbs and assimilates the South's opposition to progress and the invasion of ideas from alien quarters.

What do I mean by saying that the South is opposed to progress? If we were to construct a quadrangle and have the points located in Boston, New York City, Philadelphia and Chicago, the territory and section included in the lines running between Boston and New York, New York and Philadelphia, Philadelphia and Chicago, and Chicago and Boston would be the zone of progress, the region where the electric currents and waves of thought and feeling are generated, which sweep over the country and give rise to progress. Washington and Charleston, although centers of culture and refinement, are outside of this zone, outside of the region which is an incubator or hothouse for germinating and fermenting ideas.

Colored graduates of New England colleges and white ladies representing the most cultured and refined homes in New England come South to "uplift" the Southern Negro. They find that they must move in certain conventional ruts, grooves and channels of opinion and action. Methods of winning a wife or husband are prescribed. If they attempt to break through the traces and blaze and plough out paths for themselves they will find that they are sowing dragon teeth. Sometimes nine-tenths of their time and energy and thought is devoted to avoiding friction with the Southern whites and catering to the prejudices, superstitions and whims and caprices of Southern Negroes, and one-tenth to the task of uplifting. There was a colored Congregational minister of Charleston, S. C., who was a martyr to freedom of speech. He was a brilliant preacher, a gifted writer, a sympathetic pastor, and an energetic organizer. In Charleston he set his lance and tilted against the prejudice which some of the light-complexioned colored people have for the dark-complexioned colored people. What was the fate of this gallant and chivalric minister? They nearly starved him out. They

vilified him. And poor Rowe died of a broken heart and on the ragged edge of impecuniosity, while still in the prime of life. His colored friends in Charleston, and he had some in every church, rallied and raised the money to send his family to New England. I regard Rev. Mr. Rowe as truly a martyr as Lovejoy or John Brown.

It is said that the teachers in Southern schools and colleges and pastors of colored churches in the South are on the firing line. But I believe they are on the waiting and watching line. That sounds like a paradox. But let us see. Are bull dogs that have been muzzled, roaring lions whose teeth have been extracted, or bulls whose horns have been sawed off, on the fighting line? Are soldiers who have been bound and gagged hand and foot or who shoot blank cartridges, on the firing line? Were the colored slaves who dug the trenches for the Confederates and carried off the wounded during the Civil War, on the firing line? Similarly, are colored and white teachers and preachers in the South who must repress, rather than express, their individuality, on the firing line?

Unless a man can stamp the impress of his personality upon other men and inculcate his ideas in their minds, he can not profoundly modify his environment, or be an active force in the world. In the South the colored teachers in the public schools and State colleges often have to crouch or cower under the heels of white politicians; colored teachers in the denominational schools and colleges often have to merge or lose their individuality in that of the principal or president who is over them as a sort of feudal lord or baron, and colored preachers sometimes have to humiliate themselves and knuckle before ignorant and superstitious, antiquated and fossilized trustees and deacons who lord it over them.

His success depends upon how artistically and perfectly he can assume the rôle and don the garb of the tactful, truckling, trimming and time-serving diplomat. It is true that colored editors, teachers, preachers, lawyers, physicians and business men and missionary teachers from the North do have some influence in elevating and broadening the ideals of Southern Negroes. But their combined influence is less than that of the immediate environment into which the Southern Negro is born and which his

Caucasian neighbors fashion for him. In nine cases out of ten, the words and warning, the advice and example of his Southern employer and white neighbor, will have a more potent effect upon him than the utterances of his Northern teachers and preachers. So, then, if a man or woman desires to really uplift the Southern Negro they must fight at long range. They must return North and mould the sentiment and thought of the country regarding the color question. This sentiment and thought will react upon the Southern whites who dominate the Negro psychically, and their thought and sentiment will react upon the Southern Negro. He will go as far as the white man will permit in appropriating his ideals.

The Negro has boundless aspiration and remarkable imitative faculties. The only question is, will the Southern white man clear the track and open up the avenue for the Negro? The Southern white man is the key to the solution of the race question. He is the master of the situation. Who captures him captures the citadel. He is in the saddle and has the reins of government in his hands. He has his hands upon the throttle valves and holds the trump cards. The question is what will the Southern white man do with the Negro, how far will he let the Negro advance? And I believe that Boston, the Athens of the modern world; Boston, the city whose literary Bible, the *Evening Transcript,* is read by the workingman; Boston, the storm-center of the Revolutionary and Abolition movements; Boston, the Gibraltar of political and religious liberty; Boston, the city which welcomes new inventions and discoveries; Boston, ever on the lookout for new theories and new solutions for old problems,—will be the city that will solve the color question. Boston will be the pivot around which New England will turn. New England will swing the country with her. The South will eventually and ultimately enlarge its mental horizon and move in the current of the world's thought, and then the brother in black will soar upon the wings of hope in the empyrean of progress.

I differ from Mr. Washington in that I hold that Miss Ann's son rather than Aunt Hagar's child is the key to the Southern situation. In nine cases out of ten the Southern Negro will conform his words and actions to the implied and expressed

wishes and desires of his Caucasian neighbors. If his white neighbor tells him to get wealth, he will buy land, etc. Massa Charles dominates Ephraim psychically almost as much now as he did in the slavery days. The Southern Anglo-Saxon exercises a sort of hypnotic influence upon his colored brother. The Southern white man believes that the Negro is his inferior and treats him accordingly. The Negro accepts the white man's estimate of him and acts accordingly, acts as if he were inferior. If ever there was a case of race hypnotism, a case of one race hypnotizing another race, we find it in the Southland. I have visited over one hundred towns and cities in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Kentucky and I found only four cities where the colored people evolved their own race ideals. Those towns are Wilmington, N. C., Augusta, Ga., Savannah, Ga., and Jacksonville, Fla. I have not visited Atlanta as yet. I am told that the Negroes have evolved a race consciousness there. Of the small towns, Georgetown and Beaufort, S. C., and Darien, Ga., are progressive.

There is no race that is more completely the product of its environment than the Southern Negro. He is of a plastic, elastic nature and, surrounded with an ennobling environment, he will develop into a noble being.

It may sound paradoxical to say that Professor DuBois, living in New York, is a more potent factor in the race question than the Tuskeegee sage or any Negro professor or preacher or editor in the South; but it is the truth, nevertheless. If a man can not freely give utterance to his deepest convictions in speech and writing, if he must tread softly and whisper "shoo, shoo!" like a burglar in the dark, why he is a nonentity, a negative quantity, a figurehead, even though he be the president of a big college or the pastor of a large church.

If a Northern white man visits the Southland, he will be delighted with the warm Southern hospitality. But let him come South to teach or preach to Negroes and he will find that he is between Scylla and Charybdis. He will face social ostracism on the one hand and on the other hand he must conform his conduct and words to Southern customs and usages. So we can accept it as as an axiomatic truth that there is no room and no place in the South for a Northern man with an individuality and

personality. The North, where he can mould and shape public sentiment, is the place for him. If a colored man desires to acquire property let him remain South. But if a colored or white man is gifted with an analytical mind, if he possesses the power of analysis, if he can look beneath the surface and discern the silent forces of nature, working and operating, if he is endowed with an iron will, if he can plant himself firmly upon his deep and fundamental convictions, remaining unmoved though the mob may howl and rage and the world may roar and storm at him, he will find the North rather than the South the place where he can impress his personality and ideas upon men and women.

In this volume I have taken no thought of pleasing the colored man or the white man. I have plainly, bluntly, frankly, and boldly stated the things that I know to be essential to the elevation and uplifting of the colored brother. I believe that the Negro race has developed intellectually to the extent that it can grasp and comprehend the implications of my thought. If it should prove, however, that I am too far in advance of the thought life of the main body of my race, I can set down my stakes, erect my canvas tent, sling my hammock, light my pipe, take a quiet smoke, and doze and wait with patience for the advance guard of the thinkers of the race to come up to me.

I am not the only one who sees the defects of the ideal that is held up before the Southern Negro. A few years ago a man, bred and born in the South, one of the most distinguished educators and clergymen in the Negro race, told me that the Northern ideal of manhood tended towards confidence in self and the assertion of individuality. But he said that the ideal held up before the colored student in the Southern colleges was crushing. It tended to conformity to a certain prescribed type and the emasculation of personality and the power of initiative.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Educated Leader the Hope of the Race and the Hero in the Struggle for Negro Liberty.

And there is still another reason why there is no room and no place in the South, at present, for educated colored men of advanced and independent thought, of broad and liberal ideas and dynamic force of character, and that is the jealousy, opposition, distrust and suspicion of half-educated leaders, who, like the ass in the lion's skin in Æsop's fables, pose as thinkers and scholars. The thinker in the Negro race will be appreciated by the scholars of the race. Most of the ministers will respect him. The ignorant masses will revere and worship him, but his efforts are constantly thwarted by half-educated, shallow, selfish and superficial demagogues, who are jealous of his superior ability and scholarship. The curse of the Negro race is its false prophets, its political and educational leaders who will compromise the manhood rights of the brother in black and sell him out for a government job or a contribution to a school.

The sudden emancipation and enfranchisement of the Negro brought to the front as leaders men whose only equipment for leadership was a vigorous pair of lungs, the gift of gab, and nerve and brass and assurance that exemplified the motto, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Ignoramuses and illiterates masqueraded as Solons and Solomons, and became national figures. Men who couldn't utter a dozen sentences without butchering the English language became political and religious leaders and educators. Men who couldn't write a short letter without making ten or twenty grammatical errors became secretaries of the deacons' board and chairmen of the trustee board of so-called Congregational churches.

A white man, who can barely read and write and cipher and spell, would never look upon himself as a great man. Why, then, do the untutored Negroes not manifest the humility of ignorant white men in the presence of scholars? I will tell you. I once heard of a famous colored divine, a D.D., who had built up a

church of nearly 2,000 members out of nothing. I expected to meet a cultured and finished scholar. Instead, I met a fine-looking, well dressed, suave, unctious man, who was woefully ignorant and illiterate. He used words of three, four and five syllables, and placed them in the wrong places in his sentences. What sort of a leader is he? I asked. I visited his church and found out the reason. He who knew but a little was a sort of leader to those who knew nothing. He who was tactful and diplomatic was a sort of leader to those who were rough and uncouth in manners. He who was dignified in his bearing and carefully groomed, was a sort of a leader to those who were slouches in appearance and slovenly in dress. He who was moral was a sort of a leader to those who were immoral. No wonder his illiterate and superstitious congregation looked up to him as if he were a demigod. Similarly, the Negro politicians of limited education who forged to the front during the Reconstruction days, men of native ability and force of character, loomed up as intellectual giants in comparison with the colored voter who didn't even know his alphabet. When I consider that these men made such splendid use of their meagre training and slender opportunities, I am constrained to admire them. They performed well the task assigned to them. But the vital questions of the hour demand colored leaders of trained minds and broad scholarship. If the old leaders whose sun has set and whose day is passed will but give the right hand of fellowship to the scholars and seers of the race, they will put the race under an eternal debt of gratitude.

While I differ with Booker T. Washington regarding his attitude towards the educated Negro and the civil and political rights of the Negro, there is one position that he has wisely taken. He has opened his batteries and trained his guns upon the institutions for the higher education of the Negro in the South that spoiled good farmers in turning out poor preachers, lawyers, doctors, editors and teachers. Northern philanthropists and Southern educators have not taken the education of the Negro seriously. Men who couldn't even pass the entrance examinations for Yale or Harvard were placed as presidents of and professors in State and denominational colleges. Colleges and universities were established in the South which were not as high in grades

as a New England high school or academy. Normal schools were established which were no higher than New England grammar schools. And graduates of these schools, possessing a mere smattering, would strut around with the sophomoric pride and peacock air that graduates of Yale and Harvard would never dream of assuming.

I believe that graduates of these schools have done valuable pioneer work. They have laid well the foundation upon which their successors may build. But they have not the talents nor the training to enable them to successfully champion the cause of the higher aspiration of the Negro, or to successfully cope with and answer the arguments and assaults of Vardaman, Tillman, Tom Dixon, Tom Watson, the late Henry Grady, John Temple Graves, Hardwick and Hoke Smith. They have done their work well. But they should not stand in the way of those graduates of Yale and Harvard who, by virtue of their grasp of psychological, sociological and economic problems, by virtue of the slashing vigor and poetic beauty of their style, by virtue of their oratorical and literary gifts, are able to command the attention and to challenge the admiration of the world, because of their brilliant leadership of the Negro and their splendid handling of the critics of the race. It is better for those whose days of real usefulness are practically over to be put on the retired list if their jealousy of younger and more gifted leaders causes them to hinder the advancement of and place obstacles in the way of men more talented than themselves, and more capable of leading the Negro at this crisis in his history.

When the American comes to the Negro problem, he settles that offhand, without any thorough investigation. He merely passes it by, with a contemptuous wave of the hand, or toss of the head. Why, any petty clerk, or office boy or newsboy or bootblack, knows what ought to be done with the Negro, knows what kind of education the Negro needs! The prevailing sentiments seems to be that any one, no matter how ignorant, is fitted to grapple with the various Negro problems.

A traveler who goes to Europe or Asia or Africa wouldn't presume to pass final judgment upon any countries of the far East from a bird's-eye view or passing glance. But all the Northern tourist has to do is to recline comfortably on the

cushioned seats of a Pullman palace car, gaze tranquilly out of the window as he is being borne along by the iron horse through the Sunny South, and he is ready to write an elaborate treatise upon the Southern Negro, when in reality he has only surveyed a few loungers around railroad depots from a distance.

If we seek to get the Irishman's opinion regarding Ireland, we don't go to the ignorant immigrant fresh from Ireland; but we generally go to the Irishmen of the finest minds, who have had the best training. It is the same way with regard to the Philippines, Cuba, India, China or Japan. We don't solicit the opinion of the Chinese laundryman or the illiterate Filipino, and Cuban, or the untutored Hindoo, but that of the educated Japanese, the educated Chinaman, to get the best thought of natives regarding themselves and their country. And we ought to do the same with regard to the Negro. We ought to regard the men who represent the brains and scholarship, the moral stamina and manliness of the Negro race, as the real leaders.

The current belief is that the teachings of history and sociology can be ignored when we approach the Negro problem, that it doesn't require careful and serious study to understand the race question in its deeper issues.

Of all the subjects that command the attention of the country, none are more flippantly and carelessly discussed than the race question. When men discuss the tariff question, the currency question, socialism, imperialism, the trusts and the momentous problems growing out of the relation of labor and capital, they focus upon these grave issues all the concentrated light that history, philosophy, sociology and political economy can give. To understand the tariff question they must not only go back to the beginning of feudalism and trace the history of protection and free trade from the middle ages, when the manor system prevailed, but they must go back to the time when the Phœnicians were the traders of the world. To properly understand the currancy question, one must not only be familiar with the history of American and European currency, but he must go back to the ages when money was not the medium of exchange—when barter was the method of exchanging goods. So, to undersand the claims of the imperialists, one must not only go back to the period when Spain began her infamous policy of oppressing the Mexicans and

Peruvians, but he must go back to the days when Athens and other Greek cities began to plant colonies. So we might take up other political, social or educational problems and find the genetic method of explaining the present by the past—the only satisfactory way of dealing with any problem. The reason is obvious. The present is the outgrowth of the past, and has its roots deeply grounded in the past. Hence, the present can only be understood in the light of the past. And we cannot understand things as they are save as we understand how they came to be.

The Negro problem is a complicated one. Unless a man is a profound student of psychology, sociology, political economy and history, he cannot begin to comprehend and understand, or grapple with its phases and aspects. Hence, the Moses who will lead the Negro race out of the wilderness and into the promised land must come from the centers of learning in New England. The race is doomed if the jealousy of those who haven't the courage to fight for the race impedes the progress of those who have.

My advice to the light-weights, feather-weights and bantam-weights of the race would be, "Clear the track and give the right of the way to the heavy-weights, the intellectual giants and the strong men of the race. They will sweep down the line and will toss aside the arguments of the critics of the race. They will go to the front and fight your battles for you." It may seem pedantic for me to say that we must look to the colored graduates of Yale and Harvard for the champions of the civil and political rights of the Negro. But three of the four men thus far in the twentieth century who have been the boldest, most fearless and most uncompromising in asserting the claims and demands of the Negro, three of the four men who have been the keenest, most penetrating and most searching in their analysis of and criticism of the arguments of the Tuskeegee sage and his followers, are graduates of Yale and Harvard universities. These four are Clement G. Morgan, Harvard's colored class orator; William Monroe Trotter, a Master of Arts of Harvard; W. E. Burghardt DuBois, a Ph.D. of Harvard, and George W. Forbes, the first editor of the Boston *Guardian*.

So, we see, that not from Tuskeegee, Hampton, or any of the Southern schools and colleges, but from Yale and Harvard have come the big four who will go down in history as the four saviors

and deliverers of the Negro, as the four men who saved the day for the Negro, as the four intrepid leaders in the struggle for Negro liberty. Think what a calamity and a misfortune for the Negro race it would have been if these four men had never been born! Why, the intellectual and moral progress of the race would have been impeded a century.

And then there is a brilliant and distinguished graduate of Howard University, private secretary to the late Senator William M. Evarts, who, while not so conspicuous in the charging of the center against the intrenched position of Booker T. Washington, nevertheless did some magnificent fighting upon the right wing in successfully challenging the constitutionality of the Maryland Jim Crow law, so far as concerns the interstate colored passengers. I refer to Professor William H. H. Hart, of the Howard University Law School.

Dr. F. J. Grimke of Washington was not in the thick of the anti-Booker T. Washington fight. But what a brave stand he made upon the left wing when he sent a letter of sympathy to William Monroe Trotter, in his supreme hour of trial, and cheered the men engaged in a life and death struggle for Negro manhood. If DuBois was the Wellington, Lawyer E. H. Morris of Chicago was the Blücher in the battle for Negro rights. Just as the Boston coterie and DuBois were winning the day for the Negro, a new champion swept across the field, and in an address upon "Shams," mercilessly exposed the fallacies in Mr. Washington's doctrine of the inherent inferiority of the Negro, and made the rout of the Washington forces complete.

It may be that Douglass, Crummell, Downing, Grimke, Hart, Morris, Morgan, Byron, Greuner, DuBois and men of that stamp will be remembered by the colored people when the walls of the Tuskeegee of the proscribed curriculum are crumbling into ruins and a mass of dust and clay indicates the site where Tuskeegee once stood. The tale of how, when the Negro was being stripped of his rights and dehumanized, four young colored graduates of Yale and Harvard buckled on their armor, entered the lists, and, single-handed and alone, amidst the curses of the white people and jealousy of petty Negro leaders, unhorsed, overthrew and hurled back the Goliaths of race prejudice, and brought dismay to the ranks of the black man's enemies; the story of how,

when Sumner, Garrison, Phillips, Douglass, Crummell, and Downing were dead, four young colored scholars routed and put to flight, like Elijah of old, the black prophets of Baal, breathed their own dauntless spirit into the discouraged and disheartened sons of Ham, and taught them to look up and be men, will be told by grandsires on many a winter's evening by the fireside. Generations yet unborn will look back in grateful remembrance to the four colored men who made it possible for dark complexioned persons to be men and women in America. Their names will be forever enshrined in the hearts of the colored people of the world. Poets will sing their praises and orators will repeat and reiterate their eloquent words.

If ever a Negro writer hoped to color and flavor his writings with his own personality and individuality and write with the slashing vigor of a Carlyle, it is the writer of this volume, which is only the first installment of a series of Negro histories that is projected. What Homer did for the heroes of the Trojan War, what Carlyle did for Cromwell and his other heroes, I am going to try to do for the great men of the Negro race. I am going to try to rescue from the dust and dusk of obscurity and oblivion, and surround with the halo of immortality the names of those heroic men and women who braved unpopularity and misrepresentation for asserting their manhood and womanhood. If life and health be spared me, I will endeavor to write the Negro histories that will inspire the colored youth of the land. I hope that the future historians of the race will build upon me and see through my spectacles. I trust that they will accept my point of view and take their cue from me.

If every other Negro in the land had bowed the knee in servile submission to the Baal of American caste prejudice, if every other Negro in the land had crouched and cowered and cringed like a cowardly cur, and confessed his inferiority, if every other Negro in the land had degenerated into a fawning, bootlicking sycophant, there would have been one colored man who, by the grace of God, would not have lost his faith in humanity. I would have continued to believe that somewhere in this wide, wide world, somewhere on God's green earth, it would have been possible for a Negro to live in peace and comfort, and be a man.

Other Negroes may do as they please, but I hope to develop into a full-fledged, well-rounded man. I intend to fulfill the law of my being. I don't believe that it will be necessary for a colored man to go to England, France, Australia, to the wilds of Africa, the jungles of Asia or the isles of the sea. I don't believe that it will be necessary for a colored man to endure the winter's frost and cold of the frigid zone or the torrid heat of the equatorial region in order to be a man, and draw a free breath. But I believe that the time will soon come in America when a colored man can live at ease and be frank, manly, straightforward and honest at the same time.

Sad is the fate of the world's great men. Columbus, the discoverer of America, died in poverty and disgrace in prison. Savonarola, Huss, Latimer, and Ridley were burnt alive at the stake. Athanasius was hunted and pursued like a criminal. Themistocles and Aristides were banished, Phidias and Anaxagoras died in prison. Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, was thrown into prison. Socrates, the peerless philosopher, was forced to drink the cup of hemlock. Luther was under the ban, Dante was exiled. Milton was hated. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Horace Greeley, Sherman and James G. Blaine died brokenhearted, because they could not become presidents of the United States. Roscoe Conkling and Thomas Brackett Reed, thwarted in their political ambitions, retired from politics in sullen rage. The seekers of life's prizes emerge from the race baffled and empty-handed. He who pursues fame, grasps at mist and vapor. Many of the world's great men have died poor and unpopular. But we can all do something to broaden and elevate men's conception of life, and lighten the sin and evil, the misery and unhappiness in the world. I trust that this volume will be a bugle call. I hope that it will ring out the clarion note and arouse the dormant manhood and womanhood of the race.

NOTE.—We must not ignore the work of Hon. Archibald H. Grimke, President of the American Negro Academy, author of "The Lives of William Lloyd Garrison and Charles Sumner," and the work of Dr. William E. Sinclair, organizer of the Constitution League and author of "Aftermath of Slavery." Like the Grecian gods in classical mythology they have frequently come to the aid and rescue of the black Ajaxes and Diomedes who were performing superhuman deeds of valor while battling against superior numbers.

CHAPTER XX.

The Genesis and Development of the anti-Booker T. Washington Sentiment amongst Thoughtful Negroes.

On the morning of July 31, and August 1, the world was shocked to hear that a group of determined and resolute Negroes for two hours had prevented Booker T. Washington from speaking in a Boston church.

While District Attorney William H. Lewis and Editor T. Thomas Fortune were tolerated as speakers, the very mention of Mr. Washington's name was the occasion for hisses. Three times he stepped forward to speak. Three times the opposition led by Martin, Charles and Trotter, compelled him to take his seat. The disturbance and commotion reached such a height that twenty-five policemen were called in to quiet and subdue matters. The trouble was precipitated by Mr. Washington refusing to answer the questions put to him by Messrs. Trotter and Martin, who desired to put him upon record and locate where he actually stood upon certain questions affecting the Negro's civil and political status and educational opportunities. Trotter and Martin were regarded as martyrs and heroes. At subsequent mass meetings, in New York, Washington, and Chicago, Mr. Washington was publicly criticised. This indicated that the unrest and dissatisfaction regarding his leadership was not merely confined to Boston, but affected circles of educated Negroes all over the country. The "Boston Riot," which will go down in Negro history as the story of the Boston patriots throwing the tea overboard goes down in American history, was no sudden explosion that came without a warning. It was the passionate outburst of pent up wrath and indignation that had been accumulating for eight years. It was the breaking forth of clouds that had been slowly gathering in the horizon for eight years. Certain rumblings in the heavens, the darkening of the skies in some sections, betokened the slow approach of a storm of indignation that was some day to break over Mr. Washington's head.

DuBois's "Souls of Black Folk," the Boston *Guardian,* and my speeches in Boston, Washington and Louisville were the three forces that roused the dormant manhood of the Negro. Since the Boston *Herald* said that I was the "leader of disorder in Louisville," since the *Colored American* and Indianapolis *Freeman* said that I was the "prime mover of disorder in Louisville," and the "star performer of the Boston triumvirate" (which consisted of Ferris, Forbes and Trotter), I may justly claim to have played a part in stiffening the backbone and strengthening the vertebrate column of the Negro. I will now tell about the Washington meeting, where the Boston *Herald* says I "went to Washington and in a meeting of colored men where he was asked to speak, assailed Mr. Washington, who was not present, with disparagement that differed little from vituperation."

As soon as I read Mr. Washington's famous Atlanta speech I was dissatisfied with it. There was a ring in it that was unmanly, a vein of insincerity running through it. It didn't sound like the addresses of Douglass, Price, Langston, Elliott, Garnett, Crummell, and Downing. It said to the Negro: "Give up politics. Go to the farm. Retire from the Senate chamber. Take up the plough. No longer hold up your head and think you are a man. Remember that you belong to an inferior and lower order of beings than the rest of mankind." The South went wild over the speech. They had never heard a Negro leader speak like that or make such concessions before. The North was captivated by it. It took a troublesome problem off their hands. All the Negro had to do was to farm and plough and leave the government of the country to the white man. The Negro was to be the hand, the white man the head of the modern society. At last, the vexatious question of the Negro's place in American life had been solved. It was at the foot of the ladder. He was to be a semi-serf.

I remember that one Providence merchant told me that Booker T. Washington was a greater man than Frederick Douglass, because he did not teach the Negro to feel that he was as good as a white man nor to strive for social equality. The Negro, obeying that imitative instinct which was his heritage from slavery, thought Professor Washington must be a big man because Mars' Charles and Miss Anne praised him so highly

The poor, hoodwinked, deluded Negro swung into line and jumped upon the band wagon. He saw the white man clapping his hands, and he clapped his hands, too. He didn't know that he was applauding his own social, civil, and political damnation. It was unfortunate, after this, that it was necessary to endorse Mr. Washington in order to get and hold government jobs, secure and retain positions in Southern high schools and colleges, or solicit money from Northern philanthropists for colored schools or get a hearing in white newspapers and magazines or white publishing houses to handle colored books.

Subsequent talks with Robert Bonner, a Yale art student, George T. Downing of Newport, R. I., Dr. Alexander A. Crummell and Mr. L. M. Hershaw of Washington, and Hon. E. G. Walker of Boston, Mass., convinced me that other thoughtful colored men thought as I did. So in the fall of 1897 and the winter and spring of 1898, I ventured forth, discussed the "False Theories of Booker T. Washington" before the colored National League of Boston, the Bethel Literary of Washington, in a Faneuil Hall mass meeting and before the Shaw Monument, Boston Commons, on Decoration Day. The Washington meeting was a memorable one. Messrs. Hillyer, R. W. Thompson and Jesse Lawson criticised me, while Professor W. H. H. Hart, Attorney Thomas L. Jones and Messrs. Lassiter and Williams defended me. Lewis Douglass moved a vote of thanks. But my efforts were not taken seriously. They were regarded as the utterances of an inexperienced schoolboy. So for five years I retired into the background. This is how I was drawn into the controversy again.

In November, 1902, Professor Kelly Miller of Howard University spoke before the Boston Literary. He heaped and piled the superlatives upon Booker T. Washington and deified him. Messrs. Trotter, Forbes, Morgan. Wilson, Gaines and every speaker, with the exception of Miss Maria L. Baldwin, took exception to Professor Miller. To say that he was surprised and astonished would be putting it mildly. In December of the same year I read a paper before the American Negro Academy meeting in Washington, D. C., upon "The Psychological and Historical Account of the Genesis and Development of the Negro's Religion." I was fresh from Boston. Everyone wanted to know

why the Boston Negroes were opposed to Booker T. Washington. Then I was invited by President George L. Jackson of the Bethel Literary of Washington, Professor J. W. Cromwell, a member of the executive committee, and L. M. Hershaw, a former president, to speak upon "The Boston Negro's Idea of Booker T. Washington." In a calm, cool, dispassionate and analytical manner, I told the reason why. Immediately a howl and cry went up all over Washington. The friends of Booker T. Washington hoisted up the signals of distress and cried out for a defender of Mr. Washington. R. W. Thompson, the brilliant newspaper correspondent, and Mr. Allen or Mr. Allain, a fiery orator, defended Mr. Washington before the second Baptist Lyceum. But Dr. William Sinclair, Dr. S. L. Corrothers, Attorney Turner of Atlanta, Ga., and myself swept and carried the crowd with us. The "Thompson" meeting was a failure and fiasco. Then came the famous "Lawson" meeting. It was announced by the Washington colored press that early in February, Professor Jesse Lawson was to reply to me before the Bethel Literary. On the Sunday morning before the meeting, Dr. Booker T. Washington passed through Washington and had a council of war in the Pennsylvania depot. They mapped out a campaign and planned my Waterloo, and Mr. Washington left happy, chuckling to himself. Lo, and behold, one Tuesday morning in February, 1903, the Washington *Post* told how the colored people of Washington, D. C., were indignant with me for "attacking" Mr. Washington, and were going to have a great mass meeting that night to denounce me. The Washington *Star* and *Times* had similar reports. The great meeting was held. The basement of the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church was packed and crowded. Excitement was at fever heat. People came from Baltimore. The Washington *Post* said that it was an audience representative of the entire South. Professor Jesse Lawson read an elaborate paper. When he sat down, cries and calls came for "Ferris" from all over the house. I stepped to the platform and in a ten minutes' speech told the audience that "the Tuskeegee sun was setting in the west, and that another guardian star was rising in the east." Then Judge Robert Terrell, Mr. R. W. Thompson, Miss Lucy Moten, principal of the Normal Training High School, Dr. Bruce Evans, principal of the Manual Training High School,

replied to me. Mrs. Ida D. Bailey, Messrs. L. W. Hershaw, Shelby Davidson, Ormond Scott and William Fossat, and Dr. George L. Richardson, a profound philosopher, defended me. The Washington daily newspapers sent reporters to the meeting. What was the result?

Wednesday morning the Washington *Post* had in big headlines, "W. H. Ferris of Boston precipitates a lively discussion at Bethel Literary"; and at the close of the long article said that so far from having a unanimous, Mr. Washington did not even have a majority representation in the District of Columbia.

The late Dr. Clayton, a gifted writer and high-toned gentleman, writing under the nom de plume of "The Man on the Monument," in the *Colored American,* a paper friendly to Mr. Washington, said: "Professor Ferris dared to attack Mr. Washington here on his dunghill in Washington, D. C., and came off victorious." He went on to say, that it would naturally be supposed that this rash and presumptuous young man would be severely rebuked for his audacity and boldness. He concluded his article by saying, "But the consensus of opinion is, that if Mr. Washington wants what is left of his defenders he had better come and get them. . . ." Then came DuBois's "Souls of Black Folk," the "Louisville Meeting," and the "Voice of the Negro." And these events, supplemented by the keen editorials and brilliant cartoons in the Boston *Guardian,* roused the consciences of the thoughtful Negroes and has resulted in installing DuBois as the leader, spokesman, champion, representative of the intelligent and manly Negro.

On August 1, 1903, the Boston *Herald* had this to say, in the course of an editorial:

"It was the Boston delegation that almost turned the National Afro-American Convention into pandemonium on two or three occasions. Nor was this the first display of the kind. One Dr. Ferris, who was a leader of disorder in Louisville not long ago, went to Washington, and in a meeting of colored men, where he was asked to speak, assailed Mr. Washington, who was not present, with disparagement that differed little from vituperation." Now, I am the Ferris referred to, and the convention referred to was the Afro-American Council, which met in Louisville, Ky., in July, 1903. This was the occasion. On one side of

the platform was a picture of Tuskeegee, and on the other side was a picture of Booker T. Washington, but nowhere in the hall was there a picture of a man or a college which stood for the higher aspirations of the Negro. Thursday afternoon T. Thomas Fortune, the presiding officer, introduced Mrs. Givens, the painter of Dr. Washington's picture. I arose quietly to a question of personal privilege. Mr. Fortune—and I shall ever honor him for it—had the magnanimity and courage to recognize me, although he knew that I was on the war path. In a three or four minute speech I turned the convention upside down. They hissed me at first, but before I finished speaking the hall rang with applause, and oil was not poured upon the troubled waters and quiet restored until the picture of J. C. Price, the champion of the higher education and the manhood rights of the Negro, was placed upon the platform. I had the convention going and was about to capture it and carry it my way. Several of my friends rushed up to me and said, "If you will sit down now, we will let you air your views and spread yourself to-morrow morning." But when the morning came, and I arose several times and called, "Mr. Chairman," in loud enough tones to be heard above the din and noise and to have every one turning around and looking at me, the chairman seemed never able to see me. He could look ten feet to the right, or ten feet to the left, and recognize some one. He could look over my head, and recognize some one twenty feet behind me. But he seemed afflicted with some ocular or auditory disease that could never see or hear me. And being a parliamentarian, a believer of law and order, of course, I could not speak unless I was recognized. Pandemonium might have reigned supreme, and I might have been the king of the convention, if I hadn't sat down after I had, in a four minute speech, lifted the delegates off of their feet. The Associated Press wronged me when it sent out the report: "Delegate Ferris of Boston objected to the picture of Booker T. Washington." I did not object to the picture of Booker T. Washington, but I objected to the council ignoring and treating with silent contempt the representatives of the higher education of the Negro.

The Louisville *News and Courier* and the Louisville *Herald* the next day put Booker T. Washington's great speech in McCauley's Theatre, before an audience of over three thousand, on the

inside of the paper, while they devoted big headlines and a column on the front page to the speeches of Forbes and Trotter and the other men who sympathized with the Boston delegation, and to my speech. One must not think because I have written such a realistic account of my short speech, in fact an account that is more realistic than elegant, that I have bursted my hat and quit wearing it. I have told no fairy tale, narrated no Arabian Nights story, and spun out no fisherman's yarn. I am only reflecting the accounts the colored and white press gave of that little tempest. I have told in this and preceding chapters of the work of the Boston *Guardian* and of myself. In the last chapter I told how DuBois crowned my efforts and the efforts of Trotter by his matchless book, "The Souls of Black Folk."

There was one subtle criticism of Booker T. Washington in DuBois "Souls of Black Folks" that I will quote here. On page 43 of that book DuBois says: "And so thoroughly did he, Mr. Washington, learn the speech and thought of triumphant commercialism, and the ideals of material prosperity, that the picture of a lone, black boy poring over a French grammar amid the weeds and dirt of a neglected house soon seemed to him the acme of absurdities. One wonders what Socrates and St. Francis of Assisi would say to this." And I would add, what a loss the world would have sustained if Jean Millet, when struggling in poverty, with a wife and children depending upon him for support; if Richard Wagner, when his musical dramas were being hooted off the stage and his materialistic wife was rebuking him; if Carlyle, when facing hardships and the trials of a literary career, on the fens of a Craigenputtoch; if Verdi, on the verge of starvation and suicide, a seeming failure as a composer; if Milton, writing "Paradise Lost," when poor and old and blind; if Hawthorne, dismissed from the Custom House in Salem, often making his dinner on chestnuts and potatoes, because too poor to buy meat, when writing the "Scarlet Letter,"—had listened to the advice of some ignorant and materialistic friend and renounced their divine aspirations and their strivings in the world of art, music and letters?

I believe that the opposition to Booker T. Washington reached its climax when, amid deafening applause and shrieks of women, and shouts of "Morris, Morris," Rev. Charles Satchel Morris of

New York, at the Faneuil Hall mass meeting on June 20, 1906, said: "I believe Booker T. Washington's heart is right, but that in fawning, cringing and groveling before the white man he had cost his race of ten thousand souls their rights, and that twenty years hence, as he looks back and sees the harm his course has done his race, he will be broken-hearted over it."

I quote from the New York *Times* for Tuesday, December 18, 1906:

The Rev. A. Clayton Powell, pastor of the Emanuel Baptist Church (colored) of New Haven, Conn., in an address delivered before the Ministers' Conference of Greater New York yesterday, added another to the attacks on President Roosevelt for dismissing the negro companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, and questioned the loyalty of Booker T. Washington to the colored people of the South. He said the President had disappointed his colored friends by catering to Southern prejudice and playing into the hands of the mob.

"The mob spirit," said the speaker, "controls everything below Mason and Dixon's line. It edits every newspaper, dictates the teachings of every professor, sits as judge in every court, elects every officer from Councilman to Governor, and molds the utterances of every pulpit. The white man who contends that the negro should have civil and political rights is denounced and ostracized. If he is a professor he must resign; if he is a business man he is boycotted; if he is a politician he must seek other fields in which to realize his political ambitions.

"One of the most unfortunate phases in the recent history of race prejudice is the change in the position of the President. For years we looked with great hope to Theodore Roosevelt. His manly utterances and actions at that time justified our expectations. Now he has greatly disappointed us. To say nothing of his failure to speak a word for 8,000,000 citizens who are deprived of their rights under the Constitution, his executive order dismissing and punishing a battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry is an evidence of his desire to please the Southern white man, who has hated a negro in Uncle Sam's uniform since the sixties.

"Say what you please, these soldiers were dismissed because the white people of Brownsville wanted them dismissed, and for no other reason under the sun. After suffering all manner of insults and indignities a half dozen soldiers, it is claimed by the municipal authorities, 'shot the town up.' The President promised to turn the guilty over to the State of Texas. He knew when he made the promise that within forty-eight hours after they were turned over to the Texas authorities they would be burned at the stake and their charred bones sold for souvenirs.

"Under these conditions who can blame them if they did 'stand together in a determination to resist the detection of the guilty?' If the few who may know should become backdoor tattlers and betray their com-

rades they would bring down on their heads the withering curses of all mankind. Because the War Department cannot detect the guilty, if there be any, for the State of Texas to burn, the great Czar of all America seemingly becomes infuriated and smashes all laws and precedents by punishing three companies, the majority of them admitted to be innocent, even by Inspector General Garlington, the South Carolina negro hater, who made the Federal investigation.

"It is hard to believe that the man with the big stick disarming and crushing the colored soldiers is the same Theodore Roosevelt who three years ago declared that as long as he was President every man should have a 'square deal.' What has caused him to change his stand? Dr. Booker T. Washington is his adviser. Some believe that he is responsible for the change in the President's attitude towards the Negro-Americans. The awful march of events since the famous Roosevelt-Washington luncheon makes a thoughtful man ask: Has the colored race been sold for a mess of pottage? We should all be slow in criticising a great and useful man like Dr. Washington, but after many things have been said to his credit, one or two remains to be said to his eternal discredit.

"For years he has counseled the colored men to 'meekly wait and murmur not,' and a large number of us have obeyed him. He has also advised the North to let the South solve in its own way the negro problem, and in its greed for gold the North gladly accepted advice from such a distinguished source. What are the results? Lynchings are increasing and riots are more numerous, the race is humiliated by Jim Crow laws, and woefully handicapped in its intellectual and moral development by inferior schools. In a word, under Dr. Washington's policy the two races in the South are a thousand times further apart than they were fifteen years ago, and the breach is widening every day."

The speaker closed by saying that the black man, who says that it is best to sit quiet and meekly submit to wrongs, is either a blatant fool or a hypocrite who has sold himself for a little political sop or for some other mercenary consideration. The race, he added, must rise up in its might and "sweep out of high places these weak-kneed Professors and cornstalk preachers."

Bishop Alexander Walters of the A. M. E. Zion Church, next to Bishop Henry M. Turner of the A. M. E. Church the most widely-known Negro bishop in America, spoke before the Boston Historical and Literary Society on "The Possibilities of Life and How to Obtain Them." One of his sub-titles was "The Possibilities of the Negro in the Realm of Politics."

In the course of his remarks he referred, without mentioning his name, to Booker T. Washington's Atlanta speech in 1905

and said, "That was a fatal day for the race when it lowered its equal rights flag, thus saying to the world that the Negro's contention was not for equal rights, but that he was willing to accept an inferior place, social equality, whatever that might mean to the race, was completely surrendered; from that fatal hour until now, politically we have been losing ground. Prior to that time, we were advancing rapidly in our struggle for equal rights, overcoming race prejudice, by a persistent and courageous stand against it. The impression had gotten abroad that the American Negro considered himself worthy of the manhood rights conferred upon him, and was making a manly fight to retain them; in the midst of this fearful struggle, suddenly, to the surprise of the courageous leaders of the race, our rights were bartered for a mess of material pottage; the white flag of surrender was hoisted and a place of political inferiority was accepted. Our genuine white friends stood aghast and wondered what it all meant. Our traditional friends of the North, who had much to gain from a business standpoint, by ceasing to give offense to the South, were now at liberty to abandon the struggle for our equal rights, since we ourselves had surrendered to prejudice in order to have an easier time of it. Our friends thought, and rightly so, that they had no need to jeopardize their interest to further aid a race to obtain its equal rights, when that race was not willing to struggle against all odds to retain the rights which had been conferred and guaranteed by the Federal Constitution.

"The Republican party banished us from its general councils, and in the South turned us over to our enemies. The sentiment of our accepted inferiority reached the Old World and had a baneful effect upon the race. While in England a few years ago, we were told that it was understood on that side that the Negroes of America had a low estimate of themselves, that they considered themselves in every way inferior to the white man, and a member of parliament added, 'this is to be regretted; no people can rise to their full height who believe themselves inferior to the rest of mankind'; in our reply we stated that there were some Afro-Americans who, on account of the many years of cruel and debasing servitude, so considered themselves, but there were many others who believed with St. Paul in his

declaration that 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.' We added that it was circumstances that made the difference; and it is they who thus believe in equality who are the leaven in the meal which is to leaven the whole lump.

"Material gain has usurped the place of our higher interests; and the leaders of the new idea, Jehu-like, are driving on furiously. The acceptance of an inferior place met with general approbation on the part of our enemies and erstwhile friends. The next thing we heard was that the black man must eschew politics and abdicate from the high places of equality and let the white man alone reign supreme in the political sphere.

"When everything had gone against the patriarch Job in the Scriptures, his sons and daughters had been slain, his property swept away, himself smitten with a loathsome malady from head to foot, he cursed the day in which he was born. He said, 'Let that day perish wherein I was born; the night in which was said, there is a man child conceived. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it. Let a cloud shadow it; let the blackness of night terrify it. As for the night let it not be joined into the day; the year let it not come into the number of the months; let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein. Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning. Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark, let it look for light but have none, neither let it see the dawning of the day; because it shut not up my mother womb nor hid sorrow from mine eyes.'"

And then brave Bishop Walters rose in the might and majesty of his splendid manhood and cursed that day in Atlanta in 1895 when a noted colored educator let the banners of his race's civil and political rights trail in the dust of compromise and expediency.

Rev. Reverdy C. Ransom, who leaped into prominence as an orator by his Garrison Centennial address in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in January, 1906, is in some respects the most brilliant orator our race has yet produced. Possessing scholarship, an analytical mind, a dramatic insight, poetical imagination, an appealing voice, fire, passion, and abandon as an orator, he can stir the blood

of his race as no Negro orator has since the days of Douglass. In his Whittier Centennial address in Faneuil Hall in December, 1907, he gave utterance to one of the sublimest sentiments that ever issued from the lips of man. He said:

> But no race or nation has the right to usurp the place of the Almighty by arbitrarily seeking to impose the conditions and limit the sphere to which another shall confine its activities. Birth, class, rank, title, are artificial distinctions among men and are not ordained of God. The first, the highest dignity among men, is the dignity of manhood. He who feels or acknowledges himself to be naturally inferior to another tears the sovereign crown of manhood from his brow and abdicates his throne. Those who assume, because of race or color, to set themselves above their fellowmen, would usurp the nature and power of Divinity. Anyone who acknowledges their assumption of superiority defiles God's image and insults the Almighty to his face.

I regard that as the high-water mark of Negro eloquence. Carlyle, Emerson, Curtis, Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln have given utterance to no sublimer thought or sentiment. Morris, Powell, Waters and Ransom are right; the black man can never win the regard and respect of the civilized world by abdicating the throne of manhood.

NOTE.—Since that discussion Professor Jesse Lawson has written a book which critics of intelligence have commended as a valuable sociological study of the Negro and his problems.

CHAPTER XXI.

Professor Kelly Miller's Philosophy of the Race Question.

During the palmy days of German philosophy, when even cobblers and blacksmiths could read Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," one materialist insolently asked, "Can philosophy bake any bread," and Novalis replied, "No, but it can give us God, freedom and immortality," and for the space of nearly half a century Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel ruled as the kings of German thought. But after the death of Hegel, philosophy was forced to yield the right of way to modern science, and speculative metaphysics has been relegated to the side lines.

Similarly, when any practical problem, like the race question, is discussed, books like Professor Royce's "Race Prejudice, Provincialism and Other American Problems," and Professor Kelly Miller's "Race Adjustment," which, in a calm and dispassionate manner analyze race prejudice and resolve the race problem into its constituent elements, and which has been widely commended by the American press and admirably reviewed by Hon. Archibald Grimke, attract inadequate attention. This age is impatient. It cares little for philosophical analysis. It wants a creed. It cares little for any philosophical discussion. It wants a recipe, a formula, a cut and dried, canned and labeled, and ready for the market solution of the race problem. And yet, before a physician can suggest a remedy and cure, he must first diagnose the disease.

The Anglo-Saxon loves a fighter. He is interested in the actors in the drama of life, rather than the dramatic critics in the parquet or gallery. He is more interested in the player who, with lowered head, smashes through an opposing rush line and scores a touchdown, or the man who runs back a kick half the length of the gridiron, dodging tacklers on the right and on the left, rather than in the coach on the side lines. And yet the coaches on the side lines have won more than one football game. And that is the justification of Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Montaigne, Emerson, Ladd, James, Sumner, Royce and Kelly Miller,

who are critics of life rather than leaders of popular movements who are in the thick of the fray.

But the objective attitude and the calm, dispassionate analysis of Kelly Miller is the more remarkable from the fact that he is a member of an emotional and excitable race, and from the further fact that that race is a persecuted, ostracized, downtrodden race that is under the fire of criticism. A man who is a member of a proscribed race, and at the same time can, in a calm and tranquil manner, discuss the relation of his race to his environment is a remarkable man.

But while these general remarks are true, Kelly Miller deserves a place in Negro history because he is a reconciler and a harmonizer of two opposing movements among the colored people, one of which is led by Booker T. Washington and the other by Professor W. E. DuBois, Editor William Trotter, Dr. Owen M. Walker, L. M. Hershaw, F. H. McMurray, Bishop Alexander Walters, Dr. J. Milton Waldron and Dr. S. L. Corrothers. These rival schools of thought, these differences of opinion amongst colored leaders, are not the verbal disputes and oral disquisitions which the Greek sophists, the mediæval school men, the Jesuitic priests, and Pickles Smith, Raspberry Johnson and Jones of Brother Gardiner's celebrated Lime Kiln Club delighted in; but these schools of thought and these differences of opinion have crystallized into organizations, which meet annually, and have a definite programme and propaganda. What are these movements and schools of thought, and in what sense is Kelly Miller a reconciler and harmonizer?

As I study the history of the American Negro, I find two distinct attitudes of the American mind toward the Negro since the Civil War. First came Charles Sumner and the American Missionary Association. Their colored exponent was Frederick Douglass. These men passed the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments and planted Howard, Fiske and Atlanta universities. Then fifteen years ago, some philanthropists and educators and editors in the North began to think that the higher education, civil and political rights, were forced upon the Negro before he was ready for them. The late President McKinley voiced this view when he advised the students of Tuskeegee not to strive for the unattainable. President Taft, in his inaugural speech,

seemed to lean towards this view, when he questioned the wisdom of the attitude of the North towards the South during the reconstruction days, and intimated the change of his policy regarding Negro appointments in the South. Booker T. Washington, who in his Atlanta speech said, "We began at the Senate instead of at the plough," and who, in subsequent addresses, held up to ridicule a Negro youth studying a French grammar in a log cabin and spoke with contempt of a rosewood piano in a country schoolhouse, was the masterful and resourceful exponent of this view.

There had been rumblings and grumblings of dissatisfaction among the colored people at some of the utterances of Dr. Washington, in which he seemed to minimize the intellectual achievements of the Negro, to ridicule the higher aspirations and spiritual strivings of his own people, and in which he seems to ask his people to cease contending for their manhood rights and to cut the foundation from under their civic privileges and political rights. In a word, thoughtful colored people felt that Mr. Washington was importing into the North the South's estimate of the Negro, and giving to the North the opiate which put its conscience to sleep and caused it to silently acquiesce in the South's practically undoing the work of Sumner, Garrison and Phillips.

At first there were only mutterings and grumblings and rumblings of dissatisfaction. Finally the storm burst in the fall of 1901, when the Boston *Guardian* was launched. Then, in the spring of 1903, DuBois's "Souls of Black Folk" was published. In the summer of 1903, Booker T. Washington's appearance in a colored church of Boston precipitated a riot. Then, in the same summer, the New England Suffrage League was organized. In the summer of 1905, the Niagara movement, of which Dr. W. E. DuBois is the general secretary, was organized. Then, in the spring of 1908, the National Negro Political League was organized, of which Dr. J. Milton Waldron is president. These men believe that the same forces and ideals which have civilized the Anglo-Saxon are needed to uplift and save the Negro. They do not believe that two different standards and ideals of education can be held before two different races, living in the midst of the same civilization, facing the same problems and engaged in the

same struggle for existence. They believe that the world puts the same estimate upon a man or race which the man or race puts upon himself or itself and that it would be suicidal for the Negro to supinely acquiesce in the deprivation of those rights which are freely bestowed upon every foreigner and immigrant who seeks refuge upon our shores, simply because he is a man, and which he may have for the mere asking. They believe that the Negro is a member of the human family and belongs to the genus vir as well as to the genus homo, and they desire to see his humanity recognized.

Then Professor Kelly Miller comes along as the harmonizer and reconciler. He sees that there is value in the creed of both Booker T. Washington and Dr. DuBois and yet that neither propaganda contains the whole programme. He sees that the Negro needs both the industrial education, property and good will of the Southern whites, which Booker T. Washington emphasizes, and also the higher education, civil and political rights for which Dr. DuBois contends. Asked the question, "Which does the Negro need most, the industrial or the higher education?" Professor Miller will reply, "Both." Asked the question, "Which does the Negro need most, the ballot or property?" Professor Miller replies, "Both." Asked the question, "Which does the Negro need most, the good will of the Southern whites or the encouragement and emoluments from holding office?" Professor Miller will reply, "Both." In a word, Professor Miller is a judge who recognizes that both of the claimants in court have a case and the right to be heard; and he recognizes that there is a ground in reason and in fact for the contention of each. And the most cultured men in the Negro race, such as Hon. Archibald H. Grimke, Dr. Francis J. Grimke, Hon. E. M. Hewlett, Professor William H. H. Hart, Professor William H. Richards, Professor C. C. Cook and Professor W. V. Tunnell of Howard University, Professor J. W. Cromwell, George W. Forbes, C. G. Morgan, Mr. Thomas Walker and J. F. Bundy, recognize that the colored man needs everything that other men need. It seems to me that Professor Miller is on the way towards a true solution of the race problem. We must recognize with Booker T. Washington that the Negro must become an economic and industrial asset to the country and we must also recognize with Dr. DuBois

that the Negro must be impregnated with the ideals of civilization, and that a man's civil and political status in society should not be determined by the color of his skin but by his worth as a man. For does not DuBois say in his great poem on the "Smoke King," "What's the hue of the hide to a man in his might?" This thought was eloquently voiced by Assistant District Attorney W. H. Lewis of Boston in an address before the Twentieth Century Club, March, 1904, when he said, "I would rather not be than to be and not be a man."

Now for a few closing reflections which may drive away the mists that becloud the vexed race problem. The Northern friends of the Negro are disappointed because he has not wholly kept pace with the Anglo-Saxon in this strenuous civilization. But it was hardly fair to expect that a race only two centuries removed from barbarism and savagery could within a half a century of its emancipation from bondage immediately absorb, assimilate and appropriate a civilization that it has taken the Teutonic people over twenty centuries to first absorb and assimilate and then evolve and develop. Then, too, a mistake was made in grouping all of the colored people, good, bad and indifferent, in the same category, and expecting to find some one recipe, formula, or prescription, that could be applied to both the high-toned, the low-toned, and no-toned.

But one truth shines out as clear as the noonday sun. The objective towards which all friends and helpers of the struggling black race must strive is this. The need of the hour is for the Negro to become impregnated with the ideals of civilization and enter into the spiritual fruits and inheritance of the complex and advanced civilization which is falsely called the Anglo-Saxon civilization, but which is really the Greek or Roman civilization, transformed by Hebrew monotheism and Teutonic aggressiveness and reverence for personality. In a word, the Negro must enter into the intellectual, moral, political, economic and industrial inheritance of the civilization into which he is bred and born. If the Negro does not participate in our American civilization, his fate will be the fate of the red man and he will go the way of other races which have succumbed before civilization. Now, how can the Negro appropriate the Anglo-Saxon civilization? It required freedom for the Teutonic races to develop their splendid

qualities of mind and heart; and if the Negro is oppressed, overshadowed, imprisoned in a social group, absolutely segregated and herded together and cut off from the rest of mankind, he cannot evolve and develop into a higher being, or realize his possibilities. If the colored brother is shut up in a pen and cut off from the intellectual, moral and political atmosphere of the life in which he lives and moves and has his being, his soul life will circle in eddies, and he will not get into the stream and currents of American thought and life. Yes, the great need is for the Negro to be stirred by the divine impulses which have moved the world.

Some say, let the Negro first get wealth and education and all the rest will follow. But a race that is a pariah in society, a vagabond race, with no share in the government, cannot even protect its property rights or determine what kind of an education the public school shall give its children. Thus, in several Southern states the higher courses have been eliminated from the state colleges and high schools for the colored youths, against the wish and protest of the colored people.

The Negro only forms fifteen per cent. of the population of the country. The white people own nearly 98 per cent. of the total wealth of the country. The whites have their hands upon the throttle valves of the manufacturing industries and the building trades of the country. Thus the Negro is overpowered, overwhelmed and oppressed both statically and dynamically by a crushing and restraining force. He can only offer such resistance as the restraining and crushing force will permit and allow him to offer. The colored people will only have such rights as the white people will permit them to have. Theoretically, the white people have granted him constitutional rights and they have endeavored to lift him morally.

If the economic pressure should come and Negro labor be supplanted with immigrant labor, the Negro race would be left a completely helpless, prostrate people, groveling in the dust. The pressure against the colored man has been static. If it should become dynamic, it would close like a vise and crush the poor Negro completely. The atoms of oxygen and hydrogen would be disintegrated, distributed, and scattered abroad, and the Negro would then play the rôle of a fertilizer in American civilization.

I do not know whether the supreme aim and purpose of the South is to lift up or keep down the colored man, to develop or degrade, to elevate or subjugate him. But one thing I do know, the South cannot lift the Negro by keeping him down, cannot develop him by degrading him, cannot elevate him by subjugating him. It remains for the country to decide whether the colored brother shall be lifted up or kept down, whether he shall be developed or degraded, whether he shall be elevated or subjugated. But I believe that the black man especially needs the uplift of the mighty hopes which make us men. The country says to the colored man, "Get material well-being, get houses and lands, but do not meddle with the higher things of the mind, do not interfere with the white man's politics." But did not the God-like Being, who cast the spell of his enchantment over his followers and who spake as never man spake before, say, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment."

CHAPTER XXII.

Professor Josiah Royce's "Philosophy of the Color Question."

Sidney Oliver, C.M.G., has written a remarkable work upon "White Capital and Colored Labor." One of his most suggestive chapters is the seventh chapter, where he quotes copiously from Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Professor Josiah Royce. Mr. Oliver says:

The facts are so important that I am glad to be able to substantiate my own impressions by quoting those of two well-known American writers who have, since my observations appeared, quite independently but very precisely endorsed them.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, writing from Jamaica (which this lady has visited several times) to the New York *American,* in January, 1906, speaks as follows:—

"The man or woman who visits Jamaica and does not acknowledge the ability of the colored race to occupy positions of dignity and trust, and to acquire education and culture, is either blind or utterly pig-headed.

"Three colored men acted on the jury in Kingston this week. The policemen, the trolley and railway officials are colored; so are the post-office officials. Scores of men stamped with the indelible marks of the African occupy prominent places in large industrial concerns, and the most remarkable man teacher I ever met with is Mr. ——— of ———, principal of the schools, and a man of very dark, albeit of very handsome, features.

. . . . . .

"There is no question but the colored man is more evenly developed and better treated, better understood on this island than anywhere in America.

. . . . . .

"Nowhere has the man with colored blood in his veins a better opportunity to rise in the world than right here. Stay here, and prove to all 'doubting Thomases' what the colored race can do. It is miraculous to think what it has accomplished here in sixty-eight years, since slavery was abolished.

"What may it *not* achieve in the next half century?"

Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, in an otherwise notable article on "Race Questions and Prejudices," published in the *International Journal of Ethics* for April, 1906, from which I am fain to quote again hereafter in support of the views of these questions which experience

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all people of color) in the Canal Zone, at Bocas del Toro, Costa Rica, Central America

has impressed upon myself, has written at some length on the topics which I have discussed in these chapters on "The Transplanted African." His testimony is so explicit and coming independently from such a source so significant and so weighty, that I think it necessary to quote the following somewhat lengthy extract with only trifling excisions.

"How can the white man and the Negro, once forced, as they are in our South, to live side by side, best learn to live with a minimum of friction, with a maximum of coöperation? I have long learned from my Southern friends that this end can only be attained by a firm, and by a very constant and explicit insistence upon keeping the Negro in his proper place, as a social inferior—who, then, as an inferior, should, of course, be treated humanely, but who must first be clearly and unmistakably taught where he belongs. I have observed that the pedagogical methods which my Southern friends of late years have found it their duty to use, to this end, are methods such as still keep awake a good deal of very lively and intense irritation, in the minds not only of the pupils but also of the teachers.

"*Must* such increase of race-hatred first come, in order that later, whenever the Negro has fully learned his lesson, and aspires no more beyond his station, peace may later come? Well, concerning just this matter I lately learned what was to me, in my experience, a new lesson. I have had occasion three times, in recent summers, to visit British West Indies, Jamaica and Trinidad, at a time when few tourists were there. Upon visiting Jamaica I first went round the coast of the Island, visiting its various ports. I then went inland, and walked for miles over its admirable country roads. I discussed its condition with men of various occupations. I read some of its official literature. I then consulted with a new interest its history. I watched its Negroes in various places, and talked with some of them, too. I have since collected such further information as I had time to collect regarding its life, as various authorities have discussed the topic, and this is the result:

"Jamaica has a population of surely not more than 14,000 or 15,000 whites, mostly English. Its black population considerably exceeds 600,000. Its mulatto population, of various shades, numbers, at the very least, some 40,000 or 50,000. Its plantation life, in the days before emancipation, was much sadder and severer, by common account, than ours in the South ever was. Both the period of emancipation and the immediate following period were of a very discouraging type. In the sixties of the last century there was one very unfortunate insurrection. The economic history of the island has also been in many ways unlucky even to the present day. Here, then, are certainly conditions which in some respects are decidedly such as would seem to tend towards a lasting state of general irritation, such as would make, you might suppose, race-questions acute. Moreover, the population, being a tropical one, has serious moral burdens to contend with of the sort that result from the known influences of such climates upon human character in the men of all races.

"And yet, despite all these disadvantages, to-day, whatever the problems of Jamaica, whatever its defects, our own present Southern race-problem in the forms which we know best, simply does not exist. There is no public controversy about social race equality or superiority. Neither a white man nor a white woman feels insecure in moving about freely amongst the black population anywhere on the island.

"The Negro is, on the whole, neither painfully obtrusive in his public manners, nor in need of being sharply kept in his place. Within the circles of the black population itself there is meanwhile a decidedly rich social differentiation. There are Negroes in government service, Negroes in the professions, Negroes who are fairly prosperous peasant proprietors, and there are also the poor peasants; there are the thriftless, the poor in the towns,—yes, as in any tropical country, the beggars. In Kingston and in some other towns there is a small class of Negroes who are distinctly criminal. On the whole, however, the Negro and colored population, taken in the mass, are orderly, law-abiding, contented, still backward in their education, but apparently advancing. They are generally loyal to the government. The best of them are aspiring, in their own way, and are wholesomely self-conscious. Yet there is no doubt whatever that English white men are the essential controllers of the destiny of the country. But these English whites, few as they are, control the country at present with extraordinary little friction, and wholly without those painful emotions, those insistent complaints and anxieties, which at present are so prominent in the minds of many of our own Southern brethren. Life in Jamaica is not ideal. The economical aspect of the island is in many ways unsatisfactory. But the Negro race question, in our present American sense of that term, seems to be substantially solved.

"I answer, by the simplest means in the world—the simplest, that is, for Englishmen—viz.: by English administration, and by English reticence. When once the sad period of emancipation and of subsequent occasional disorder was passed, the Englishman did in Jamaica what he had so often and so well done elsewhere. He organized his colony; he established good local courts, which gained by square treatment the confidence of the blacks. The judges of such courts were Englishmen. The English ruler also provided a good country constabulary, in which native blacks also found service, and in which they could exercise authority over other blacks. Black men, in other words, were trained, under English management, of course, to police black men. A sound civil service was also organized; and in that educated Negroes found in due time their place, while the chief of each branch of the service were or are, in the main, Englishmen. The excise and the health services, both of which are very highly developed, have brought the law near to the life of the humblest Negro, in ways which he sometimes finds, of course restraining, but which he also frequently finds beneficent. Hence he is accustomed to the law; he sees its ministers often, and often, too, as men of his own race; and in the main, he is fond of order,

and duly respectful towards the established ways of society. The Jamaica Negro is described by those who know him as especially fond of bringing his petty quarrels and personal grievances into court. He is litigious just as he is vivacious. But this confidence in the law is just what the courts have encouraged. That is one way, in fact, to deal with the too forward and strident Negro. Encourage him to air his grievances in court, listen to him patiently, and fine him when he deserves fines. That is a truly English type of social pedagogy. It works in the direction of making the Negro a conscious helper toward good social order.

"Administration, I say, has done the larger half of the work of solving Jamaica's race-problem. Administration has filled the island with good roads, has reduced to a minimum the tropical diseases by means of an excellent health-service, has taught the population loyalty and order, has led them some steps already on the long road 'up from slavery,' has given them, in many cases, the true self-respect of those who themselves officially coöperate in the work of the law, and it has done this without any such result as our Southern friends nowadays conceive when they think of what is called 'negro domination.' Administration has allayed ancient irritations. It has gone far to offset the serious economic and tropical troubles from which Jamaica meanwhile suffers.

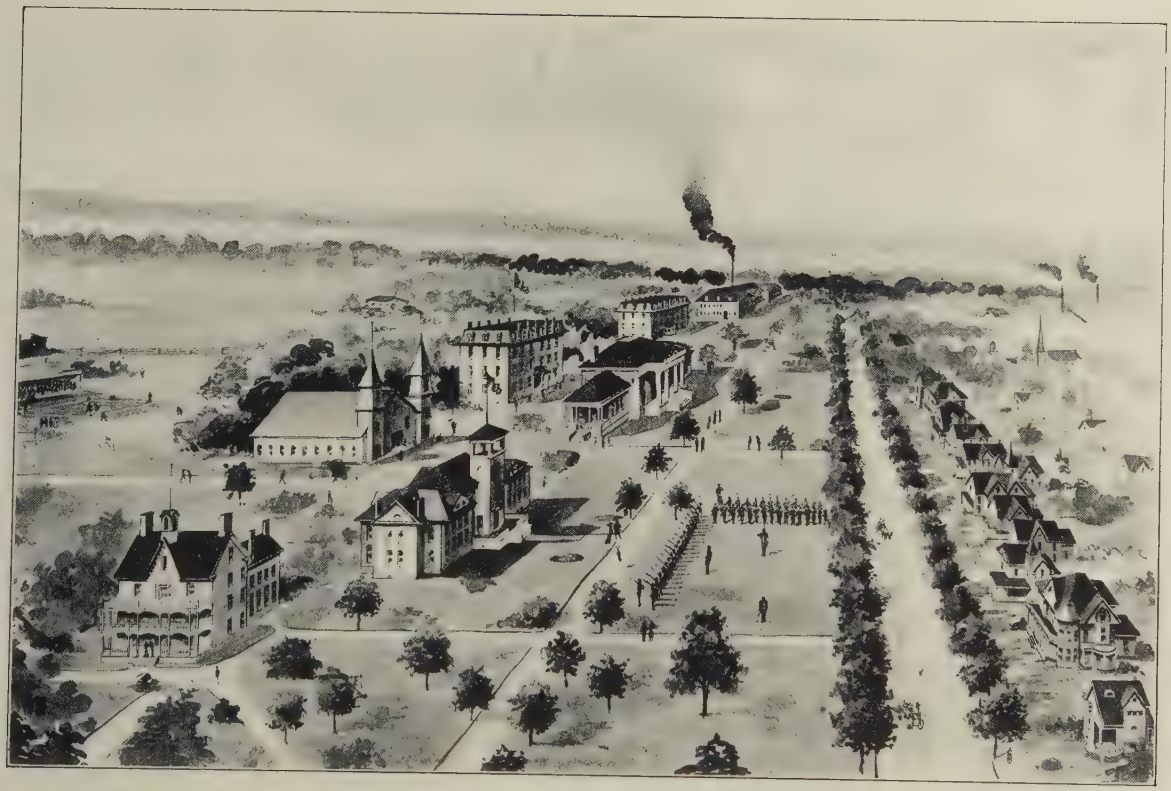
"Yes, the work has been done by administration,—and by reticence. You well know that in dealing, as an individual, with other individuals, trouble is seldom made by the fact that you are actually the superior of another man in any respect. The trouble comes when you tell the other man too stridently that you are his superior. Be my superior quietly, simply showing your superiority in your deeds, and very likely I shall love you for the very fact of your superiority. For we all love our leaders. But tell me that I am your inferior, and then perhaps I may grow boyish, and may throw stones. Well, it is so with races. Grant then that yours is the superior race. Then you can afford to say little about that subject in your public dealings with the backward race. Superiority is best shown by good deeds and by few boasts.

"So much for the lesson that Jamaica has suggested to me. The widely different conditions of Trinidad suggest, despite the differences, a somewhat similar lesson. Here also there are great defects in the social order; but again, our Southern race problem does not exist. When, with such lessons in mind, I recall our problem, as I hear it from my brethren of certain regions of our Union, I see how easily we can all mistake for a permanent race-problem a difficulty that is essentially a problem of quite another sort. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in his recent book on the 'Southerners' Problem,' speaks in one notable passage of the possibility, which he calls utopian, that perhaps same day the Negro in the South may be made to coöperate in the keeping of order by the organization under State control of a police of their own race, who shall deal with blacks. He even mentions that the English in the East Indies use native constabulary. But this possibility is not utopian.

When now I hear the complaint of the Southerner, that the race problem is such as constantly to endanger the safety of his home, I now feel disposed to say: 'The problem that endangers the sanctity of your homes and that is said sometimes to make lynching a necessity, is not a race problem. It is an administrative problem. You have never organized a country constabulary. Hence when various social conditions—amongst which the habit of irritating public speech about race questions is indeed one, though only one condition—have tended to the producing, and to the arousing of extremely dangerous criminals in your communities, you have no adequate means of guarding against the danger. When you complain that such criminals, when they flee from justice, get sympathy from some portion of their ignorant fellows and so are aided to get away, you forget that you have not first made your Negro countrymen familiar with and fond of the law, by means of a vigorous and well-organized and generally beneficent administration constantly before his eyes, not only in the pursuit of criminals, but in the whole care of public order and health. If you insist that in some districts the white population is too sparse or too poor, or both, to furnish an efficient country constabulary constantly on duty, why, then, have you not long since trained black men to police black men? Sympathy with the law grows with responsibility for its administration. If it is revolting to you to see black men possessed of the authority of a country constabulary, still, if you will, you can limit their authority to a control over their own race. If you say all this speech of mine is professional, unpractical, utopian, and if you still cry out bitterly for the effective protection of your womankind, I reply merely, look at Jamaica! Look at other English colonies.

"In any case, the Southern race problem will never be relieved by speech or by practices such as increase irritation. It will be relieved when administration grows sufficiently effective, and when the Negroes themselves get an increasingly responsible part in this administration in so far as it relates to their own race. That may seem a wild scheme. But I insist: It is the English way. Look at Jamaica, and learn how to protect your own homes."

That Professor Josiah Royce does not paint too roseate a picture of the Jamaica Negro is seen in the picturesque article upon Jamaica by Rev. James F. Hill, D.D., entitled "The Land of Smiles." Dr. Hill says, "This is a sun-blessed land, where the Negro question is settled, or where it simply does not exist. There are so few whites that their number is insignificant as regards the ordinary run of things on the island and so no distinctions exist." The history of Jamaica conclusively shows that the Negro's civil and political equality is not a menace to the Anglo-Saxon.



CAMPUS OF LIVINGSTONE COLLEGE, SALISBURY, N. C.
Rev. William H. Goler, D.D., LL.D., President

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Message to My Colored Brethren—Stop Whining and Buckle Down to Hard Work.

I desire to say at the outset that this book is not a phillipic against Booker T. Washington. But I will explain why I discuss him at such great length in the book. He is a resourceful man and the colored thinkers are divided into two camps regarding his leadership.

The physicist faces certain physical facts. The fact that gravitation draws all things to the ground, the fact that fire burns, that water seeks its level, are facts that we cannot ignore. We may close our eyes and say that they are illusions of the mind, and step off the top of a high building, or thrust our hands into the fire, or construct faucets higher than the reservoir and we will get some unpleasant experiences, reminders that there are some stubborn physical facts and laws that we must recognize and cannot yet get around or over or under or through. And so in the moral and spiritual world there are certain facts that remain facts whether we so recognize them or not.

Now, it is a fact that the mass of the Negroes are not as sensitive to their rights, not as high-spirited, not as keen in their appreciation of intellectual things and in their admiration of scholars and literary men as the mass of the Anglo-Saxons. But it is also a fact that many colored persons, the present writer among them, have higher cravings and aspirations and wants and needs than the mere feeding, clothing and sheltering of the body. The hunger for the eternal is in their nature. The thirst for the higher things of life is the deepest law of their being. They have caught the far-off gleam of the ideal and they are pursuing it with the same chivalric spirit with which the Knights of the Round Table sought the Holy Grail.

It is also a fact that Booker T. Washington's gospel of industrialism, his gospel of submit-to-Jim-Crow-cars and stay-out-of-politics does not appeal to the spiritual and moral wants and

needs of these colored persons. It is a fact that this dissatisfaction with the crass and sordid materialism of Mr. Washington's teaching has voiced itself in DuBois's "Souls of Black Folk," has spoken in the trenchant and hysterical editorials of the Boston *Guardian,* has uttered itself in *The Voice of the Negro,* has manifested itself in the Boston riot of 1903, and in similar public gatherings, and finally has crystallized itself into that formidable organization of intelligent and ambitious Negroes known as the Niagara movement. The scientist holds the mirror up to nature and reflects her; as a historian of the Negro race, as the writer of a history, which may be read after I have passed away, it is my duty and mission to hold the mirror up to the Negro's history and reflect his dominant tendencies. Hence, as the growth of the anti-Booker T. Washington sentiment amongst thoughtful colored men is a fact of Negro history, as the rise of DuBois as a race leader is a fact of Negro history, I must record them in these pages.

The Anglo-Saxon friends of the colored people express a surprise that so many strong Negro leaders resent the yoke of Mr. Washington's leadership. Some have attempted to toss the objection to Dr. Washington's leadership lightly aside by saying, "The Negro is a hero dissector rather than a hero worshipper. He likes to pull down and tear down his great men. He has the instinct of the buzzard in discovering and feeding upon rotten carrion. He likes to discover and reveal defects in his leaders. He likes to wash his dirty linen and air his petty grievances in public." But we must probe deeper to discover the kernel of the objection to Mr. Washington's leadership. That kernel is found in the fact that the love of liberty is innate, that the instinct and desire to rise is an inborn characteristic of the human soul. Hence those colored men, craving and yearning for all that belongs to a man, are not satisfied with a philosophy and doctrine which would curtail their rights and privileges and circumscribe and set a limit to their aspirations. Then, again, it is a fact of history that educated men do not relish an uneducated leader.

It seems to me the fact that educated colored men have not swallowed and gulped down whole Mr. Washington's gospel of compromise, but have taken him in homeopathic doses, is a

healthy sign, and indicates that the Negro has emerged from mental childhood to manhood, and is now thinking for himself. The Republican and Democratic parties have divided upon protection and free trade, gold and silver standards and imperialism. There is the anti-trust and pro-trust wing in the Republican party. So it is no inexplicable phenomena that all Negroes do not think alike.

It is unfortunate, though, that personal enmity should exist between the critics and defenders of Mr. Washington, and that the friends and foes of Mr. Washington should be drawn up in two warring camps. But the responsibility for this rests, I believe, upon the shoulders of Mr. Washington's over-zealous friends, who made the mistake of putting under the ban and regarding as heretics those who believed that Mr. Washington was human and liable to err and who did not believe that divine omniscience was one of his perspicuous qualities and attributes. I hope and trust that brotherly love will prevail between the critics and the friends of Dr. B. T. Washington; but the latter wills otherwise.

For my own personal estimation of Mr. Washington, I will say that, in many ways, I regard him as a very clever man, one of the cleverest men the Negro race has produced. He is a successful organizer, a popular orator, and he must be a diplomat to win and draw and hold such faithful friends as he has. Apart from the fact that he has built up a big industrial plant at Tuskeegee, that he has manifested rare genius in organizing and marshalling his forces at Tuskeegee, that he can land his colored henchmen in political jobs, schools and colleges, that he can reward colored editors and orators for booming him, there must be some magnetism, that defies analysis to his personality, that accounts for the magic influence that he formerly exerted upon his colored and white friends. Then, again, he is one of the industrial saviors and deliverers of the South. General Samuel Armstrong, his teacher, has solved the problem as to how the toiling black masses shall earn their living and become an economic force in the South. If I were a billionaire, I would plant a Hampton Institute in every Southern State to solve the bread-and-butter problem for the Southern Negro.

But look upon the other side of the picture. On the other hand, Mr. Washington has put the Negro race back fifty years

so far as the country's recognizing and appreciating the fact that he is a full-fledged man, entitled to all the rights and privileges and opportunities to which the meanest foreigner and poorest immigrant is heir. The world has long believed that the object, end and aim of life, and hence of education, which prepares one for life, is to develop a high type of manhood and womanhood. How this ideal of life and education can be realized in a human being when he has no part or parcel in the government to which he belongs, when the spirit of a slave and not that of a free being is instilled in him, and when he is taught to feel and believe that he is an inferior being, is a mystery to me, and is a harder problem for my brain to solve than any to be encountered in differential calculus or vector analysis. Untieing the Gordian knot or answering the riddle of the Sphinx is child's play compared to it.

When I reflect that Mr. Washington, in a quarter of a century, has built up and developed a remarkable school, which is a wonderful industrial plant, nay a little city by itself, I feel like exclaiming in the words of the devout Mohammedan, "Great is Tuskeegee and Washington is its creator." But I will say in conclusion, that I believe Mr. Washington's place is at the head of Tuskeegee and not as the dictator of political appointments or supervisor of all the Negro schools and colleges in the country, or the universal boss of the Negro race. Self-made men are, like Washington, often men of great power in achievement and of great intensity of purpose. They often grasp and grapple successfully with one phase of a complicated problem. They often see one vital truth and see it clearly, but, as a rule, they are not as broad-gauged and have not as comprehensive a sweep and survey of great problems as the men of university training. They lack the perspective which a knowledge of history gives to a thoughtful observer. Hence the world-leader of the Negro race must not only be a man of affairs but he must be a profound student of sociology. He must be cognizant of the meaning and significance of the great world movements in history. On account of these general considerations Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois, President William S. Scarborough and Hon. A. H. Grimke are the men best suited by native ability and thorough training and preparation to lead the advancing hosts of black heroes.

Mr. Washington may be doing a grand and good work at Tuskeegee but DuBois towers above and transcends him intellectually, and his nature is more imperial than Washington's. But the world formerly rated Washington as the greater man. Yes, but why?

In the white race, a man who trains the mind is ranked as a greater man than the man who trains the hand. That is why Presidents Eliot and Lowell of Harvard, President Hadley of Yale and the late President Harper of Chicago University are justly regarded as greater educators and greater men than the principal of a white industrial or farm school.

Why then was Mr. Washington, the representative of the industrial education of the negro, formerly regarded by the world at large as greater than Scarborough, the representative of the higher education of the Negro? It is because Yale, Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge and the universities of Leipsic and Berlin are regarded as ideal universities for the white youth, while Hampton and Tuskeegee fix the limits of the Negro attainment and aspirations. It is because the Negro is regarded as a being who is fit for nothing higher than being a beast of burden and a tiller of the soil. But the Negro's love of music, eloquence, poetry, philosophy, theology and religion indicates that the deathless hopes of the human soul appeal to him no less than they dazzle the mind of his Caucasian brother.

Mr. Washington says that when we get wealth, when we get something the white man wants, the friction between the races will be a thing of the past and the race problem will be solved. He says that we must be rich before we can hope or expect to be treated as human beings. But that is a surface view and indicates that Mr. Washington does not understand the deepest springs of human nature. The moral impulse is a more potent spring of action than the commerical instinct. Rev. Richard Carroll of Columbia, S. C., the colored Chautauqua lecturer, said in his paper, "The Southern Ploughman": "O Foolish Galatians! Talk is cheap. The race is loaded down with race leaders, big men and advisers. There are a lot of these cheap orators that come through the South and even the North, but especially do they confine their work to the South, giving lectures at every Sunday School picnic and in the pulpits. They

advise the Negro to 'get property, get money, get a bank account, and the white man will recognize you and treat you like a gentleman. The white man loves money; you can reach him through his pocket; touch his pocketbook and you've got him.' They never labored under a more fatal mistake. The white people of the South are not purchasable with money. They have not yet learned the value of money, as have some other white folks. If you would cover the Negroes with gold from head to foot, some of the white people would not recognize them any more than they do now. If these orators mean that the Negroes will get social equalities from the white people of the South, if they get hold of some land and money, they are very much mistaken, and are 'barking up the wrong tree.' Others teach the Negroes that as soon as they get wealth, become the equals or superiors of the white people of the South, then they will get recognition. How the Negroes of the South can become the financial equals of the white people of the South is something I can not see through. I wish we could get as much money as they have. There are others that teach, 'When the Negroes get property and money, persecution in the South will cease.' It will make it worse. The Jews in Russia have plenty of money, and they are persecuted. It does not make any difference what the Negroes get, how much land they own or how much money they have in the bank, the sentiment of the South as to social equality will remain."

Let us see. The Negro is despised, proscribed and ostracised and is a very unpopular being. He is an objectionable being to the white man. How overcome the aversion which the Anglo-Saxon has for his brother in black? Clearly not by the Negro merely acquiring wealth and accumulating property. If he was rough, uncouth, and unrefined, he would still be æsthetically objectionable to his Caucasian brother, even if he possessed the wealth of a Crœsus. We must produce a type of manhood and womanhood that the Anglo-Saxon will admire. Then and then alone will the Negro no longer be despised, but he will be freely accorded his civil and political rights.

The Negro must acquire culture, polish and refinement, he must acquire an aristocratic, high-bred feeling. We must improve the racial stock. We must produce a high-minded, high-

spirited, high-toned race of men and women, who will walk with head erect, lift their feet and strike the ground with a firm elastic step. We need an educated gentry. We need men like the late Sir William Conrad Reeves, Chief Justice of Barbadoes, roughshod and still refined. We must produce a race of bold, lion-like men, and aristocratic, high-bred women; we must make some contribution to civilization, must develop the intellectual, moral and æsthetic sides of our nature,—then we will no longer be a despised but an admired race.

Some may say that the Negro has already attained to culture and made remarkable progress. It is true that in L'Ouverture, Cuffee, Douglas, Crummell, Downing, Garnett, the Grimke brothers, Purvis and Reeves, we have produced men who tower in their intellectual and moral grandeur as Alpine peaks. In Phyllis Wheatley, Dunbar, Chestnutt, Tanner and Coleridge-Taylor, we have produced men who have distinguished themselves in literature and art.

In Blyden, the Mohammedan and Arabic scholar; in Scarborough, the Greek scholar; in Kelly Miller, the mathematician; in Forbes, Moore, Cook, Sinclair, Richards, Bassett, DuBois, Bowen, Crogman, Fortune and Barber we have produced scholars and thinkers, who have written creditable essays and books. In Ward, Williams, Eliot, Price, Morris, Ransom, Brockett, Hayes, Bishop Turner, Vernon, Mason, O'Connell, Purvis, Lewis, Morgan, Gilbert, Bruce and Pickens we have produced magnetic orators. In Bishop Salters and Coppin, Rev. M. W. Gilbert, and Bishop Albert Johnson we have produced great preachers. In Bruce, Cuney, Pledger, Lyons, Lee and DeVeaux we have produced astute political leaders. In Derham, LeGrasse, Porter, Purvis, Williams and Hills we have produced six great physicians and surgeons. In Hart, Morris, and McGhee we have produced three great lawyers. In Granville Woods we have produced an inventor, who is a genius. We have produced a few millionaires and two or three hundred men and women who have piled up a fortune of over one hundred thousand dollars. Crispus Attuscks, at the Boston Massacre; Peter Salem, at Bunker Hill; Sergeant Carney, at Fort Wagner; Bob Smalls, in carrying off the planter; the Haytien troops under L'Ouverture, and the colored regulars at San Juan Hill, El Caney and

LaQuassia, have written their names in letters of blood upon the pages of human history and demonstrated forever the courage of the Negro upon the battle field.

In Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Charleston, we have a cultured and refined aristocracy. In Rochester, New Bedford, Providence, Newport, Hartford and New Haven we have old and respectable colored families, to whom there is a sort of moral aroma. In Wilmington, Del., Durham, Savannah, Jacksonville, Waycross, Brunswick, Louisville and Chicago, we see cities and towns teeming with colored population that pulses with the modern commercial spirit. In Wilmington, N. C., Beaufort, Georgetown, Columbia and Darien we see towns animated by loyal race spirit.

But there are thousands of Negroes in the South, and scores in the North, who have practically been untouched by the civilizing forces of the modern age, and who are ignorant, illiterate, superstitious and poverty-stricken. The Negro is not an inferior being; but the race is a crude and undeveloped race. It is not a backward or child race; but it is an unpolished diamond, a diamond in the rough.

And then, again, we have produced few men and women in America whose deeds and achievements are recorded in the world's history. If I could pass any criticism upon the social leaders of the Negro race, upon the representatives of Negro aristocracy, it is that they have not been touched by the missionary impulse to the degree that the New England philanthropists and the representatives of New England culture have.

If, then, few of the gifted and talented sons and daughters of the Negro race have been potent factors in shaping the world's history, why do I write this book and why was I tempted to call it "The Prose Epic of the Negro Race"? As I pass through the country and meet men like S. N. Scarlett of Waycross, and a hundred others I might mention, I am compelled to admire them. It is not what they have actually done; it is not what they have actually wrought out; it is not the heights to which they have attained, but it is for the depths from whence they have come; it is the obstacles which they have encountered, the difficulties they have overcome, in forging their way to the front and climbing the mountain of

human achievement; it is for these things that I value and honor them. When I consider that the Negro race as a race has only had fifty years of freedom; when I consider that many have forced their way up in the face of the indifference of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the opposition and jealousy of their own race, I am constrained to doff my cap to any colored man or woman who has won recognition for his deeds and achievements from his own and from the Anglo-Saxon race.

It seems hard, unjust and cruel to tell a race it must become an admired, instead of a despised race, before the race problem will be solved. But it is the truth. As I travel through the South and am penned and cooped and packed like a sardine in the sweat-box known as the Jim Crow car; as I am herded, with other Negroes, as if we were all cattle; as I am denied the privilege of a sleeping car, subjected to inconveniences and annoyances when traveling, yea subject to countless insults and humiliations in the South, I ask, "Why is it?"

I am educated and have over a century of free and respectable ancestry behind me. Why am I so treated in the South? It is because I am connected with a race that is despised because of the color of its skin, the texture of its hair, the heaviness of its features; despised because it was until recently a slave race; despised because it does not possess wealth and has not made a contribution to civilization or played a part in shaping and moulding the world's history.

What am I to do? The most natural thing for me to do is to hoist the signal of distress and set up a pathetic howl and plaintive wail. But suppose the world turns a deaf ear to my cries and lamentations? And that is what it has done to the Negro. For the past twenty-five years, we have had our race conventions. We have met and passed resolutions. We have resolved and dissolved. And what has been the result? The petitions and entreaties of the Negro have been ignored and one Southern State after another has disfranchised and Jim-Crowed him.

The Boston *Guardian* and the Niagara movement did some very effective work in causing the Warner amendment, which would have nationalized Jim Crow cars, to be dropped from the rate bill. Under the wise leadership of DuBois, the Niagara

movement, supported by Trotter, the fearless editor of the Boston *Guardian,* did wonders in arousing the dormant and deadened conscience of a nation that in its mad rush for gold has shut its eyes to the question of human rights which is as old as history. And the Constitution League, backed by Mr. John E. Milholland and organized by Dr. William A. Sinclair, followed suit.

But unless the Negro does something to convert the contempt of the country into admiration, the eloquent protests will be powerless to help the Negro. A tidal wave of sentiment, hostile to the Negro, is sweeping over the country. We must turn back that wave. How? With America as a stage, an immense amphitheatre and field of action; and the civilized world as spectators, ready to applaud our rise, we must demonstrate to the world that the black race possesses genius and talent and make a record which will compel mankind to recognize and respect us.

But first we need a criterion of aristocracy in society. We have no social standing in America. We level distinction too generally; we make little gods of fops, dudes, dandies, Beau Brummels, Ward McAlisters, and Lord Chesterfields, who put more money in the tailor's hands than they do in the bank or into real estate. It is no disgrace to be an honest servant; I have great respect for a hard-working man or woman; I, too, have worked at manual labor; but the question of the inequality of social position is ignored among us. The Negro lacks the grit and plodding pluck of the white man to push and forge. The Negro who wants something easy every day, who dreads hard work and who lacks the ambition to rise in life and climb the rugged heights of achievement, is not the social equal of a man who has struggled and made sacrifices to get an education and has grappled with knotty problems in mathematics and with the mysteries and subtleties of metaphysics. The average Negro does not respect his superior people. He must learn to look up to his eminent men and refined women. But the Negro is not to blame for this, as he was taught in slavery days that one "Nigger" is no better than another "Nigger" and that no "Nigger" is the equal of the white man.

Some will say that this talk sounds like an echo of Booker T. Washington. Mr. Washington and I agree that it is up to the Negro to do something and work out his own salvation. But

there the Tuskeegee sage and I differ. He believes the Negro ought to be a millionaire before he demands to be treated as a man; I don't. He wants the Negro to begin at the foot of the ladder and remember that his mission and destiny is to remain there. I, too, want him to begin at the bottom; but I also want him to climb the dizzy heights of fame, to go higher and higher, cutting his way up niche by niche. I want him to reach up and write his name in letters of gold side by side with the scholars and scientists, the statesmen and orators, the poets and artists, the financiers and writers, whom the world has long revered. But, descending from the cloudland of fancy, and coming down to terra firma, we are confronted by this question, "Will the white man permit the Negro to mount to such dazzling heights and carve his name upon the topmost pinnacle of fame?" The ideal Negro for the white man of the South is the old slave Negro, who is humble, submissive and courteous. He thinks the Negro's place is in the kitchen and on the farm. He looks upon the aspiring Negro as an anomaly and an exotic in modern civilization.

But the Negro is ambitious and imitative and he wants to do everything the white man does; so there will be a row between the Negro and the Southern white man. The Negro follows the white man, step by step, and as long as he does that, there will be a fight in the South. He will reach the white man's ideas and ideals, and take them to himself and try to develop and perfect them. It is the question of the political and social aspirations of the Negro that brings about the trouble in the South. It is now a social question, based on the freedom and citizenship of the Negro.

I have heard Swami Abhedananda, Mozumdar and Bepin Chandra Pal, the distinguished Hindoo philosophers, lecture. I have had long talks with Yokoi, the philosophical Japanese, and I have come to the conclusion that the Anglo-Saxon ideal of manhood and womanhood is the highest the world has yet seen, the highest that will ever be evolved in the history of the world. I desire to ask America, "Will you permit the Negro to realize and embody this ideal in his life? Will you encourage the unlimited and unrestricted development of talented and gifted colored people?" Regard as the delusion of a hysterical mind, as the

wild dream of a diseased and disorganized imagination, the theory of the South that we must not educate the Negro or treat him as a man, because he will want a white wife. It is barbarous and inhuman to say, "We must not uplift the Negro, but must degrade and humiliate him in order to discourage his social aspirations." Believe, rather, that it is the illiterate, rather than the intelligent Negro, who does not appreciate the worth and value of colored women. I have enjoyed exceptional educational advantages, and yet I have met colored women who in beauty, culture, refinement, purity, delicacy and high-bred feeling were the incarnation and embodiment of all that I admired in womanhood. I believe it possible that two races can dwell together in peace and harmony, living side by side, each reaching a high degree of civilization, mingling in commercial, civil and political life, without intermarrying. The intermarriage of races is something that will never be regulated by legal statutes and enactments, but by the preference of individuals for each other. Of the two evils, lawful marriage between colored and white persons is infinitely less disastrous to the individual and the community than the clandestine relations that frequently exist between white men and colored women, and that occasionally exist between colored men and white women in the South. In Boston, the colored man's paradise, there is some amalgamation; but if one did not consult the marriage register, he would hardly know that colored and white persons intermarry; and they are usually colored men and foreign servant girls. I share with the Anglo-Saxon in the disgust and aversion that he has for the vicious and criminal Negro. But I ask our Anglo-Saxon friends, North and South, to banish to the limbo of exploded and discarded ideas the theory that a man's status in society, a man's educational opportunities, should be determined by the color of his skin rather than by his intrinsic worth as a man.

Now, a final word to my brethren. We have a hard task set before us. Hercules, cleaning the Augean stables; yea, the twelve labors of Hercules are but child's play compared to the work that is cut out and lined out for the Negro. The Negro must convince a world believing in his inferiority and hostile to his higher aspirations; the Negro must convince a generation that

believes he is fit only to be a pack-horse and beast of burden, that he is a full-fledged and full-orbed man, with the tastes and desires and hopes and aspirations of other men. How can he do it? He must go out and dazzle the world by his deeds and achievements. We have produced a few exceptionally gifted men and a few remarkable women. But we, as a race, have not been history-makers. We must go out and make history. We have been a critical race; we must now become a productive race. We have been an imitative race; we must become a creative race. We have made a brilliant start, but we have not yet won the race. Ours is not a hundred-yards dash, but a long, arduous journey over hill and down dale; we must climb mountains, ford rivers, and forge our way through thickets and briars. We have brain capacity and fervid enthusiasm, but we lack the grit, pluck and push of the Anglo-Saxon race. The god of the universe and the stars in their courses fight upon the side of the man who possesses an unconquerable will. He levels mountains, harnesses heat, light, electricity and the other forces of nature, and compels the winds and waves, the rivers and seas, to obey his will. He tames the wild animals and subdues them. Men give ground before him and he moves along with the resistless sweep of a conquering army. This is no fanciful picture. Look at the Anglo-Saxon. In three centuries the Anglo-Saxon race has transformed a wilderness into a continent dotted with teeming, bustling cities. I have traveled through the Naugatuck valley in Connecticut. I saw thriving, prosperous towns and cities. I saw many a mill by the side of rushing streams, saw many a factory extending its smokestack into the air, heard the hum and whizz and whirl and whirr of machinery, and observed the life and activity that pulsed in those New England villages. Then I visited New York City; saw those sky-scrapers rising forty and forty-four stories high; noticed how the city was tunneled out beneath; viewed the magnificent residences and flashing, gaily-dressed women upon Fifth Avenue; saw the automobiles sweeping along; heard the noise and observed the hurry and bustle of Broadway; and then I reflected, three centuries ago the Naugatuck valley and New York City were forest lands, where wild beasts roamed and sported and the wild Indians roved. What has brought about the marvelous, nay, the miraculous

change? What was the potent charm, the magic, fairy wand? It was the aggressive energy and dogged determination of the Anglo-Saxon. He has subdued the Hindoo and Chinaman and exterminated the Indian. The Negro, by his imitativeness, geniality and flexibility has won the sympathy of the Anglo-Saxon and he has spared him. But the Anglo-Saxon is monarch of all he surveys. He is king over nature, men and beasts.

When the Psalmist says of man, "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea and the beasts of the field: the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas," he made a prediction of man that was never realized before the Anglo-Saxon race stepped forth upon the stage of history and appeared before the footlights. It is the conquering race, the greatest fighting race that ever appeared upon this terrestrial globe. It owns the earth. There is only one thing in the universe greater than the will of the Anglo-Saxon and that is the will of the Almighty. Will power —that is the talisman in this world. That was the throbbing engine that whirled Martin Luther through the breastworks of the Roman Catholic Church. When his Wittenberg friends remonstrated with him and begged him not to go to the Diet at Worms, Luther replied, "Should they make a fire from Wittenberg to Worms, and high as Heaven, I would go through it in the name of the Lord." They told him that Duke George would kill him if he went to a certain place. Luther replied, "I would go there if it rained Duke Georges for ten days." When we behold this sublime courage, do we wonder why Luther successfully defied the Pope and became the hero of the Protestant Reformation?

If the Negro race in America, ten millions strong, was determined to rise, no power in the universe could hold it back or keep it down or prevent it writing its deeds and achievements indelibly upon the pages of the world's history; for the forces of the universe and the common sense of mankind would sympathize with it. Archimedes said that if anyone would give him a level and a fulcrum upon which to rest it, he could move the universe.

If the Negro possessed the lever of ambition and rested it upon the fulcrum of will-power, he could lift himself out of the pit,

where he is despised by mankind, onto the Alps of achievements, where he would be admired by the civilized world. We must produce what Booker T. Washington and his followers underrate; we must, I say, produce thinkers, scholars, writers, orators, statesmen and scientists, who will rise to eminence and distinction and command the respect of the world. We must produce leaders in the world of finance and be creators in literature, music and art. We must change the world's attitude towards us, and then America will willingly grant us the rights which she now withholds from us, and for which we plead and beg in vain. The world admires a hero.

Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans were annihilated at the Pass of Thermopylæ. The Light Brigade was cut to pieces in its magnificent charge at Balaclava. Napoleon's cuirassiers and his Old Guard went down to irretrievable defeat at Waterloo; and yet they have been immortalized in the pages of human history and the world never tires of singing of their heroism, because, though defeated, though they rode and marched to certain death, they displayed that intrepid, indomitable spirit that the world has ever admired.

In order to completely solve and settle the race question, we must exhibit and manifest the sterling, sturdy qualities the world admires; we must produce a race of heroes, and then America will gladly grant us those manhood rights that she only yields now reluctantly and against her will.

Negro soldiers under Toussaint L'Ouverture, and in the Revolutionary, Civil and Spanish wars, have fought with the desperate courage of a Spartan. We have made remarkable progress since our emancipation, but we have not dazzled and fascinated the world as has Japan.

Remember, I do not retreat one inch from the manly demands of DuBois and the Niagara movement; I don't say with Washington, "We must not demand our rights until we have the cash to back up our demands." A race must strive and struggle for its rights and privileges. If it waits to have its rights served to it upon a platter, it will never get them.

As I read history and study men, I observe that men and nations and races get treatment proportional to the impression that they make upon the world. I notice, too, as I travel over

the country, that I am treated with more consideration by white and black than I was ten years ago, when I was not so well known. I lay it down as an axiom: "If a man or race impresses the world that he or it is of no account, he or it will be cuffed and kicked around. On the contrary, if that man or race impresses the world that he is a superior man or it a superior race, other men and other races will yield concessions to him and it." Now, then, black men, listen to me. We must determine the attitude that the world will take towards us. We must convince the world that we possess mental capacity, moral sensitiveness and physical courage. We must show the world that we resent being disfranchised, Jim-Crowed and segregated.

The country says we are a race of cowards; we must prove to the world that we, as a race, can rise to deeds of heroism. We must prove that we are men and women that resent insults. We have the stuff in us. We must demonstrate to the world that we are a gifted and talented race. Then we can rest upon our oars and point with pride to our glorious achievements.

I know that this talk sounds rather sophomoric and smacks of a spread-eagle, Fourth-of-July oration. But I am only serving up to the colored youth in another dish the food that was passed to me when I was a school boy in New England on Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and other patriotic anniversaries. And I do not believe that what was meat for the colored and white youth of New England is poison for the Negro of the South.

I am aware, also, that some timid, hesitating soul may point with fear and dismay at the hide-bound Southern prejudice. There is no doubt that centuries will pass before intermarriage between the races will take place in the South. Perhaps it will never come. But, if we lift the masses of the Southern Negro; if we produce leaders in the world of science, art and finance; if we demonstrate the ability of the Negro to cope with the complicated political, social, and industrial problems of modern life, we will change the world's attitude towards us, and that attitude will react upon the Southern whites. Then we will be treated as human beings and not as manlike apes. We are a gifted race, and it is up to us to prove our mettle to the world.

Many a brilliant man may say that his opportunities are restricted in the North, that labor unions discriminate against the Negro and that white employers will only permit the colored employee, no matter how ambitious or energetic, to go so far. If you don't find the way open for you, take the initiative. Make a way and create opportunities. Only the weak man goes down under opposition. The strong man drives through opposition and knocks obstacles out of the way or tosses them aside. Like the eagle that on poised wing cleaves its way through the storm, or the ocean liner that proudly rides the waves, he uses the very elements that offer resistance to him as the means by which he propels himself forward. There are other streams to cross, other rivers to ford, other mountains to climb, and other heights to be taken before we reach the summit and rest at ease upon the Plains of Abraham. The world regards us as lacking in the elements of true greatness. Ours is the difficult task to convince a doubting world, averse to our progress, that God breathed into our nostrils the breath of a spiritual life. Don't despair, my brother! Grit your teeth and pull for dear life; pull hard, I say; else you will be swept out to sea and lost.

The truth of the matter is, the North has lost its sentimental attitude towards the Negro, because the Southern Associated Press has advertised the Negro as a rapist and kept silent about the Negro's remarkable intellectual, moral and material progress. The Negro by his deeds and achievements must win back that sympathy. The North freed the Negro and gave him the ballot. It is now tired of carrying him. It is now "root hog or die." "Hoe your own row." "Paddle your own canoe." Despair not, my colored brothers! Why, if a race were in the bottom pits of the world's regard, but yet possessed grit, grace, gumption, and greenbacks, it would rise or break to pieces the civilization that kept it down. Get hold of the fundamentals, my brethren—get wealth and character.

Go on, colored youth; strive on, and faint not. Beyond the Jordan lies a land flowing with milk and honey. Beyond the Alps of achievement lie the sunlit plains, the vine-clad hills, and olive groves of Italy.

Some say that it is not fair or right to say to the Negro youth, "You must become wealthy or distinguished before you

can hope or expect to be treated as a man." Some may say that it is not fair play or right to say to the Negro race, you must dazzle the world by your achievements, and by your deeds and heroic spirit change the world's attitude of contempt to admiration; you must become, by your efforts, an admired rather than a despised race, before you can hope to be regarded and treated as human beings. But that is just what the gifted Hebrew race has accomplished.

My friends, we are not living in a land of dreams, but of hard and naked realities. We face cold, stern facts. If I am rowing against the current, if the tide and wind are against me, I must pull harder than if I were rowing down-stream and a stiff wind was behind my boat. The Negro race must realize that it is in the position of an oarsman who is pulling up stream, with the wind and current against him. American race prejudice means that the tide and wind are against the Negro, and the sooner the Negro realizes that the conditions are against an outgoing tide, that he is going up-stream, the better it will be for him.

To you who are living in some sections of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina and Tennessee, who are in the lion's den, whose head is in the lion's mouth, who must tread softly on tiptoe and cushioned slippers, as if walking on a bridge of glass, who must shoo, shoo, like a burglar in the dark, who is afraid to take a full, deep breath and to talk above a whisper lest he should awaken the sleeper; to you who are living in mortal dread every minute, afraid lest you should arouse the tiger in the Southerner's nature and have your house burned, your crops destroyed, and yourself run out of town or strung up to a tree, with a bonfire lit under you, I would say, have patience, my brother; pat the lion on the shoulder a little longer. Remember the saying of a distinguished educator that, oftentimes, in the Southern Anglo-Saxon, "the original barbarity of the Teuton is mildly tempered with Christian hypocrisy," and take care lest you awaken the devil that sleeps in his nature. Pat the lion on the shoulder a little longer, play the humble, submissive lamb for the time being. Remember that you are in the lion's den; he can stretch out his mighty paw and strike you dead at any time. Remember that

your head is in the lion's mouth: he can bite it off any moment he feels so disposed. Pat the lion on the shoulder a little longer, my brother.

Remember that you are in the cave of the Cyclops. At the bidding of one-eyed Polyphemus, or Vardaman, and Blease, or other Titians, the giants will pick you up and dash you into pieces. Remember that you are walking on thin ice and living upon the crater of a volcano that is by no means extinct. At any moment the smouldering fires may belch forth a mass of molten lava that will pour down upon you, as did Mt. Pelée upon two fated towns, when the top of the mountain was blown off by a terrific explosion that came from the depths of the earth.

Take to heart the counsel of Polonius to his son Laertes, which is to this effect: Beware of getting into a fight or quarrel, but if once you do, so conduct yourself that your adversary will beware of thee. As far as possible, get on friendly terms with your white neighbors, for the North has forgotten the memories of the Civil War times and lost its abolition fire and is dominated by the commercial spirit. Intermarriage and business relations have brought the North and South together. The South, by diplomacy, has succeeded in doing what she could not do by arms. She has conquered and won over the North. And if the white man of the South turns against you, you will be in an earthly hell; you will be in a more unfortunate predicament than the unhappy victims who were consigned to Dante's Inferno.

No doubt you think of the fate of Postmaster Baker of Lake City, S. C., whose home was burned March 18, 1898, who was shot dead, whose babe was killed in its mother's arms, and whose only offence was that he held a government position. No doubt you remember the fate of the colored educator in Louisiana who was assassinated from ambush a few years ago, and whose only offence was that he advised colored people not to be servants for white people, not to rent farms from white people, or mortgage their crops, but to buy and own their own farms and go into business for themselves. No doubt you remember the fate of President Thomas H. Amos of Harbiston College, Abbeville, S. C., who was ordered in August, 1906,

by a committee of white citizens to resign the presidency of the college and leave the town, suggesting that if he did not the college might be burned to the ground, and his life taken, and whose only offence was that he held up before his girl students a higher aim in life than being servants in other people's kitchens and clothes-wringers in other people's wash-rooms, whose only offence was that he held up before the colored people a higher vision of life than being the servant of someone else. No doubt you remember that in many sections of the South a colored man will be lynched if he resents a white man insulting his wife or daughter, his sister or mother. No doubt you remember that in many sections of the South a colored man will be lynched if he shoots a white man in self-defense. No doubt you remember that when you ride from Sumter, S. C., to Camden, S. C., in the Jim Crow car, and along other lines, you are put in a dirty, filthy cage, in an old-fashioned, broken-down car; the floor, seats, windows and window sills are covered with dust, the lining is torn from some of the seats, some of the seats are broken down; the car, in fact, looks more like a chicken coop or hog pen than a conveyance for human beings. Sometimes the colored people are huddled and herded and packed in there like sardines in a box, or chickens on the way to market. When you think of these things, is it a wonder the cry goes up, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Pray, my brother, pray without ceasing. The effective, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much. Remember that Jehovah is God. He holds the universe in the hollow of His hand. He is immanent, omnipresent and omnipotent in every thread and fibre of our being. The laws of the universe are the manifestations of His mind. The forces of nature are but the operations of His will. The heat that produces the dreaded lightning and the gravitation that draws it to the earth with a velocity that surpasses the speed of a cannon ball are manifestations of His power. Every blade of grass pulses with the throbbing, vibrating life of God. All nature, which renews her ancient raptures, bursts into life, breaks into expression in myriads of beautiful forms in leaf, foliage and verdure every spring, is but the expression of His will, but responds to the quickening touch of His life. The actinic rays of the sun, which

unlock the hidden forces and powers of the acorn, and transform it into the growing oak, are but the manifestations of God's will. The sunbeam which turns the leaves of the trees into a laboratory and makes the little green cells decompose the carbon-dioxide of the air into the element of carbon, which is transformed into the texture of the growing plant, and oxygen which purifies the air; the sunbeam whose latent energy is stored up in the coal which we burn for fuel and which is really decaying vegetation that has undergone chemical change; the sunbeam which, by heating the air, causes the heated air to rise and the colder air to rush in and take its place, is the ultimate cause of the winds, tornadoes, hurricanes and cyclones; the sunbeams, which transform the water of the sea into vapor that rises and is distilled into the refreshing rains that cool the air, water the crops and, falling upon the mountain side, flow forth as streams that expand into mighty rivers, bearing the commerce of nations upon their bosoms, or bursts forth into cooling springs, is but the manifestation of His omnipotent power. The mathematical laws that reveal themselves in the curve of a boat that cuts the water with lightning-like speed; the mathematical laws that so reveal themselves in the structure of the Parthenon or other building that so impresses us with its grace, symmetry and beauty that we can say that architecture is crystallized mathematics; the mathematical laws that so reveal themselves in the inner structure of music that we can say, music is flowing mathematics; the mathematical laws that so govern the revolution of the earth on its axis in its orbit around the sun, that so govern the movements of the planetary bodies that we can say that the universe is instinct with mathematics, that mathematics are enthroned in the universe, that in studying astronomy, we are, in Kepler's words, "but reading and thinking the thoughts of God after him"; the laws of color and proportion, that govern the radiancy of sunrise, the golden glories of the setting sun, when the skies are bathed in colored seas of lambent light, and the beautiful tints of the rainbow; the laws of color and proportion that govern the ineffable tenderness and beauty of Indian summer days and that transform the country side on many an autumnal day into a fairy land and symphony of color, yea, bathing the woods and fields

in a radiance of color;—these mathematical laws, I say, are but modes of the movement of God's mind. God reigns in the universe; He plays and toys with the lightning and rides upon the storm.

Our God is a man of War. He reigns in human history at the same time. He speaks in no uncertain tones in the common sense and conscience of mankind. He manifests himself in the laws of reason. He utters his voice in the moral laws that have held such a mighty sway in human history. God has given the Anglo-Saxon the dominion of the earth, only because he has obeyed His moral laws, only because he has reverenced and held sacred the purity and virtue of woman, and has respected the sanctity of the marriage tie. So we pray to a God who can melt the Anglo-Saxon's race prejudice just as the rays of the rising sun dissolve the mists.

And as ye pray, work, too. While the Anglo-Saxon strikes you as hard and unsympathetic, he is no demon. Beneath his cold and austere exterior there lurks a warm heart and generous, sympathetic nature, an innate sense of justice, the love of fair play, and an admiration for intellectual and moral excellence, for successful achievement, and brilliant performance. While the intelligent white man of the South may not welcome you to his home or invite you into his parlor, he respects the colored man who possesses grit, grace, gumption and greenbacks. While the white man of the North has no patience or sympathy with the Negro tramp, loafer or bum, he admires the colored man who possesses grit, grace and gumption. So, let us do our best. It may not come in our time; but in God's own good time our wrongs will be righted, our grievances redressed. He is Lord over the universe of mind and matter.

I have three suggestions to make. First—The attitude of the country towards the Negro is one of pity, sympathy and contempt. By living lives above reproach and by our intellectual and æsthetical attainments and achievements, we must change the world's attitude towards us from one of pity, sympathy and contempt to one of respect and admiration.

Second—We must teach the young sports and dandies that it takes more than a brand new suit of clothes, a silk hat, patent leather shoes, standing collars and bow, brag and bluster, to

make a man. We must teach the young society queens that it takes more than silk and satin dresses, gaudy finery, loud hats, flashing diamonds and peacock pride to make a woman. We must teach our boys and girls the truth embodied in Isaac Watts's immortal words. A gentleman who admired the writer of those hymns, which have thrilled Christendom, saw an insignificant specimen of humanity. "What!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise and disgust, "Is that Dr. Watts?" And Dr. Watts, who overheard him, gave expression to these memorable words: "Were I so tall as to reach the stars, and grasp the world with my span, I must be measured by my soul. The mind is the measure of a man."

We must teach our boys and girls that it takes intelligence, refinement and character to make a man.

Third—And now we come to the defect and weakness that is peculiar to the Negro as such. The Negro has demonstrated that, physically, he is the equal and match of the white man; intellectually, æsthetically and morally he has made marvelous, nay, miraculous progress, during the past forty years. But this is the Negro's peculiar weakness, he does not reverence his great men and women, he does not appreciate the scholars and thinkers of his race.

In this connection, Rev. Richard Carroll, the editor of *The Southern Ploughman,* and the Henry Ward Beecher of South Carolina, says: "Ever since Dr. Miller has been head of this school (State College of South Carolina) efforts have been made by many to oust him, instead of extending him sympathy and help. This is one of the practices among the educated Negroes, they spend their time trying to kill out the 'other fellow' and to keep each other from being a success." What Rev. Mr. Carroll wrote as applicable to the South is especially applicable to Washington, D. C. As soon as a man gets up, especially in Washington, D. C., nearly every one will shoot at him, and it becomes difficult even for a man of irreproachable integrity of character to maintain an untarnished reputation. Even if a gifted man like the late Dr. Alexander Crummell lives above suspicion, he will be misrepresented.

The great curse of the Negro race are the men who think the only qualification for Negro leadership is a throat of brass,

adamantine lungs, a braying, bellowing voice, an air of bravado, and a pompous, braggadocial, blustering and domineering manner. Why I have heard some preachers say, "I know Jesus, and that is the only thing I care to know about." If the only thing a man knows about is his conversion, that is all he can preach about, and people will get tired of hearing about his conversion. A preacher is a teacher: Nicodemus called Christ Rabbi, Master; and Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel.

The current fallacy regarding the race question, which seems to permeate colored as well as white people, is that any ignoramus can understand and solve the race question. But it is a very complex sociological problem, into which various elements enter. No one but a profound student of human history can understand its various phases and aspects.

Plato wrote over the door of the entrance to his lectures upon philosophy: "Let no one enter here who has not studied Geometry," thinking that a man who has not studied geometry could not understand philosophy. And I would like to engrave this axiom over the door of every Negro school-house, college, church and newspaper office, "No one who is not a profound student of sociology and human history is fit to be a leader of the Negro race. The blind cannot lead the blind."

But let us return to our argument. From the time of Crummell down to the time of DuBois the scholars, thinkers and literary men of the Negro race are honored less by the Negro race than by the Anglo-Saxon race.

We boom as great men, men whose only qualification for leadership is a glib and fluent tongue, and a loud, boisterous and noisy manner of speaking. Blyden is the greatest linguist our race has yet produced. He was a recognized Arabic scholar, and a recognized authority upon Mohammedanism, and yet I hear very little about Blyden among the colored people. DuBois is honored among the colored people, not so much because he is a brilliant scholar and literary genius, as because he is a leader of the political hopes and aspirations of the Negro.

It is a serious mistake of Mr. Washington that all the Negro needs is a bank account, a block in a city square, and stock in a railroad, to win the respect of mankind. Who is the colored man that white men admire the most? It is the man

who is cultured, polished and refined. Dr. Crummell was once the guest of Dr. Fulton, a prominent Episcopal divine of Rochester, N. Y. And I remember how Dr. Fulton's daughter spoke to me of Crummell's culture and scholarship. She said that he not only dressed faultlessly, not only possessed the thin, superficial veneer of polish and refinement, not only possessed gilded and fascinating manners, but that he seemed steeped in classical learning and modern scholarship, that he carried an aroma and atmosphere of culture and scholarship wherever he went. Dr. Crummell was always saying to me, "We need an educated gentry."

Professor Thayer of Howard used to say, "Politeness is a refined benevolence." That constituted the charm of Crummell's manners. His was the soul of a gentleman.

Then, too, I heard Professor William H. H. Hart speak in the United Congregational Church in New Haven, Conn. There were men in that audience who had heard Douglass, and Price and Langston, Bishop Derrick, Congressman White and Washington speak, but Hart captivated that audience because he rose upon an aërial flight of the imagination and spoke in such a courtly and dignified manner.

One Yale professor said to me, "Professor Hart is a gifted man." Another distinguished literary critic said to me, "Hart is a more elegant speaker than Mr. Washington."

Then, too, one Harvard professor, in speaking of DuBois's "Souls of Black Folk," said to me, "DuBois has a powerful intellect and is a literary genius." A millionaire, who has been a heavy contributor to Tuskeegee, said, "DuBois is a more brilliant man than Washington."

Now, take Bruce, Harvard's oratorical idol. Bruce is not an impassioned orator who can lift an audience off its feet, sweep it along with the torrential streams of his eloquence, catch it up in the chariot of his inspiration and charge it with his own passion and enthusiasm. He never stirs men's blood nor electrifies an audience. Like Mr. Washington, his eloquence is prosy, prosaic and platitudinous. He never touches the heroic note, never gives utterance to a sublime sentiment that will be quoted and remembered by men after he is dead and gone. And yet he won the Princeton and Yale debates for Harvard. He

was class orator at Harvard. One May he delivered the Memorial Day address at Harvard. One Harvard professor, writing to me about it, said "Bruce, in his address in Memorial Hall last Memorial Day, rose to a very high pitch of eloquence." Bruce left behind him at Harvard a record for oratory that no other Negro student in New England has equaled, not even the fiery and impassioned Pickens, Terrell, or Morgan.

Why did Harvard so honor Bruce if, as Dr. Gordon would put it, "he can not stir the seas of human passion with an elemental power"? I will tell you. It was regarded as a miracle to see a colored speaker as polished and refined as Bruce. Bruce has a pleasing, well-modulated, conversational voice, has perfect ease and self-possession upon the stage, is graceful and easy in his gesture and stage manners, is calm and deliberate as a speaker, and from his lips flows a well of English, pure and undefiled. And to see a Negro master the calm, restrained and conversational style of oratory that holds sway at Harvard made a wonderful impression.

We can see now that scholarship and culture and polish and refinement are the things that white people admire most in colored people. Instead of despising culture and scholarship, the Negro race must honor its thinkers, scholars and literary men.

Some will say that this is Mr. Washington's doctrine. But that is partly true and partly false. Mr. Washington and I agree that it is up to the Negro race to make history for itself, that the Negro youth must stop loafing and sporting and go to work, that colored servants ought to be dutiful and faithful. But there he and I come to the parting of the ways. He thinks the Negro's place is in the lowest strata of American life and civilization. I believe his place is where his ability and energy enable him to reach by climbing, toiling and striving. He thinks the Negro ought to be content to be a race of Jim-Crowed, segregated, disfranchised, and non-office-holding serfs and servants. I am opposed to caste prejudice based upon the color of the skin and the texture of the hair. I believe that a man's civil and political status, and his industrial and economic opportunity, should be determined by his intrinsic worth as a man, rather than by the color of his skin. I believe that in the line of practical achievement Mr. Washington has done more than any other American

Negro, with the possible exception of Paul Cuffee. As a constructive genius he almost ranks with Toussaint L'Ouverture, King Menelek of Abyssinia and Mohammed Askia, the African Charlemagne. But I cannot accept him as my teacher in pedagogy, political economy, and sociology, any more than white men would regard Carnegie and Rockefeller as authorities in pedagogy and sociology.

Handicapped as we are, we must not become discouraged or disheartened; but must press forward to the goal of human achievement, must climb and surmount the barriers of caste prejudice that hem us in, and let the outside world know that we possess brain power and moral stamina; and I hope that the young men and women of our race will have a higher aim, a nobler purpose and loftier ambition in life than merely having a good time. I do not believe that we will ever, as a race, gain admission to the parlors and dining rooms and private receptions and card parties of the Anglo-Saxon race, and this is not what we want. I believe in God as an ever-present and active force in the world. I have faith in the Anglo-Saxon's innate sense of justice and innate love of fair play. And I believe that if we redouble our efforts, the white man of the North will give us a chance in the mills and factories, the labor unions will let down the bars, and the white man of the South will witness a Negro being appointed as postmaster, collector of the customs, and collector of internal revenue without going into hysterics and convulsions or having nervous prostration.

And my last word to the Negro race is the bugle call of Carlyle, "Produce, produce!" I don't care what you produce, whether it is a bale of cotton, a crop of potatoes, a wooden cottage, a brick mansion, an invention, or electrical contrivance, or a newspaper, a book, a play, a poem, a painting or musical composition; but for God's sake produce something and help your race to make some contribution to civilization. Alexander the Great saw that no one could ride the fierce horse Bucephalus, because he was afraid of his own shadow, so Alexander turned Bucephalus's head away from his own shadow and so mounted and rode him. So do to yourself what Alexander did to Bucephalus. Turn your head away from the shadow of Jim-Crowism and disfranchisement and go down the race-track of time, and across the

country roads of progress, breaking old and making new records for your race.

Another word about the colored youth's aspirations. I have heard Rev. C. T. Walker spoken of as the black Spurgeon, Madame Sissereta Jones spoken of as the black Patti, other orators spoken of as black Demosthenes. I have heard this colored man called the Booker T. Washington of South Carolina, another colored man called the Booker T. Washington of Georgia, etc. Toussaint L'Ouverture is said to have addressed a letter to Napoleon Bonaparte saying, "From the black to the white Napoleon." Now, it is all very well to be dubbed the black Aristotle, the black Plato, the black Kant, the black Hegel, the black Carlyle, the black Emerson, the black Matthew Arnold, the black Pitt or the black Wendell Phillips. While we should admire certain men for their rugged and sturdy character, we shouldn't be merely echoes, shadows or imitators of other men; but should desire to be voices, creators along unique individual lines. No imitator has made an impression upon human history. The men and women who have been epoch-makers, makers of history, have borne the stamp of individuality. That is why Roosevelt and Bryan are the two most interesting and potential men in public life to-day. One drove Professor William H. Taft out of the Presidential chair; the other hurled Governor Woodrow Wilson into the White House. Neither could secure the presidential nomination at the hands of his party in the summer of 1912; and yet one made a popular man unpopular, while the other made a reserved man popular. They both bear the mark of individuality. They both stand for certain great ideas, certain grand conceptions of life. So, if a Negro is to really influence his race, he must not be a little Booker T. Washington, but he must be a voice not an echo.

That I am not alone in finding Negro leaders imitative rather than creative appears from the following editorial in the *Southern Sun* of Columbia, S. C.:

To begin with, agitation on this side of Dixie by Negro "leaders" will amount to nothing. Booker T. Washington, Frederick Douglass, W. E. B. DuBois and all the rest, have not and never will be able to convert the white man of the South to the Negro's way of thinking; if it calls for equality of opportunity, as we understand the constitution. To be frank, the Negro race has not yet produced men of intellectual power

and financial strength to create and carry an idea until the world accepts it. The facts are that the white man is the sentiment molder and original thinker for both races, and the Negro is but a parasite in the realm of original thought. It but follows, plainly, that the crop of race agitators we have raised is worthless stuff, which would be better off on a pile of garbage than in a public gathering. It is dangerous, and has wrought harm to us, by our so-called leaders setting up imaginary standards for the race to conform to. They wait to catch the way the wind is blowing and hasten to station themselves in the path of the popular current. And they continue to shift to suit the wind, exhibiting their only worth in words, which words go to falsify the real attitude of the race.

Editors Green Jackson and Professor G. S. Garrett, in this editorial, point out the worthlessness of the illiterate demagogues and howling dervishes who have essayed to lead the Negro in the past. They also show that Dr. Washington, a genius as an organizer, executive, money raiser and orator, is yet a follower rather than a leader of public opinion. Mr. Washington cannot be a race leader in the sense that Moses, Samuel Adams, O'Connell, Parnell, Douglass and DuBois were and are race leaders, for they voiced the highest aspirations and desires of their races, while Mr. Washington tries to swing the Negro in line with the policy of the white man of the South. He is the agent and emissary to corral the Negro. He has a following among the Negroes; but that following is largely made up of men and women of imitative minds and flexible disposition. The men of constructive ability and individuality of character, the men who think and act for themselves, rally around the standards of DuBois.

So we must call to mind the old saying, "It used to be the caper, but it don't go now," when we say that all Negro leaders are imitators. For there is one Negro writer who is a pioneer thinker and who possesses the individuality and personality to drive and hammer his ideas home. He puts out some tenets for the race to live by and he backs up those tenets with the indomitable spirit and inflexible determination of an iron will. God grant that ultimately he will swing the world to his way of thinking. DuBois is this man.

Sixty years before I was born, all of my ancestors were free persons. One hundred years before I was born, some of my ancestors were free. Thirty years before I was born, both of my

grandfathers were property owners. Fifty years before I was born, two of my great grandparents were property owners. Five-eighths of me is Negro but the other three-eighths of me represents the blood of the Delaware Indians and Philadelphia Quakers. I was bred and born and educated in New England, and I believe that my ancestry, training and environment has bred in me the indomitable purpose of a DuBois, and while not his equal as a literary artist, I have his tenacity of purpose. I do not intend that my freedom of thought and utterance shall be repressed. Self-expression is the dominant law of my nature, and I hope in my humble way to be a moulder of sentiment.

The universe is to be interpreted in terms of man, in terms of man at his highest. The personality of man is the key to the personality of God. And there is room and play in DuBois's philosophy for the production of men and women with personality and individuality.

Undoubtedly Dr. Washington and DuBois represent two different types of great men. I am constrained to admire DuBois type the more for the same reason that I regard Cæsar and Napoleon as greater generals than Hannibal, and Cæsar, Napoleon, Luther and Cromwell as greater men than Hannibal. Historians tell us that after the battle of Cannæ Rome lay at the mercy of Hannibal and that Hannibal could easily have marched upon Rome and captured it; but he held back because while he had men enough to take Rome he did not have men enough to hold Rome. Cæsar, Napoleon or Cromwell would have marched upon Rome, taken it and risked holding it. Hannibal went down to defeat at Zama. Had he but seized Rome when she lay helpless before him, he might have ended the war in his favor there and then. Then, again, Hannibal went down to defeat because he did not have a strong, centralized government behind him. With his brilliant military victories, if he had been possessed of the imperial will and imperious nature of a Cæsar, a Napoleon or a Cromwell, he would have curbed the restless elements, mastered the situation, and assumed control of affairs at home as they did. Hannibal, in some respects the greatest military genius the world has yet seen, lacked the viking courage of a Cæsar, a Napoleon or a Cromwell, who would hazard their fortunes and risk their all upon one desperate throw. When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon,

when Cromwell entered the field against King Charles and seized the scepter of authority, when Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door at Erfurt and burned the Pope's bull, when Napoleon mowed down the mob in the streets of Paris, dissolved the Directory and ordered the Old Guard to make their last desperate charge at Waterloo, these men, I say, took a step that could not be retraced. Either they must win out or suffer irretrievable defeat and annihilation.

And yet this is no arbitrary judgment of mine. Had there been, on the eve of the French Revolution, a man with the insight and resolution of Napoleon at the helm of affairs, there would probably have been no French Revolution. Had Danton, at the critical and crucial moment in his career, manifested the decision of character and boldness of a Cæsar, a Napoleon or a Cromwell, he would not have succumbed to Robespierre and gone to the guillotine. Irresolution of character brought the immortal Cicero to destruction. The reason is obvious: a man of the Dr. Washington type is a creature of circumstance, he is at the mercy of the passing breeze of opinion or fancy. The best that can be said of him is that he swims with the current and floats upon the crest of the wave. But a Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Cromwell or a Luther or a DuBois create the opportunity that makes them famous. They stand upon their feet and dominate, shape and control circumstances and public opinion.

PART IV.

AN EPITOME OF DEEDS, ACHIEVEMENTS AND PROGRESS OF THE COLORED RACE IN AFRICA, EUROPE, HAYTI, THE WEST INDIES AND AMERICA.

FUNERAL PROCESSION OF HIS LORDSHIP, E. H. ETIOW, D.D.
Freetown, Sierra Leone, Nov. 11th, 1909

FUNERAL PROCESSION OF HIS LORDSHIP, BISHOP E. H. ETIOW, D.D.
To the cemetery, Freetown, Sierra Leone, W. A., Nov. 11th, 1909

CHAPTER XXIV.

Africa, the Dark Continent.

Human history has been dominated by two things—the quest for bread, and the quest for human rights. Westward the course of empire has taken its way. Thousands of years ago the ancestors of the great Teutonic branch of the Aryan race left their homes in Asia, and wandered with their flocks and herds; finally they settled in the forests of Germany, and along the North Sea.

Fifteen hundred years ago they began to invade and conquer Britain. Three hundred years ago they began to colonize America. One hundred years ago the American pioneers began to cross the prairies and plant towns and cities in the Middle West and along the Pacific coast. The result has been that the various branches of the Aryan race have, during the past two thousand years, populated and developed the agricultural resources of Europe and North America and Australia and have dominated and controlled the destinies of Asia. Africa alone, remote from the centers of civilization, has not felt and responded to the breath of modern progress. Her resources alone have remained undeveloped.

Fifty years ago European men began to look long and longingly toward Africa and began to reap harvests from her ivory, her gold and her diamonds. Cecil Rhodes, the DeBeers and Beit have piled up colossal fortunes in Africa.

Africa has been slower to develop a civilization than Europe or Asia. Some critics claim that it is the result of the natural inferiority of the Negro intellect, but Professor Frank Boas of Columbia University has shown that the native Africans have perfected agriculture to a very high degree, that the native Africans had developed the art of smelting iron when the ancestors of the Aryans were using stone implements, and were introducing bronze weapons. He also shows that, even in a primitive condition of culture, they have developed strict methods of legal procedure, and that in the Lunda Empire we have a powerfully organized feudal state. Then, too, the fact that native African

students have distinguished themselves in American, English, French and German universities, that Oreshatekeh Faduma of Sierre Leone won a scholarship for excellence in Hebrew and Theology in the Yale Divinity School in 1904 and that P. Ka Isaka Seme won the Curtis medal oration in Columbia University in 1906, showed that the native African intellect can absorb and assimilate the highest elements of the Anglo-Saxon civilization. Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford, the president of the American Missionary Association, in his brilliant address upon "The Creed of a Philanthropist," paid a high tribute to the glory of Ancient Thebes. He said, "Ancient Thebes was a city of three million five hundred thousand population. Herodotus says that it could put into the field seven hundred thousand men. It was a city of colored folks in which white men were regarded as inferiors. . . . . Ancient Thebes, in what is now known as Nubia, was as near to the Soudan as New York is to Chicago, and was inhabited by a people as much like the Soudanese as Texans are like Virginians. These people built the Hypostyle Hall at Karnack, decorated the tombs of the kings opposite Luxor and raised the Memnonian colossi. It little becomes us to speak sneeringly about races which have achieved such things. New discoveries are daily being made in the desert, even in the Soudan, the ancient home of the Negro."

So then, the backwardness of Africa cannot be attributed to the inherent or innate density of the African intellect. We must trace it to other sources.

The Mediterranean Sea was the cradle of civilization. Phœnicia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Carthage, the great nations and cities of antiquity, which were the developers and pioneers of the world's civilization, all were situated around the Mediterranean basin. In 1006 B. C. Phœnicia, the creator of the alphabet, began to establish colonies. In 975 B. C. Tyre began to carry on an extensive commerce and sent her ships as far as Spain and the Indies. The Phœnicians not only carried and exchanged goods, but they carried the alphabet and exchanged ideas. They were not only the medium for the exchange of gold and ivory and silver and frankincense and myrrh, but the medium for the exchange of ideas. At every port in which her ships touched, she not only left the agricultural and industrial products of other

lands, but she also deposited the knowledge and information that she had gained at different points, just as the Crusaders brought back knowledge from the Orient, and just as the traders and merchants of the Middle Ages carried knowledge and information about strange lands and distant countries. So it is easy to understand how the nations around the Mediterranean Sea, by coming into communication with each other and exchanging ideas, were the first to reach an advanced state and degree of civilization. Now the Negroes in the heart of Africa were isolated and never had the advantage of coming in touch with the centers of civilization and in contact with more enlightened nations.

But while the critic may recognize that Greece derived the genius of her civilization, her early mathematical and artistic ideas from Egypt, and that Rome derived her civilization from Greece, still in the Hebrew nation we see a race, alone in a desert, developing a peculiar religion along unique individual lines. But we must remember that when Abraham about 1950 B. C. left Mesopotamia at the call of God and came to Canaan, he found the powerful Phœnicians, Philistines and Canaanites there. So at the dawn of their history, the Israelites were in touch and contact with the Phœnicians, the progressive Phœnician people, "whose ships were in all seas and whose carrying trade extended to Europe, Asia and the eastern isles," as one writer puts it. Then in 1729 B. C. Joseph was sold into Egypt and the children of Israel for two centuries and a half, part of the time as slaves, were brought into contact with the Egyptian civilization. Then in 1451 B. C. Joshua led the Israelites back into Canaan. We must remember that Palestine was southeast of Phœnicia and that Jerusalem was only 110 miles from Tyre and only 120 miles from Sidon, the rich and prosperous Phœnician cities referred to in the Bible. Does anyone suppose that the Israelites were not influenced by coming in touch and contact with the Phœnician and Egyptian civilization, that they absorbed and assimilated no ideas from them? It is absurd to imagine it. The Hebrews undoubtedly absorbed and assimilated part of the Egyptian and Phœnician civilization and reacted also against some of the ideas and practices of the Phœnicians, Philistines, Canaanites, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians and Greeks. And this reaction

against the idolatry and immorality of her neighbors developed in the Children of Israel a strong individuality and a self-centered national life. But we cannot for a moment suppose that the Hebrew nation would have developed her peculiar religious genius and her moral and spiritual ideas, if she had never been brought in touch and contact with the Egyptians and Phœnicians. So, then, history affords no example of a race or nation evolving and spinning its civilization entirely out of its own brain. The stimulus to development always comes from the outside and rouses and awakens the latent genius and dormant energy of the race.

In the months of May and June, 1906, the four most remarkable articles ever written on Africa were published. In the May *Century,* 1906, Charles Francis Adams's indictment of the African Negro and Professor Frank Boas's defense of the African Negro appeared. Then came the *Independent's* reply to Mr. Adams. And in June, 1906, in an impassioned outburst of real genuine eloquence P. Ka Isaka Seme, a young Zulu, won the Curtis medal oration first prize in Columbia University. His subject was the "Regeneration of Africa," and he spoke like an inspired prophet, like a rapt seer. And I regard the oration of this young Zulu as the noblest exhibition of the Negro's gift of speech. His imagination was Miltonic in its sublime grandeur. His style blended the poetic beauty of a Curtis with the graceful ease of a Newman, while a prophetic fire surcharged it from beginning to end. The grandeur of his imagination and the sublimity of his style recalled Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

A STUDY IN POINTS OF VIEW.

The Editor of the *Colored American Magazine* for June, 1906, prefaced two articles on Africa with the following remarks: For the benefit of the readers of *The Colored American Magazine* we print below two contrasting views of the Negro taken from the May number of the *Century Magazine.* One of these is from Charles Francis Adams, the well-known publicist, who describes himself somewhat ironically as a "New England philanthropist and theorist." The other represents the views of one of the most noted ethnologists in the world, Professor Franz Boas, of Columbia University. Mr. Adams' views concerning the Negro in America were acquired in Africa after six weeks in a genuine Negro city—the city of Omdurman. Professor Boas' views regarding the Negro in Africa were

RAILWAY STATION, FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE

HILL STATION, SIERRA LEONE, W. A.

acquired after years of research and a careful study of all the native peoples of Africa at the time that they first came in contact with the white man. Mr. Adams is looking from Africa toward America and Professor Boas is looking from America toward Africa. These men seem to arrive at totally different conclusions, based upon essentially the same facts or at least the same kind of facts, namely the facts of ethnology. Mr. Adams has been all his life, we are led to judge, if we did not know, prejudiced in favor of the Negro. Suddenly he seems to take a view which is essentially that of a majority of intelligent and well meaning Southerners. Professor Boas is a German, who presumably has none of the prejudices which have divided the North from the South during nearly a hundred years of the nation's history. This contrast in the opinions of two men equally eminent is worth studying for its own sake. We submit it here without further comment.—THE EDITOR.

REFLEX LIGHT FROM AFRICA.

(From an article in the May *Century*, 1906, by Charles Francis Adams.)

Finally, as to the African in America. What gleam of supposable light does a brief visit to the White Nile throw on our home problem? A good deal—perhaps! In the first place, looking about me among Africans in Africa,—far removed from that American environment to which I have been accustomed,—the scales fell from my eyes. I found myself most impressed by a realizing sense of the appalling amount of error and cant in which the United States have indulged on this topic. We have actually wallowed in a bog of self-sufficient ignorance,—especially we philanthropists and theorists of New England. We do so still. Having eyes, we will not see. Even now we not infrequently hear the successor to the abolitionist and humanitarian of the ante-civil-war period,—the "Uncle Tom" period,—announce that the difference between the White Man and the Black Man is much less considerable than is ordinarily supposed, and that the only real obstacle in the Negro's way is that—"He has never been given a chance!" For myself, after visiting the black man in his own house, I come back with a decided impression that this is the sheerest of delusions, due to pure ignorance of rudimentary facts; yet we built upon it in reconstruction days as upon a foundation-stone,—a self-evident truth! Let those who indulge in such theories go to the Soudan, and pass a week at Omdurman. That place marks in commerce, in letters and in art, in science and architecture, the highest point of development yet reached by an African race. As already suggested, the difference between Omdurman and London about measures the difference between the Black and the White. Indisputably great, that it admits of measurement is questionable. So far as I am advised the Soudanese are the finest race of the whole African species. Physically, they are tall, as a whole well-formed; and, in their savage way, they are indisputably courageous. Yet in them not the slightest inherent power of development has as yet come to the surface. Baker, after living amongst them

for years, calls attention to the striking elementary fact that, since the beginning of time to the day that now is, they have neither domesticated the elephant nor invented pottery. As respects pottery the Chinese, for instance, were "as civilized as they are at the present day when the English were barbarians"; the Hindoos domesticated the elephant at a period now beyond the memory of man. To-day the African uses the gourd, and kills the elephant for his ivory!

What, then, is to be our American outcome? The Negro squats at our hearth-stone;—we can neither assimilate nor expel him. The situation in Egypt is comparatively simple. The country will be developed by European money and brains; and the African will find his natural place in the outcome. Facts will be recognized, and a polity adopted in harmony with them. Will the results reached there react on us in America? Who now can say? The problem is intricate. Meanwhile one thing is clear:—the work done by those who were in political control at the close of our Civil War was work done in utter ignorance of ethnological law and total disregard of unalterable fact. Starting the movement wrong, it will be yet productive of incalculable injury to us. The Negro, after emancipation, should have been dealt with, not as a political equal, much less forced into a position of superiority; he should have been treated as a ward and dependent,—firmly, but in the spirit of kindness and absolute justice. Practically impossible as a policy then, this is not less so now. At best, it is something which can only be slowly and tentatively approximated. Nevertheless, it is not easy for one at all observant to come back from Egypt and the Soudan without a strong suspicion that we will in America make small progress towards a solution of our race problem until we approach it in less of a theoretic and humanitarian, and more of a scientific, spirit. Equality results not from law, but exists because things are in essentials alike; and a political system which works admirably when applied to homogeneous equals results only in chaos when generalized into a nostrum to be administered universally. It has been markedly so of late with us.

THE NEGRO IN AFRICA.

(By the Editor of the *Century Magazine* for May, 1906.)

Mr. Adams speaks of the necessity of the ethnological point of view in the consideration of these questions. In this connection it is both curious and important to note by way of contrast the results of the studies of the ethnologist Professor Franz Boas, especially in his paper on "What the Negro Has Done in Africa," published in *The Ethical Record* of March, 1904. From a general review of the subject he comes to remarkably optimistic conclusions. He says that all over the African continent the Negro is either a tiller of the soil or the owner of large herds, only the Bushmen and a few of the dwarf tribes of Central Africa being hunters. "Owing to the high development of agriculture, the density of population is much greater than that of primitive America, and conse-

quently the economic conditions of life are more stable. . . . At a time," he remarks, "when our own ancestors still utilized stone implements, or at best, when bronze weapons were first introduced, the Negro had developed the art of smelting iron; and it seems likely that their race has contributed more than any other to the early development of the iron industry." He refers to the beautiful inlaid iron weapons of Central Africa and the perfection to which the art of wood carving, by means of iron implements, has been brought by the African. He adds:

"It may safely be said that the primitive Negro community—with its fields that are tilled with iron and wooden implements, with its smithies, with its expert wood carvers—is a model of thrift and industry, and compares favorably with the conditions of life among our own ancestors."

Professor Boas makes special mention of the legal trend of mind among the natives, declaring that "no other race on a similar level of culture has developed as strict methods of legal procedure as the Negro has." "Local trade," he says, furthermore, "is highly developed in all parts of Africa." The power of organization manifested in Negro communities in Africa is declared to be quite striking.

Travelers who have visited Central Africa tell of extended kingdoms, ruled by monarchs, whose power, however, is restricted by a number of advisers. The constitution of all such states is, of course, based on the general characteristics of the social organization of the Negro tribes, which, however, has become exceedingly complex with the extension of the domain of a single tribe over neighboring peoples.

The Lunda Empire, for instance, is a feudal state governed by a monarch. It includes a number of subordinate states, the chiefs of which are independent in all internal affairs, but who pay tribute to the emperor. The chiefs of the more distant parts of the country send caravans carrying tribute once a year, while those near by have to pay more frequently. The tribute depends upon the character of the produce of the country. It consists of ivory, salt, copper, slaves, and even, to a certain extent, of European manufactures. In case of war the subordinate chiefs have to send contingents to the army of the emperor.

A female dignitary, considered the mother of the emperor, has an important part in the government. The emperor is elected by the four highest counselors of the state and his election must be confirmed by the female dignitary; her election taking place in the same way, and being confirmed by the emperor. The office of counselors of the state is hereditary. Besides this, there is a nobility. This Lunda empire is known to have existed, though probably in changing extent and importance, for over three hundred years. In 1880 the state is said to have been about as large as the Middle Atlantic States.

The anthropologist from whom we quote states that in all the regions in Africa where the whites have come in contact with the Negro, his own industries have disappeared or have been degraded, a phenomenon

"not by any means confined to the Negro race," owing to the substitution of machine-made European goods for the more attractive native products, the manufacture of which takes a great deal of time and energy.

The number of strong African kings met by explorers Professor Boas regards as very significant, and "the best proof that among the Negro race men of genius and indomitable will power exist," and he closes his essay with the following language:

"These brief data seems sufficient to indicate that in the Soudan the true Negro, the ancestor of our slave population, has achieved the very advances which the critics of the Negro would make us believe he cannot attain. He has a highly developed agriculture, and the industries connected with his daily life are complex and artistic. His power of organization has been such that for centuries large empires have existed which have proved their stability in wars with their neighbors, and which have left their records in the chronicles."

The achievements of the Negro in Africa, therefore, justify us in maintaining that the race is capable of social and political achievements; that it will produce here, as it has done in Africa, its great men; and that it will contribute its part to the welfare of the community.

THE REGENERATION OF AFRICA.

(By P. Ka Isaka Seme, a young Zulu. Curtis Medal Orations, First Prize, April 5, 1906, Columbia University.)

I have chosen to speak to you on this occasion upon "The Regeneration of Africa." I am an African, and I set my pride in my race over against a hostile public opinion. Men have tried to compare races on the basis of some equality. In all the works of nature, equality, if by it we mean identity, is an impossible dream! Search the universe! You will find no two units alike. The scientists tell us there are no two cells, no two atoms, identical. Nature has bestowed upon each a peculiar individuality, an exclusive patent—from the great giants of the forest to the tenderest blade. Catch in your hand, if you please, the gentle flakes of snow. Each is a perfect gem, a new creation; it shines in its own glory—a work of art different from all of its aërial companions. Man, the crowning achievement of nature, defies analysis. He is a mystery through all ages and for all time. The races of mankind are composed of free and unique individuals. An attempt to compare them on the basis of equality can never be finally satisfactory. Each is self. My thesis stands on this truth; time has proved it. In all races, genius is like a spark, which, concealed in the bosom of a flint, bursts forth at the summoning stroke. It may arise anywhere and in any race.

I would ask you not to compare Africa to Europe or to any other continent. I make this request not from any fear that such comparison might bring humiliation upon Africa. The reason I have stated,—a common standard is impossible! Come with me to the ancient capital of Egypt, Thebes, the city of one hundred gates. The grandeur of its

venerable ruins and the gigantic proportions of its architecture reduce to insignificance the boasted monuments of other nations. The pyramids of Egypt are structures to which the world presents nothing comparable. The mighty monuments seem to look with disdain on every other work of human art and to vie with nature herself. All the glory of Egypt belongs to Africa and her people. These monuments are the indestructible memorials of their great and original genius. It is not through Egypt alone that Africa claims such unrivalled historic achievements. I could have spoken of the pyramids of Ethiopia, which, though inferior in size to those of Egypt, far surpass them in architectural beauty; their sepulchres which evince the highest purity of taste, and of many prehistoric ruins in other parts of Africa. In such ruins Africa is like the golden sun, that, having sunk beneath the western horizon, still plays upon the world which he sustained and enlightened in his career.

Justly the world now demands—

> "Whither is fled the visionary gleam,
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

Oh, for that historian who, with the open pen of truth, will bring to Africa's claim the strength of written proof. He will tell of a race whose onward tide was often swelled with tears, but in whose heart bondage has not quenched the fire of former years. He will write that in these later days when Earth's noble ones are named, she has a roll of honor too, of whom she is not ashamed. The giant is awakening! From the four corners of the earth Africa's sons, who have been proved through fire and sword, are marching to the future's golden door bearing the records of deeds of valor done.

Mr. Calhoun, I believe, was the most philosophical of all the slaveholders. He said once that if he could find a black man who could understand the Greek syntax, he would then consider their race human, and his attitude toward enslaving them would therefore change. What might have been the sensation kindled by the Greek syntax in the mind of the famous Southerner, I have so far been unable to discover; but oh, I envy the moment that was lost! And woe to the tongues that refused to tell the truth! If any such were among the now living, I could show him among black men of pure African blood those who could repeat the Koran from memory, skilled in Latin, Greek and Hebrew,—Arabic and Chaldaic—men great in wisdom and profound knowledge—one professor of philosophy in a celebrated German university; one corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences, who regularly transmitted to that society meteorological observations, and hydrographical journals and papers on botany and geology; another whom many ages call "The Wise," whose authority Mahomet himself frequently appealed to in the Koran in support of his own opinion—men of wealth and active benevolence, those whose distinguished talents and reputation have made them famous in the cabinet and in the field, officers of artil-

lery in the great armies of Europe, generals and lieutenant generals in the armies of Peter the Great in Russia and Napoleon in France, presidents of free republics, kings of independent nations which have burst their way to liberty by their own vigor. There are many other Africans who have shown marks of genius and high character sufficient to redeem their race from the charges which I am now considering.

Ladies and gentlemen, the day of great exploring expeditions in Africa is over! Man knows his home now in a sense never known before. Many great and holy men have evinced a passion for the day you are now witnessing—their prophetic vision shot through many unborn centuries to this very hour. "Men shall run to and fro," said Daniel, "and knowledge shall increase upon the earth." Oh, how true! See the triumph of human genius to-day! Science has searched out the deep things of nature, surprised the secrets of the most distant stars, disentombed the memorials of everlasting hills, taught the lightning to speak, the vapors to toil and the winds to worship—spanned the sweeping rivers, tunneled the longest mountain range—made the world a vast whispering gallery, and has brought foreign nations into one civilized family. This all-powerful contact says even to the most backward race, you cannot remain where you are, you cannot fall back, you must advance! A great century has come upon us. No race possessing the inherent capacity to survive can resist and remain unaffected by this influence of contact and intercourse, the backward with the advanced. This influence constitutes the very essence of efficient progress and of civilization.

From these heights of the twentieth century I again ask you to cast your eyes south of the Desert of Sahara. If you could go with me to the oppressed Congos and ask, What does it mean, that now, for liberty, they fight like men and die like martyrs; if you would go with me to Bechuanaland, face their council of headmen and ask what motives caused them recently to decree so emphatically that alcoholic drinks shall not enter their country—visit their king, Khama, ask for what cause he leaves the gold and ivory palace of his ancestors, its mountain strongholds and all its august ceremony, to wander daily from village to village through all his kingdom, without a guard or any decoration of his rank—a preacher of industry and education, and an apostle of the new order of things; if you would ask Menelik what means this that Abyssinia is now looking across the ocean—oh, if you could read the letters that come to us from Zululand—you too would be convinced that the elevation of the African race is evidently a part of the new order of things that belong to this new and powerful period.

The African already recognizes his anomalous position and desires a change. The brighter day is rising upon Africa. Already I seem to see her chains dissolved, her desert plains red with harvest, her Abyssinia and her Zululand the seats of science and religion, reflecting the glory of the rising sun from the spires of their churches and universities. Her Congo and her Gambia whitened with commerce, her crowded cities send-

ing forth the hum of business, and all her sons employed in advancing the victories of peace—greater and more abiding than the spoils of war.

Yes, the regeneration of Africa belongs to this new and powerful period! By this term regeneration I wish to be understood to mean the entrance into a new life, embracing the diverse phases of a higher, complex existence. The basic factor which assures their regeneration resides in the awakened race-consciousness. This gives them a clear perception of their elemental needs and of their undeveloped powers. It therefore must lead them to the attainment of that higher and advanced standard of life.

The African people, although not a strictly homogeneous race, possess a common fundamental sentiment which is everywhere manifest, crystalizing itself into one common controlling idea. Conflicts and strife are rapidly disappearing before the fusing force of this enlightened perception of the true intertribal relation, which relation should subsist among a people with a common destiny. Agencies of a social, economic and religious advance tell of a new spirit which, acting as a leavening ferment, shall raise the anxious and aspiring mass to the level of their ancient glory. The ancestral greatness, the unimpaired genius, and the recuperative power of the race, its irrepressibility, which assures its permanence, constitute the African's greatest source of inspiration. He has refused to camp forever on the borders of the industrial world; having learned that knowledge is power, he is educating his children. You find them in Edinburgh, in Cambridge, and in the great schools of Germany. These return to their country like arrows, to drive darkness from the land. I hold that his industrial and educational initiative, and his untiring devotion to these activities, must be regarded as positive evidences of this process of his regeneration.

The regeneration of Africa means that a new and unique civilization is soon to be added to the world. The African is not a proletarian in the world of science and art. He has precious creations of his own, of ivory, of copper and of gold, fine, plated willow-ware and weapons of superior workmanship. Civilization resembles an organic being in its development—it is born, it perishes, and it can propagate itself. More particularly, it resembles a plant, it takes root in the teeming earth, and when the seeds fall in other soils new varieties sprout up. The most essential departure of this new civilization is that it shall be thoroughly spiritual and humanistic—indeed a regeneration moral and eternal!

O Africa!
Like some great century plant that shall bloom
In ages hence, we watch thee; in our dream
See in thy swamps the Prospero of our stream;
Thy doors unlocked, where knowledge in her tomb
Hath lain innumerable years in gloom.
Then shalt thou, waking with that morning gleam,
Shine as thy sister lands with equal beam.

THE ZULUS AS FIGHTERS.

(Paul Lambeth in London *Cable Dispatch*, May 31, 1906.)

There is not a more warlike people in the world than the Zulus. They are unlike most savages, amenable to drill and discipline, and even with primitive weapons have held their own against trained troops with modern arms.

While Bamboata is at the head of the rebels in the field, there is little doubt that the real head of this movement is the noted Chief Dinisuhu, son of Cetewayo, grandson of Dingaan, the most terrible of all African rulers, and a direct descendant of the great Juxchaka, founder of the Zulu nation, who predicted the time would come when the Zulus would sweep their white conquerors into the sea. . . .

In British South Africa, the tribes can easily put into the field half a million warriors, as fine fighting material as can be found anywhere. Dinisuhu is an educated man, who, during his imprisonment at St. Helena, from which he recently was released, made a special study of military science. If he is imbued with the spirit of Juxchaka, and has anything like the military genius and ruthless ferocity of his grandfather, Dingaan, bloody times are ahead in South Africa.

A recent writer in the *Independent* says that King Menelek of Abyssinia, who soundly thrashed the Italians recently in battle, has the constructive genius of a Bismarck.

And now we come to Liberia, another black republic. The Republic of Liberia is situated on the West coast of Africa, south of Sierra Leone; it has a population of over 2,000,000 of which 60,000 are American Liberians. The Republic was established in 1822 by the National Colonization Society, which was organized in America in 1816, for the purpose of colonizing the free colored people of America. In 1822, Jehudi Ashmun was employed to plant a settlement of free colored people in Liberia.

Many of them became disheartened and returned home. But Elijah John exhibited the Spartan fortitude of the New England Pilgrims, and he persuaded some of the others to remain.

The Republic was governed, at first, by white men; but August 24, 1847, it became an independent Republic, with a colored president. Roberts, the first president, was reëlected three times and he governed the Republic from 1848 to 1856. In 1861, the Republic was recognized by the United States, and in 1871 the Republic borrowed $50,000 from the English government.

REVIEW OF WEST INDIAN AND WEST AFRICAN REGIMENTS ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY, SIERRA LEONE, W. A.

EUROPEAN OFFICIAL RESIDENCES, BURGALOW, SIERRA LEONE, W. A.

Edward Blyden, the linguist and Arabic scholar, the authority upon Mohammedanism, formerly the president of Liberia College and the minister from the Republic of Liberia to the Court of St. James, was its most distinguished citizen.

The New York *Independent* for October 6, 1906, had this to say of Liberia: "The work was begun and has been carried out under all disadvantages by Negroes just out of slavery and some free Negroes without experience in statecraft or finances; but they have kept a stable government without revolutions, and they have a public school system, a central college, an organized church, and a respectable press, a worthy judiciary, and growing agriculture. Its condition is far above the original type of barbarism."

Notice the progress in Liberia, Africa:

Mrs. French Sheldon, the well-known explorer, author, playwright, doctor, scientist, lecturer, and philosopher, has just returned from a six weeks' stay in the heart of Liberia, the Negro Republic on the west coast of Africa. She has come home delighted with the country and the people, and in an interview with a representative of the *Tribune* yesterday effectually disposed of many popular conceptions of Liberia and the Liberians which have been current in Europe for the last twenty years.

There is a flavor of romance, not unmixed with pathos, in the story of this republic of Negroes, self-governed and self-educated, which has met and is meeting many trials and vicissitudes, but contrives in spite of all to keep its independence, and in many ways to make strides in civilization worthy of the Japanese. It was started in 1822 by a number of American philanthropists as a sort of colonial experiment for freed Negroes who wished to enjoy political and social privileges then denied them in the United States. The sum of about three million dollars was put into the scheme and the central idea was that it should be a Negro republic, governed entirely by Negroes on up-to-date American lines. Some 13,000 colored immigrants in all were brought from America. Many trials and troubles inseparable from such an attempt were bravely overcome, but in 1847 the baby state was cut adrift with all its imperfections. It was declared independent, and from that date to this it has fought on with a courage that cannot fail to win admiration. The magnitude of the task with which the Negro statesmen have had to grapple can be to some extent gauged from the size of the country. It has a coast line of about 350 miles, controls a territory of 40,000 square miles, and has a population of civilized Negroes of from 40,000 to 60,000, and a native and warlike population which is estimated at 2,000,000.

Little has been heard since the early days of the scheme about the band of emancipated slaves who went forth to cut a country out of the virgin

forests of West Africa. Occasionally the man in the street is reminded by a brief newspaper paragraph that there is such a place as Liberia, but he knows little enough of its inner life. Those who have met the people when trading for coffee, rubber, piassava (a fiber used for broom-making), palm, oil and kernels, have been wont to speak of their progress as lamentably slow, and their trade as tending toward stagnation.

Exceptional opportunities of knowing the people as they actually are have been enjoyed by Mrs. French Sheldon, and she does not agree with this. "As a republic," she said, "they are a mere fifty-eight years old, and in that short existence they have done wonders, which none would credit without seeing. You must remember that these people, who are all Negroes, are not like the Japanese, who have grown from one thing to another; they started high up the social and economic scale all of a sudden. They speak in English (or American), keep their accounts in dollars and cents, and have to keep up all the complicated government machinery which has been the result of centuries of civilization and progress.

"They have a president and vice-president, who are elected every two years by the most modern system of universal suffrage, secret ballot and all. They have a cabinet, a senate and a house of representatives; chief justices and local magistrates; supreme courts, courts of common pleas and quarterly courts. Every town and village has its school and in Monrovia, the capital, there is the West African College, in praise of which I could not say enough.

"The president, Mr. Arthur Barclay, with whom I stayed, is a brilliant example of what the Liberians can do in the way of education. He is a man of natural brain power, an astute statesman and splendidly educated. He is a man any president of any republic would honor. He is a great reader, knows the world's affairs as well as we do here, and has every book of moment as soon as it is possible to get it. When I arrived I found he had read many of the most recent productions, including Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest. One incident will suffice to show how much he is in touch with men and things. When I entered his house I was almost dumfounded with astonishment to see over the door this motto: 'Welcome to the foster-mother of Salammbo.' My translation of Salammbo is known not only by the president but by many others, who subsequently expressed to me their deep gratitude for turning the book into a language they could understand. Barclay himself is a man of intellect and learning, before whom I often felt like a child. He is the star of the republic, but there are many more almost his equal. All of them received the whole of their education in their own country. Barclay was three when he left America.

"During my stay I was invited to several state balls, which were dignified functions, conducted quite on modern lines. I also attended banquets, served in courses. The menu was a purely Liberian one, consisting mostly of eggs and different kinds of fruit. The people are happy, con-

tented and industrious, in spite of all that has been said of the inherent laziness of the Negro. Every man has his own house, which he builds himself. No man would think of taking a wife until he could build a house. Let it not be imagined that I am speaking of mud huts or timber structures. Not at all. The houses are brick built, with fine verandas, windows, bedrooms, etc. I saw finer brick houses in Liberia than in any other place I have visited in Africa, with the exception of the Transvaal.

"What they are backward in is the most up-to-date methods of making the most of their productions, in order that they may compete with reasonable expectation of profit in the open markets of the world. They want money also to buy certain machinery by which they will be able to improve the value of their exports. They want more commercial knowledge and a more satisfactory regulation of their imports and exports. But they are quick enough to learn both from teaching and experience. The president is about to appoint two customs officials, Europeans or Americans, in order thoroughly to organize the customs departments. One will be paid 1,000 pounds a year and the other 500 pounds. The latter is more than the president's own salary, but, although money is very scarce, the government is willing enough to spend it in the interests of efficiency."—London *Tribune.*

Author's Note.—The first flag of Liberia was made in the home of James Stokes of New York City, the grandfather of Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of Yale University.

CHAPTER XXV.

Africa at the Dawn of History—The Negro in Pre-Historic Times.

Many interesting facts have been revealed in the preceding pages. We have been tracing the Negro further and further back in history. Professor Boas of Columbia University has shown that in some parts of Africa the Negroes have well-ordered and well-governed states and have made moderate progress in agriculture and in the arts and sciences. Count Volney has shown that the men who built those splendid buildings, monuments and tombs in ancient Thebes, were black men. Professor Taylor shows that on the island of Meroë the Ethiopians erected buildings that rivaled the far-famed structures of ancient Thebes. But now we come to the most interesting anthropological or ethnological theory ever advanced. Professor Sergi of the University of Rome in his work on "The Mediterranean Race" (published by the Contemporary Science Series) and Professor Ripley in his "History of the European Races" arrive at conclusions that startle us and yet they are backed by so many incontrovertible facts that it is well nigh impossible to refute them.

Professor Sergi and Professor Ripley claim that the cradle of civilization was in Africa and not in Europe or Asia, that the Mediterranean rather than the Aryan or the so-called white Caucasian race was the pioneer of civilization. They claim that in pre-historic times a race that is called the Mediterranean race, of which the African Negro was a branch, dwelt on the North coast of Africa; that this race of long-headed, light-brown people overran Egypt, Greece, Rome, Europe and the British Isles, forming the basis of the primitive population of those countries and that they were the founders of the world's civilization, that they gave the world the foundations of art, science, astronomy, mathematics and religion. Professor Sergi and Professor Ripley also claim that the Aryan or white European race, with broad heads, came down from Asia, crossed over to

Greece, Rome, Europe and the British Isles, conquered and assimilated the Mediterranean race and absorbed its civilization.

How do Professor Sergi and Professor Ripley know this? They claim that a study of craniology indicated that the long-headed people in the cities of Europe and in the Northern and Southern sections of Europe and in the British Isles have the same type of skull as the members of the Mediterranean race, thus indicating that the blood of the Mediterranean race has mingled with that of the Aryan or white race of Europe. But if the long-headed Africans were the prehistoric cave dwellers of Europe, if the African Negro later formed the basis and substratum of the population of Europe, why is the African Negro so much darker in complexion than the Aryan or Caucasian and why hasn't he the reasoning power, the energy, the æsthetical and ethical ideals of the Anglo-Saxon? There are two reasons: in the first place the European is a mixed while the African is a purer race. Then again climatic conditions operating through centuries darkened the complexion of the African Negro and the intense heat of the torrid zone prevented him developing the aggressive and energetic qualities of the Anglo-Saxon.

In a word, the branch of the Mediterranean race that emigrated to Greece, Rome, Europe and the British Isles, mingled its blood with a lighter-complexioned race, became lighter in complexion and developed energetic qualities of mind and soul; while the branch that overran Africa did not largely mingle its blood with a lighter race, and through climatic conditions and the torrid heat of Africa, grew gradually darker in complexion and failed to develop energetic qualities of mind and soul. And it is by the study of skulls that the kinship of the African Negro to the prehistoric population of Greece, Rome, Europe and the British Isles has been established.

What shall we say of this theory? I am not versed in the science of anthropology and I am not a craniologist; hence I cannot pass judgment upon the conclusions of Professor Sergi and Professor Ripley. But it seems to me that a theory advanced by ethnologists and anthropologists of the prestige and standing of Professor Sergi and Professor Ripley, supported by such a mass of facts, is worthy of careful study and serious consideration.

One thing, however, I will say; we cannot speak of the Negro race having typical race traits. The Haytien Negro is an entirely different and distinct type of being from the Southern Negro. He has not the simian tendencies, the happy-go-lucky disposition, the sense of humor, the pleasure of making a monkey of himself, the patience, the servile and sycophantine disposition and the flexibility and adaptability to his environments of the Southern Negro. Even the Boston Negro is somewhat different from the Southern Negro and the South Carolina and Kentucky Negro is somewhat different from the North Carolina Negro. The Liberian Negro has more innate dignity and self-respect, and less capacity to absorb and assimilate the Anglo-Saxon civilization, than the American Negro. The differences between the Soudanese, Liberian, Haytien and American Negroes, show that the Negro race has few predominant race traits and characteristics, but is profoundly influenced and modified by its environments.

But to return to our subject: Andrew J. Jones in an article upon "The Negro—A Review" succinctly presents Professor Ripley's theory. Mr. Jones says:

Mr. Phillips was radical not only in his ethics, but in the application of his orthodoxy to scientific and governmental affairs. His religion was Christ's Christianity, which takes within its scope all humanity, and he saw no antagonism between science and religion, accepting both as tending to discover the truths hidden in the material and spiritual laws of the universe. What he saw in the Negro was that he was a man who had played his part back in the misty centuries and he had no fears of him in the present.

The leading American scientists of his day sternly opposed, some indecently, the idea of the Negro being considered within the pale of society. What else could be expected of the proletariat of the country than scourging part of its constituents because they were black? It is quite probable that Mr. Phillips knew as much about the discoveries of anthropology, then going on in Europe, as did contemporary scientists in America. At that time anthropologists could not formulate positive laws as they do to-day, but Mr. Phillips formulated his laws for the treatment of the Negro as a man, and proclaimed them in his silvery tones.

Wendell Phillips' labors and consummate statesmanship are bearing the fruit he so confidently expected. Science and history have now come to the rescue of the Negro to give him hope and cast beneath his feet the badge of inferiority so long proclaimed. He can now walk

with erect head, conscious of an ancestry that has served the world and is the basis of the population of some of the mightiest governments of modern times. The Negro's hope and conscious consciousness, whether he be in the masses or in the classes, come in a time when sorely needed. Professor Ripley's "History of the European Races" gives the whole story, the truth and the whole truth. The work is a compilation of the leading authorities in the science of anthropology.

The long-headed African Negro is traced from his home in Africa, in prehistoric times, through Egypt, India, Greece, Rome and finally to Europe and the British Isles. Archæology supplements anthropology in many important discoveries. Through archæology the prehistoric cave-dwellers of Europe are found to be the long-headed Africans. Singular that there remains to-day direct representatives of these cave-dwellers in France. How is that for an ancient ancestry in Europe? and what a pioneer the Negro must have been in those days.

It is now the accepted opinion of all the leading authorities that the populations of Europe came from two streams of emigration, namely: one from Asia and the other from Africa; both, separately or amalgamated, overran the continent and settled permanently to receive new acquisitions. The African type are the long heads, generally spoken of as the Mediterranean or Iberian race, and the Asiatic type are the broad heads. It was from this Asiatic type that the oldtime ethnologist derived his Aryan or white European race, as wholly separate and distinct from the long-headed Negro. Anthropology to-day utterly demolishes the Aryan theory and is now concerned to prove that the human race has come from one stock instead of two. It may yet be proven that the original stock was from Africa, which overran all Asia. The evolution of the species is various and environment produces remarkable changes. It requires a deal of imagination to produce the blond, flaxen-haired German from the African Negro, but that is the edict of science. The proud Anglo-Saxon may not relish it, but it will have to be accepted.

Professor Ripley's book is as great a contribution to literature as to science. It reads like romance. There has been so much of the so-called Anglo-Saxon cult and Celtic depreciation, and of Rudyard Kipling and Cecil Rhodes, that it would be considered the most erratic thought to suppose that the author of "The Recessional" is a mongrel, as Professor Huxley termed himself when the true origin of the European races was made clear to him. But that is the veriest fact, and Cecil Rhodes with his federation of the world by the Anglo-Saxon, and Kipling with his "White Man's Burden," do forget. Observe the distribution of the Asiatic and African hordes through Europe. The broad heads occupy the central portion of the continent, while on both sides of them are planted the long heads. In nearly every corner of Europe is found the long heads, chiefly in the cities, while the broad heads generally occupy the country districts and along the mountain ranges. Crossing the British Isles the

long heads are found to prevail in Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England, and the English race to-day are the longest-headed people in Europe.

Again, observe the peoples whose paternity sprung from the long-headed African: the Slavs of Russia, once of high distinction; the Greeks, the Romans and the Teutons, now called Germans. The full scope and meaning of this combination of names can only be gleaned by reading the "History of the European Races." There is found here, too, what nonsense there is in the talk of "purity" of race. The races approximating purity are the most backward, while the most mixed are the leading nations of the world. It is only necessary to look at Africa to-day to see the effect of purity of race. It is indeed a dark continent and has been for thousands of years.

Its conformation is forbidding, and not until within this last century has emigration sought its shores. When the researches of the archæologist shall have been made Africa will have a wondrous story to tell the world. Africa has given to the world its substratum of populations and has made Egypt the forerunner of a civilization which is still the marvel of ages, but the inbreeding for, probably, 10,000 years has left its inhabitants fit subjects for stratagem and spoil. Heredity has had full swing in perpetual primitive traits, and a dull, monotonous environment has intensified its influence. Progress demands complex conditions in mental attributes and outside bodily contact. The African races have had no such complexity, for there has been no communication with the outside world. But their offshoots, or varieties, have proved themselves sensitive to differentiation by new environment which has naturalized the effects of ancestral traits.

With its heathenism and savagery Africa is an example of the purity of race after a period of thousands of years, while England and the United States, comparatively young, the most mixed nations of the world, show the effects of mixture in the domination of the advancing progress of their times. Nature is careful of the type and the individual is sacrificed to preserve it. The type once lost is lost forever. There are no inferiors or illegitimates in nature.

How clearly she has preserved the Negro and made him the substratum of the peoples of the world! If natural law has ordained this throughout the world's history, what other outcome may be expected of the presence of the ten millions of Negroes in this country? Artificial laws are futile against the laws of nature. Self-conceit, arrogance and self-assumed superiority are but the effect of ignorance and the accidents of fickle fortune. America has had its share in the oppression of the Negro. Slavery has swayed its sceptre and democratic America stultified itself in extending the foul wrong, but retained within itself the germ to make atonement. Garrison and Phillips and Sumner have made the United States the mighty nation it is to-day, and their lives still breathe an incense that is exhaled when the native sense of America is fully aroused by the cry for justice.

COUNT VOLNEY'S TRIBUTE TO ANCIENT THEBES.

Count Constantin François Chassebœuf de Volney, born in 1757 at Craon, spent the years 1783-1785 traveling in Egypt and Syria, visiting the sites of great cities. He published two volumes, one in 1787, upon "Travels in Egypt and Syria," and another in 1791, when he was thirty-four years old, entitled "The Ruins, or, Meditation on the Revolutions of Empires." This was his immortal work. Its comprehensive survey of ancient history, its philosophic study of human society and religion, and its graphic picturing of ancient cities and ancient civilization, make it one of the most valuable historical monograms ever written; while the loftiness and nobility of its spirit, the sublimity and grandeur of its imagination and the dignity and grace of its style, rank it as a masterpiece of lofty and sustained eloquence. But its interest for us resides in the fact that on pages fifteen, sixteen and seventeen of the Paris translation, he pays a splendid tribute to ancient Thebes and her Negro population, and in his exhaustive footnotes quotes extensively from Diodorus and Lucian upon the same points. Volney says on page fifteen of his great work, "Those piles of ruins which you see in that narrow valley watered by the Nile, pride of the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia, are the remains of opulent cities. Behold the wreck of her metropolis, Thebes, with her hundred palaces, the parent of cities, and monument of the caprice of destiny. There a people, now forgotten, discovered, while others were yet barbarians, the elements of the arts and sciences. A race of men, now rejected from society for their sable skin and frizzled hair, founded on the study of the laws of nature those civil and religious systems which still govern the universe."

Peter Eckler, in his publisher's preface to Volney's great work, in language that matches Volney's for its eloquence and grandeur, restates Volney's thought in a more impressive manner than even Volney did himself. Mr. Eckler, in his preface, referring to Volney's tribute to the contribution that the black man has made to civilization, says: "A voluminous note, in which the standard authorities are cited, seems to prove that this statement is substantially correct, and that we are in reality indebted to the ancient Ethiopians, to the fervid imagination of the persecuted and

despised Negro, for the various religious systems now so highly revered by the different branches of both the Semitic and Aryan races. This fact, which is so frequently referred to in Mr. Volney's writings, may perhaps solve the question of the origin of all religions, and may even suggest a solution to the secret so long concealed beneath the flat nose, thick lips, and Negro features of the Egyptian Sphinx. It may also confirm the statement of Diodorus, that 'the Ethiopians conceive themselves as the inventors of divine worship, of festivals, of solemn assemblies, of sacrifices, and of every other religious practice.'

"That an imaginative and superstitious race of black men should have invented and founded, in the dim obscurity of past ages, a system of religious belief that still enthralls the minds and clouds the intellects of the leading representatives of modern theology,—that still clings to the thought, and tinges with its potential influence the literature and faith of the civilized and cultured nations of Europe and America, is indeed a strange illustration of the mad caprice of destiny, of the insignificant and apparently trivial causes that oft produce the most grave and momentous results."

Then, at considerable length, in the following voluminous footnote, Volney quotes Diodorus and Lucian to substantiate his views and prove his position. He then says:

This city of Thebes, now Luxor, reduced to the condition of a miserable village, has left astonishing monuments of its magnificence. Particulars of this may be seen in the plates of Norden, in Pocock, and in the recent travels of Bruce. These monuments give credibility to all that Homer has related of its splendor, and lead us to infer its political power and external commerce.

Its geographical position was favorable to this twofold object. For, on one side, the valley of the Nile, singularly fertile, must have early occasioned a numerous population; and, on the other, the Red Sea, giving communication with Arabia and India, and the Nile, with Abyssinia and the Mediterranean. Thebes was thus naturally allied to the richest countries on the globe; an alliance that procured it an activity so much the greater, as Lower Egypt, at first a swamp, was nearly, if not totally uninhabited. But when at length this country had been drained by the canals and dikes which Sesostris constructed, population was introduced there, and wars arose which proved fatal to the power of Thebes. Commerce then took another route, and descended to the point of the Red Sea, to the canals of Sesostris (see Strabo), and wealth

and activity were transferred to Memphis. This is manifestedly what Diodorus means when he tells us in his writings (Lib. i), that as soon as Memphis was established and made a wholesome and delicious abode. kings abandoned Thebes to fix themselves there. Thus Thebes continued to decline, and Memphis to grow, till the time of Alexander, who builded Alexandria on the border of the sea and caused Memphis to fall in its turn; so that prosperity and power seemed to have descended historically step by step along the Nile; whence it results, both physically and historically, that the existence of Thebes was prior to that of the other cities. The testimony of writers is very positive in this respect. "The Thebans," says Diodorus, "consider themselves as the most ancient people of the earth, and assert that with them originated philosophy and the science of the stars. Their situation, it is true, is infinitely favorable to astronomical observation, and they have a more accurate division of time into months and years than other nations," etc.

What Diodorus says of the Thebans, every author, and himself elsewhere, repeats of the Ethiopians, which tends more firmly to establish the identity of this place of which I have spoken. "The Ethiopians conceive themselves," says he (Lib. iii), "to be of greater antiquity than any other nation; and it is probable that, born under the sun's path, its warmth may have ripened them earlier than other men. They suppose themselves also to be the inventors of divine worship, of festivals, of solemn assemblies, of sacrifices, and every religious practice. They affirm that the Egyptians are one of their colonies, and that the Delta, which was formerly sea, became land by the conglomeration of the earth of the higher country which was washed down by the Nile. They have, like the Egyptians, two species of letters, hieroglyphics and the alphabet; but among the Egyptians the first was known only to the priests, and by them transmitted from father to son, whereas both species were common among the Ethiopians."

"The Ethiopians," says Lucian, page 985, "were the first who invented the science of the stars, and gave names to the planets, not at random and without meaning, but descriptive of the qualities which they conceived them to possess; and it was from them that this art passed, still in an imperfect state, to the Egyptians."

It would be easy to multiply citations upon this subject; from all which, it follows, that we have the strongest reasons to believe that the country neighboring to the tropic was the cradle of the sciences, and of consequence that the first learned nation was a nation of blacks; for it is incontrovertible, that by the term Ethiopians the ancients meant to represent a people of black complexion, thick lips, and woolly hair. I am therefore inclined to believe, that the inhabitants of Lower Egypt were originally a foreign colony imported from Syria and Arabia, a medley of different tribes of savages, originally shepherds and fishermen, who, by degrees formed themselves into a nation, and who, by nature and descent, were enemies of the Thebans, by whom they were no doubt despised and treated as barbarians.

I have suggested the same idea in my "Travels into Syria," founded upon the black complexion of the Sphinx. I have since ascertained that the antique images of Thebes have the same characteristics; and Mr. Bruce has offered a multitude of analogous facts; but this traveler, of whom I heard some mention at Cairo, has so interwoven these facts with certain systematic opinions, that we should have recourse to his narratives with caution.

Doubtless it has not been scientifically demonstrated that the Negroes of ancient Thebes, to quote the words of Volney, "founded on the study of the laws of nature those civil and religious systems that still govern the universe." Perhaps the noble-hearted Peter Echler, the publisher of the book, may err in accepting that view. I believe that monotheism, the conception of a Supreme Deity, was the gift of the Hebrew race; the idea of representative government was the gift of the Anglo-Saxon race; and the reigning conception of the immanence of God was the outgrowth of German idealism. But there can be no doubt, as Volney, Eckler, Diodorus, Lucian, Gregoire and Bradford state, of the antiquity of ancient Thebes, whose population was black. There can be no doubt that the Negroes and Egyptians of ancient Thebes built magnificent buildings, tombs, monuments and statues and there can be no doubt that the Egyptians were indebted to the Ethiopians, whom Dr. Bradford declares were as closely related to the Soudanese Negro as the Texans to the Chicagoans, for many of their fundamental religious, philosophical and astronomical conceptions.

ANCIENT ETHIOPIA.

Many references have been made by Homer, the Bible and ancient writers to Ethiopia. Some scholars believe that the Ethiopians were closely related to the Egyptians; but it seems that they were blacks and were more closely allied by blood to the Soudanese.

It seems to me that W. C. Taylor of Trinity College, Dublin, in his manual on ancient history, which was revised by Professor C. S. Henry of the University of the City of New York, gives a true account of the Ethiopians. Dr. Taylor says:

The eastern districts above the Nile, now called Nubia and Sennaar, have been possessed from a remote age by two different races, the Ethiopians and the Arabians, which are even now but partially blended.

The country is full of historical monuments, chiefly erected on the banks of the Nile. There were in these countries above Egypt all the gradations from the complete savage to the hunting and fishing tribes, and from them to the wandering herdsman and shepherd; but there was also a civilized Ethiopian people, dwelling in cities, possessing a government and laws, acquainted with the use of hieroglyphics, the fame of whose progress in knowledge and the social arts had, in the earliest ages, spread over a considerable portion of the earth. Along the whole course of the Nubian valley is a succession of stupendous monuments rivalling those of Thebes in beauty, and exceeding them in sublimity.

The productions of the Ethiopian and Nubian valleys do not differ materially from those of Egypt. The island of Meroë, as it was called from being nearly surrounded with rivers, possessed an abundance of camels, which, as we have seen, were little used in Egypt; but the ivory, ebony, and spices, which the Ethiopians sent down the river, were probably procured by traffic with the interior of Africa. Meroë had better harbors for Indian commerce than Egypt; not only were her ports on the Red Sea superior, but the caravan routes to them were shorter, and the dangerous part of the navigation of that sea was wholly avoided.

The early history of Meroë is involved in impenetrable obscurity. Its monuments bear evident marks of being models for the wondrous edifices of Egypt; but, shut out from all intercourse of civilized nations by the intervention of the Egyptians, it is only when they were invaded, or became invaders, that we can trace the history of the Ethiopians.

It has been already mentioned that several of the Egyptian monarchs carried their arms into Ethiopia, and became for a time masters of the country. In the eleventh century before the Christian era, the Assyrian heroine, Semiramis, is reported to have attempted its conquest; but there is some doubt of the truth of this, as indeed of many other exploits attributed to this wonderful queen. But we have certain information of the Ethiopians being a powerful nation (B. C. 971) when they assisted Shishak in his war against Judea "with very many chariots and horsemen." Sixteen years after this, we have an account of Judea being again invaded by an army of a million Ethiopians, unaccompanied by an Egyptian force. From the Scripture narrative it appears that the Ethiopians had made considerable progress in the art of war, and were masters of the navigation of the Red Sea, and at least a part of the Arabian peninsula. The kingdom must have been also in a very flourishing condition, when it was able to bear the cost of so vast and distant an expedition.

The Ethiopian power gradually increased until its monarchs were enabled to conquer Egypt, where three of them reigned in succession—Sabbakon, Sevechus, and Tarakus, the Tirhakah of Scripture. Sevechus, called so in Scripture, was so powerful a monarch that Hosea, king of Israel, revolted against the Assyrians, relying on his assistance, but was not supported by his ally. This, indeed, was the immediate cause

of the captivity of the Ten Tribes; for "in the ninth year of Hosea the king of Assyria took Samaria, and carried Israel away into Assyria," as a punishment for unsuccessful rebellion. Tirhakah was a more warlike prince; he led an army against Sennacherib, king of Assyria, then besieging Jerusalem, and the Egyptian traditions, preserved in the age of Herodotus, give an accurate account of the providential interposition by which the pride of the Assyrians was humbled.

In the reign of Psammetichus, the entire warrior caste of the Egyptians migrated to Ethiopia, and were located at the extreme southern frontier of the kingdom. These colonies instructed the Ethiopians in the recent improvements made in the art of war, and prepared them for resisting the formidable invasion of Cambyses. . . .

Queens frequently ruled in Ethiopia; one named Candace made war on Augustus Cæsar about twenty years before the birth of Christ, and though defeated by the superior discipline of the Romans obtained peace on very favorable conditions. During the reign of another of the same name, we find that the Jewish religion was prevalent in Meroë, probably in consequence of the change made by Ergamenes; for the queen's confidential adviser went to worship at Jerusalem, and on his return (A. D. 53) was converted by St. Philip, and became the means of introducing Christianity into Ethiopia.

These are the principal historical facts that can now be ascertained respecting the ancient and once powerful state of Meroë, which has now sunk into the general mass of African barbarism.

The pyramids of Meroë, though inferior in size to those of middle Egypt, are said to surpass them in architectural beauty, and the sepulchres evince the greatest purity of taste. But the most important and striking proof of the progress in the art of building is their knowledge and employment of the arch. Mr. Hoskins has stated that these pyramids are of superior antiquity to those of Egypt.

The Ethiopian vases depicted on the monuments, though not richly ornamented, display a taste and elegance of form that has never been surpassed. In sculpture and coloring, the edifices of Meroë, though not so profusely adorned, rival the choicest specimens of Egyptian art.

We have already noticed the favorable position of Meroë for commercial intercourse with India and the interior of Africa; it was the entrepôt of trade between the north and south, between the east and west, while its fertile soil enabled the Ethiopians to purchase foreign luxuries with native productions. It does not appear that fabrics were woven in Meroë so extensively as in Egypt; but the manufactures of metal must have been at least as flourishing. But Meroë owed its greatness less to the produce of its soil or its factories than to its position on the intersection of the leading caravan-routes of ancient commerce. The great changes in these lines of trade, the devastations of successive conquerors and revolutions, the fanaticism of the Saracens and the destruction of the fertile soil by the encroachments of the moving sands from the desert, are causes sufficient for the ruin of such a powerful empire.

Its decline, however, was probably accelerated by the pressure of the nomad hordes, who took advantage of its weakness to plunder its defenceless citizens.

PROFESSOR FRANK BOAS'S FURTHER TRIBUTE TO THE AFRICAN IN HIS PAMPHLET ON "THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL POSITION OF THE NEGRO."

Quite recently an anatomist, Mr. R. B. Bean, has tried to show, in two articles published in the *Century Magazine,* that there are striking differences between the anatomical structure of the Negro brain and that of the white; and since his conclusions have been stated with a high degree of assurance, and since they have been copied over and over in the daily press as definite proof of Negro inferiority, they deserve special mention in this connection. Mr. Bean's studies of a little over a hundred Negro brains is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of this subject; and we hope that this work, which has been inaugurated in the Johns Hopkins Anatomical Institute in Baltimore, may be continued vigorously. More knowledge on this difficult question is certainly needed. Mr. Bean has corroborated the well-known fact that on the average the Negro brain is a little smaller than the brain of the white, and he has also shown that there are certain differences in form and position of parts of the brain. These differences correspond in part at least to differences in the form of the skull of the Negro and of the white. So far, his conclusions are acceptable. When, however, he assumes certain definite mental characteristics in the Negro, particularly "development of the lower mental faculties," and others in the whites, particularly "self-control, will-power, ethical and æsthetic senses and reason," solely for the reason that the anterior part of the brain of the Negro is relatively slightly smaller than the anterior part of the brain of the white man, and that the posterior part of the brain of the Negro is relatively larger than the corresponding part of that of the white man,—his inferences are no longer based on scientific data that are ascertained with sufficient definiteness. Comparatively speaking, the anatomical differences between the two races are minute. The variability in each race is so great than many Negro forms, so far as the proportion of the anterior and posterior parts of the brain is concerned, are found among the whites, and *vice versa.* Unfortunately, detailed studies of the brain have not been carried on to any considerable extent; but it is quite obvious that when we compare the elongated heads of people like the Scotch with the short heads of people like the Swiss, corresponding differences in the proportions of the brain must be found; and they may even be presumed in comparing the elongated heads of the Scotch with the elongated heads of the southern Italians, since the two, notwithstanding their similarity in proportion of two diameters, are quite different in other respects. I think we should hardly be ready to interpret such differences between the brains of different types of the white race,

if they were found, in the same manner as we have always been ready to interpret differences in proportions of the brain of the Negro as compared to the white race; namely, as signs of inferiority.

In the objective study of the brain we ought always to be careful not to interpret certain features of the brain as inferior only because they are found in the Negro brain, but inferiority should be proved by other means. It seemed necessary to touch more fully on these somewhat technical matters, because they are the foundation of our whole theory of inferiority of the Negro race.

So far as the outward appearance of the body is concerned, we must remember that color, length of limbs, form of foot, thickness of the lips, and flatness of the nose, have no direct relation to intelligence. If we are inclined to judge an individual with the most marked Negro characteristics as inferior in ability, the essential reason for our judgment is not any well-established relation between negroid characteristics of the face and limbs and brain-development, which on its part determines mental development, but it is a conclusion which is drawn almost intuitively from the observed difference in outward appearance. Not only has a relation between the typical negroid traits of the skeleton, muscles, intestines, and skin and mental ability never been shown to exist, but, based on biological considerations, we may say that it is most unlikely to exist.

A number of other traits which have often been stated should be mentioned here. It is claimed that the Negro child is physically well developed and intelligent, but that an early arrest in its brain-development occurs which is related to an early arrest in growth of the bones of the skull. As is well known, the skull consists of a number of separate bones which lie in close contact, and which interlock with innumerable small indentations along their margins. Among all races these lines of contact disappear in old age, and the bones of the skull become completely united. A few of these lines of junction (commonly called "sutures") disappear very early, some before birth, some shortly after birth. It is claimed that all these sutures unite earlier in the growing Negro than they do in the growing white. This statement, however, is due to an impression that has been gained by a few observers who have not had an opportunity to examine with sufficient care large numbers of individuals; and it is not saying too much if we state that no evidence of this earlier arrest of development in the Negro child has ever been given. It may sound almost incredible to the lay reader if it is stated that we do not know the average age at which sutures close, or that we do not even know with any degree of accuracy the average age of such a common and important phenomenon as the appearance of teeth, certainly not with such accuracy as would enable us to compare the dates at which, on the average, teeth appear and sutures close in different races.

Furthermore, we know that among the whites, on the whole, the development is slower among those who are less favorably situated,

who are not well nourished, and who are badly housed. Observations made in a great many cities and in the country have shown very clearly that among the poor and ill-nourished, a general retardation of development, resulting in a more unfavorable final development is found. It may therefore well be that if there is any truth in the retardation and final arrest of development of the Negro,—which, however, has not been proved to exist,—this may be due to the greater poverty and the more frequent ill-nourishment of the Negro child.

Taking, then, the whole evidence obtained from a consideration of the physical characteristics of the Negro, we must recognize that practically all of it is negative, and that all we can safely say is, that the Negro brain is, on the average, a little smaller than the brain of the white race, but that this difference is so small, as compared to the variability in each race, that, comparatively speaking, only few Negroes have smaller brains than whites, and that only few whites have larger brains than Negroes. When we take into consideration the fact that in the animal series, on the whole, the size of the brain increases with increasing intelligence, we may infer that probably there is, on the average, a slightly greater ability in the white race. Anatomical evidence does not justify us in going any further than this.

It may perhaps be said that even if, in the present state of our knowledge, anatomical evidence gives, on the whole, negative results, the mental development of the Negro race is sufficient to allow us to infer that they are considerably less gifted than the white race; that in power of reasoning, as well as in energy and in ethical standards, they are bound to be different from and inferior to the whites. I fear that in drawing this inference we are too much influenced by the conditions of the Negro as found in the United States. We must remember that the Negro race in our country has been torn away from its historical surroundings, that it has been placed in a new country, and that in this country it has never been in a position of true independence. During the time of slavery, independence was out of the question. Later on, the economical and social conditions kept the Negro separate from the whites, and in a position in which progress was made difficult. For these reasons it seems fair to form our judgment of Negro character and Negro ability by observing the Negro in Africa, and by investigating what he has achieved on that continent.

Notwithstanding the great diversity of Negro culture in West Africa, in the central parts of the Soudan, in the Congo Basin, and in the extreme South, a few facts stand out very clearly. Perhaps most remarkable among these is the high development of Negro industries. All over the African Continent, with the exception of the extreme southern portion, which is inhabited by the Bushmen, is found the art of smelting iron and of making iron implements. So far as our knowledge goes, it seems quite plausible that this art was first invented by the Negroes of the Soudan, and that from there it spread into Asia, and northwestward into Europe. Absolute proof of this fact cannot be given; but

it remains true that at the time of discovery, when primitive people of all other continents were still in the stone age, and did not know how to reduce and smelt metals, but at best hammered nuggets of copper or other pure metals into tools and ornaments, the iron industry was found all over the African Continent. The work of the blacksmith of the interior, wherever the country is uncontaminated by white influence, excites our admiration even now. Beautiful symmetrical lance-blades are made, and axes which are decorated with elaborate filigree of wire and inlaid with copper or other metals. The metal industry in Africa reached its highest development on the Guinea coast, where the palace of the King of Benin was decorated by bronze castings which in boldness of form and difficulty of execution challenge the work of our most skilled artisans.

Not less characteristic of Africa is the marked development of trade. Not only do the various tribes produce objects which are sought in trade, and which are carried over wide areas, but the method of exchange itself is well organized. The villages in most parts of Africa have their markets, where the potter, the wood-carver, the blacksmith, and the farmer exchange their wares; and some of these markets have attained great intertribal importance. On market-days universal peace reigns, and strict laws forbid strife and quarrel at the place and time when trade reigns supreme.

Another trait characteristic of African Negro society that strikes us with great force is that existence of formal judicial procedure which is found over almost all of the Dark Continent. While other primitive peoples do not generally understand the value of evidence and of orderly investigation of testimony, the Negro appreciates both; and the much-ridiculed palavers of Africa are really only formal court procedures, intended to protect the rights of the accuser and of the defendant. If the ultimate outcome of many of these investigations is an ordeal designed to determine guilt or innocence, we ought not to consider this as a sign of inferiority, since only a few hundred years ago our ancestors resorted to the same final test.

The impression conveyed to the traveler who visits a native village in the center of Africa that has remained uninfluenced by deteriorating contact with the whites, and that has not been exposed to the raids of slave-traders, is that of a healthy, industrious community. The village is kept in good order. The gardens demand careful attention on the part of the women, and partly also on the part of the men. Skilled artisans are busy at their trades, and the chief and the "medicine-man," with the assistance of the council, keep order according to the ancient customs of the tribes.

That at the same time this culture is to a great extent based on what we should call superstitious beliefs, that it has all the weaknesses inherent in primitive cultures, that it lacks in stability, goes without saying; but this was not less true of the communities of our ancestors not more than a couple of thousand years ago.

One of the most remarkable facts that stand out prominently in a general view of African culture is the great abundance of men of great force who, during their lifetime, have moulded the history of vast portions of the continent, and some of whom have succeeded in establishing states that were ruled first by them and then by their successors for long periods. This is not only true of the states of the Soudan, which we can trace back for more than a thousand years, and the greatness of which was perhaps partly due to the introduction of Mohammedanism, but it is not less true of the great Congo region, where, in the southern part of the country, the Lunda established an empire which equalled in size the large European states, held together by the personal force of an emperor whose power was limited by a curiously intricate constitution based largely on a system similar to the feudal system of the Middle Ages. The allegiance of outlying dependencies of the empire was secured by the enforced presence at the central courts of chiefs who were held as hostages. The great power of this state was due entirely to the individuality of a few of the emperors, during whose lifetime the Lunda became the most important nation of southern central Africa, while their weak descendants quickly succumbed to the greater vigor of some of the minor chiefs of the feudal state.

In a similar way has the personality of the chief made itself felt in the history of the Hottentots, and not less among the Zulus, whose great kings have successfully withstood for considerable periods even the superior armies of Great Britain. In short, wherever we look in Africa,—in the southern part of the continent as well as in the region of the great lakes, or throughout the Soudan from the sources of the Nile westward as far as Senegambia,—the same characteristic trait may be observed, that from time to time powerful leaders arise who succeed in centralizing the latent forces of wide territories.

Thus the picture presented by native Africa gives us a quite different impression of Negro character from that which we are accustomed to find in America. There is no lack of initiative, no inherent laziness, no lack of control, no lack of inventiveness, in Africa. The characteristics of the aboriginal African community are those of industry, of initiative on the part of strong individuals, of power of political organization. We find all those traits which are characteristic of a healthy community developing without that knowledge of the results of scientific method which is characteristic of modern civilization.

I do not doubt that, notwithstanding these traits, the character of the Negro may differ in certain respects from our own. His musical talent; his gift of expressing his thoughts in terse, homely wisdom; his humor and his adaptability, may suggest hereditary traits, although it is difficult to decide in how far such traits are due to social surroundings, and in how far they are truly due to a different character, that is transmitted from generation to generation; but of all the traits that we observe in Africa there are none that would suggest any inferiority of the race as compared to other races.

Neither is the argument a good one which tries to establish the inferiority of the Negro race from the fact that it has not contributed anything to the advance of civilization, and has not reached the same level that we have attained. It has been pointed out that perhaps mankind is indebted for one of the most fundamental industrial advances (namely, the use of iron) to the African race; but, even setting aside this, the mere fact of a retarded development of the race cannot be considered as an indication of its future achievements. It seems hardly probable that the ancient Greek would have expected much of the northern barbaric hordes upon whom they looked down with contempt, and who nevertheless, inside of the short span of two thousand years, have come to be the advance guard of civilization. Nor would our ancestors five hundred years ago have expected much from the eastern Slavs, whose struggles at the present time bring out so many noble qualities and so many men of force and genius. What does it signify in the history of mankind, which must be counted by tens of thousands of years, whether one people reaches a certain level to-day, another three thousand years later? In the history of mankind a millennium is brief.

Looking back over the whole field, we may say, therefore, that there is no scientific proof, that will stand honest criticism, which would prove the inferiority of the Negro race. It is true that in most respects the present verdict can be only "We do not know;" but what evidence we have all tends to show that the existing differences are presumably of minor importance.

Thus the heavy burden of the social problem is thrown upon our shoulders. If it is true that the undesirable traits that are characteristic of the Negro in America do not belong to him in Africa, then the conditions incidental to his importation and life here are to blame for the degradation of the race, and it becomes our duty as men, as well as for the weal of our commonwealth, to restore to the Negro what he has lost, and to raise him above the level of what he was before he came into contact with the European civilization in Africa. This was done by the Mohammedan invaders of the Soudan a thousand years ago, and it can be done now. This problem, which is made so difficult by the social dislike of the two races in our country, must be solved and will be solved. A clear conception of the mental and physical status of each of the two races and an acknowledgment of the fact that there is no evidence of a decided mental inferiority of the Negro, must be the foundation of our endeavors.

TALENTS OF THE NEGROES FOR ARTS AND TRADES.

Abbe Gregoire, in his celebrated "Enquiry," says:

From the general history of voyages by Prevot and the "Universal History," the production of an English author, and the narrative of depositions made at the bar of parliament, all speak of the dexterity with which Negroes tan and dye leather, prepare indigo and soap, make

cordage, fine tissue, excellent pottery ware (although ignorant of the turning machine), urns of white metal, instruments of agriculture and curious works in gold, silver and steel; they particularly excel in filigree work. One of the most striking proofs of their talents in this line is their method of constructing an anchor for a vessel. Moreau St. Merz, in his topographical descriptions of St. Domingo, thinks they can succeed in the mechanical and liberal arts. Dickson (page 74) speaks of them as being "jewelers and skillful watch-makers," and praises a wooden lock.

Fabroni said, in the Le Magaz Encyclopedia, "It is difficult to conceive in what manner the ancient inhabitants of Ireland and the Orcades could construct towers of earth and bake them on the same spot. This, however, is still practiced by some Negroes on the coast of Africa." In reading Winterbotham, Ledyard, Lucas, Houghton, Mungo Park and Horneman's Travels, we find that the inhabitants of the interior of Africa are more virtuous and more civilized than those of the coast, surpass them also in the preparation of wool, leather, wood and metals; in weaving, dyeing and sewing. Besides rural labors, which occupy them much, they have manufactories and extract minerals from ore. The inhabitants of the country of Haissa, who, according to Horneman, are the most intelligent people of Africa, give cutting instruments a keener edge than European artists; their files are superior to those of France or England. Bosman (4 vol., page 283), who found the country of Agonna well-governed by a woman, speaks with rapture of the appearance of that Juida (Agonna), of the number of towns, of their customs and industries. Leon, the African, says, that the Negro, "on the mountains has something of the savage, but those on the plains have built towns where they cultivate the arts and sciences."

In many parts of the coast of Africa there are kingdoms, many and small, where the chief has no more authority than the father of the family. Beaver (page 328) says: "In Gambia, Bouden, and in other small states, the government is monarchial, but authority is tempered by the chiefs of tribes, without whose advice they can neither make war nor peace." Mungo Park (page 28) says: "The industrious race of Accas, who occupy the fertile promontory of Cape Verde, have an organized republic; and although separated by dry land from King Daniel, they are often engaged with him in war." He says "that the people of Acca were not like other Negroes, submissive to a chief; but free as the French then were."

On page 164 of his great work, Gregoire says that, "The Negroes have their troubadours, minnesingers and minstrels, named Grals, who attend kings and, like the others, praise and lie with wit."

Thus we see that many ancient and modern authorities testify that the blacks in Africa have made some contributions to civilization. And I understand that Heeren's "Researches in Ancient

Meroë confirm the conclusions of Volney and Taylor as to the civilization of the ancient blacks. Then, again, in the month of June, 1908, the papers were telling how seven tons of architectural and sculptural matter from Africa were shipped to the curator of the University of Pennsylvania, thus proving that the blacks in Egypt, centuries ago, did have a civilization. So the race of black men has done something in the past.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Africa in the Dawn of Civilization.

I. INTRODUCTION.

This is the question that now presents itself. Were the people in ancient Thebes and the Isle of Meroë, who constructed those wonderful tombs, monuments, buildings and pyramids in those places, Negroes or Egyptians? Were the Ethiopians, who are often referred to in the Bible, in Homer and in Herodotus, Negroes or Egyptians? I propose to show that the Ethiopians, of whom there were thousands in ancient Thebes, and whose architectural works on the Isle of Meroë rivalled the famed pyramids and buildings of Egypt, were neither Negroes nor Egyptians. But they were a mixed or colored race the same as the colored people of America. They represented a blending of the Hamites, a Caucasian race who settled in North Africa and Egypt, and Negroes; or they were a branch of the Mediterranean race from which the Negroes were an offshoot. This chapter was suggested to me by an interesting conversation with that brilliant conversationalist, Professor Wm. H. Richards of the Law Department of Howard University, who in the wealth and range and versatility of his information is the peer of any living Negro, and in the ripeness of his erudition almost the rival of the late Rev. Dr. Alexander Crummell, whom the New York *Tribune* declared to be the ripest scholar of his race. Then Professor Richards combines the analytical mind of the philosopher with the calm, judicial temper of a judge, who first weighs and sifts the evidence and then hands down his decision. So any verdict that Professor Richards renders regarding the Negro in ancient, mediæval and modern times is worthy of serious consideration. I do not know whether he will agree with my conclusions: perhaps he may not. But I desire to record my indebtedness to him and Principal G. N. Gresham of the Lincoln High School of Kansas City, Mo., and J. E. Bruce, formerly editor of the Yonkers *Standard*, known as "Bruce Grit," for suggesting the line of research which culminated in this chapter.

"THE ISLE OF MEROË."

But before I take up this matter I desire to quote from the most remarkable book ever written about Ethiopia. It is entitled "Travels in Ethiopia above the Second Cataract of the Nile," exhibiting the state of that country and its various inhabitants under the dominion of Mohammed Ali, and illustrating the antiquities, arts and history of the ancient kingdom of Meroë, by G. A. Hoskins, Esq., with a map and ninety illustrations of the temples, pyramids, etc., of Meroë, Gibet-el-Birkel, Solib, etc., from drawings finished on the spot by the author, and an artist, whom he employed. London: Brown, Green, Longman, Paternoster Row, 1835. The book is dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

The author says in his preface:

The monuments of Egypt, the most wonderful ever reared by human hands, have been described by numerous travelers, though there is still ample room for more full and accurate delineation. Even the antiquities of Lower Nubia have of late been repeatedly visited. But Ethiopia, above the Second Cataract, including the metropolis of the ancient kingdom of Meroë, had been explored by very few Europeans, and only two Englishmen, yet it abounds with monuments rivalling those of Egypt in grandeur and beauty and possesses in some respects a superior interest. According to Heeren, Champollion, Rosellini and other eminent inquirers, whose judgment was confirmed by my own observations, this was the land whence the arts and learning of Egypt and ultimately of Greece and Rome derived their origin. In this remarkable country we behold the earliest efforts of human science and ingenuity.

Such were the objects which induced the author to encounter the difficulties and hardships of a journey into the upper valley of the Nile. It were to be wished that the task had fallen into abler hands, yet he may be permitted to mention, that he had to a certain extent been prepared for it, by a series of years spent in Italy, Sicily, Greece, and other countries, distinguished by splendid remains of antiquity. He resided afterwards for a year in upper Egypt, delineating its most remarkable edifices, and studying the sculptures and the hieroglyphics. . . .

In the concluding chapters the author has endeavored to collect into one view the scattered notices which alone record the history, commerce, and arts of the celebrated kingdom of Meroë, and to illustrate these by recent materials, collected by himself, and others, from the sculptures and inscriptions still remaining. Lamentably deficient as is our information on this important subject, it may be interesting to find the few particulars related in ancient history, and particularly in the sacred volume, in many respects so fully confirmed by the evidence of existing monuments.

In page 73 of his great work Hoskins says:

I trust to be able to establish beyond dispute that the arch has its origin in Ethiopia. The style of the sculpture in this portico, and the hieroglyphic names of kings on porticoes ornamented in a similar style, being, as I hope to prove, much more ancient than any in Egypt, where there is no specimen of a stone arch constructed in so regular a manner, we may consider such proficiency in architectural knowledge as a decided proof of the advanced state of the arts, at a very remote period in this country. . . .

A question which has long engaged the attention of literary men is whether the Ethiopians derived their knowledge of the arts from the Egyptians or the latter from the former. One of these hypotheses must be admitted, as the similarity of the style evidently denotes a common origin.

On page 75 Hoskins remarks:

"The Ethiopians," says Diodorus, "describe the Egyptians as one of their colonies led into Egypt by Osiris. They pretend also that Egypt, at the commencement of the world, was nothing but a morass and that the inundations of the Nile, carrying down a great quantity of the alluvial soil of Ethiopia, had at length filled it up and made it a part of the continent, and we see," he says, "at the mouth of the Nile, a particularity, which seems to prove that the formation of Egypt is the work of the river. After the inundation, we remark that the sea has repelled on the shore large masses of the alluvial soil, and that the land is increased."

Many writers on Egypt have confirmed this statement of Diodorus. The gradual increase of the depth of soil around different antiquities enabled the French savants, assisted by the science of hieroglyphics, to decide, in many instances with tolerable accuracy, the date of their construction. . . .

Considering, then, the rapidity with which man multiplies in a hot climate, where no Malthusian restraints operate, and in the full enjoyment of the ease and abundance which so rich a soil must have secured to them, I think it not unreasonable to conclude that Ethiopia, even before Egypt emerged from the Nile, was peopled by a numerous and powerful race. I cannot conceive that a country possessing such agricultural and other advantages, and, probably, on that account, the resort of surrounding and less favored nations, could long remain poor. Riches would introduce a taste for elegance and afford encouragement to invention: hence the arts would derive their origin. The population increasing, while the land, owing to the spoliations of the river, diminished in extent and richness, the necessity of emigration became obvious. At the command of their oracle, as was their custom (see Herodotus ii, 139), they quit their homes and proceeded along the course of the river; settling in the lower valley of the Nile; they would plant there the

religion, arts and knowledge of their country. This conclusion is confirmed by the following strong passage from Diodorus, proving historically what is my own conviction from the examination of their monumental remains. "It is from the Ethiopians," says he, "that the Egyptians learned to honor their kings as gods, to bury their dead with so much pomp; and their sculpture and their writing (hieroglyphics) had their origin in Ethiopia."

On page 284 in his chapter on the history of Meroë, Hoskins says:

The Island of Meroë is a classic region, whose name is familiar to almost every reader as the cradle of arts and civilization. The Nile was the source of her prosperity, and an object of adoration to the ancient, and even to the present inhabitants; yet most of the great events which have given celebrity to the countries on its banks are lost in impenetrable obscurity. The names even of the kings under whom she rose to such a height of greatness and power are almost wholly unknown. So scanty are the materials which can be found in the ancient writings and on the monuments that it is almost an act of presumption to attempt, in the slightest degree, to penetrate the veil which envelopes her history. . . .

It is not merely the wonders of art, surprising as they are, which enchant the traveler of Rome and Athens. It is not the vast pile of the Coliseum, the triumphal arches and temples in the Forum, the exquisitely chaste architecture of the Temple of Theseus and the edifices on the Acropolis, but the crowd of thrilling recollections of the heroism, genius, philosophy, and art by which these scenes were illustrated that render them forever classic and hallowed in our eyes. Had there been no records of the history of Athens, we should have wanted no other evidence of her civilization and knowledge than the splendid architectural monuments with which her site is adorned. The Parthenon itself speaks volumes, and the most eloquent pages of her greatest historians do not bear more conclusive testimony to her civilization than the treasures of Grecian art and taste in the museums of Europe. Had all the written records of her valor and patriotism perished, our knowledge of Athens would have been nearly what it now is in regard to Ethiopia. The labors of the historians of her land are lost; the brilliant deeds which adorned her annals are enveloped in a cloud of mystery. The history of her neighbors affords only a few scanty gleams, sufficient to make us deplore the general darkness. So changed is the kingdom of Meroë from what it must have been, that I myself should have doubted the short but important passages preserved in the Greek and Latin authors, were they not triumphantly confirmed by the monuments existing at Meroë and Gibel Birkel.

The reader will, I trust, find in this and following chapters that Ethiopia was not unjustly celebrated for civilization and as the birth-

place of many arts which now contribute highly to our welfare and enjoyment, and the few fragments we have been enabled to glean will prove that she had also her kings and heroes and that her history was diversified by the usual vicissitudes of triumphs and reverses.

On page 289 Hoskins again says:

We have, also, about this time an account of another king, whose name is familiar to the classical scholar, Memnon, the son of Aurora, who killed Antilochus in the Trojan war, and again in the same poem he is called the most beautiful of warriors, the brother of Priam; and Hesiod calls him the son of Aurora; and the king of the Ethiopians brought his troops from Meroë to Troy either to assist his relation, or at the instigation of some neighbor, to join in the common defence against the Greek invasion. Monsieur Letronne, in his learned work on the vocal statue of Memnon, has treated the whole story as a romance, but though we may refuse our credence to the embellishments of the Greek poets, tragic writers and historians, I must confess myself of the opinion of those who believe in the possibility, that the statement of a king of Ethiopia of that name having gone to the assistance of Troy may, perhaps, not be without foundation. The distance was certainly very great; but navigation by the Nile or the Red Sea would obviate, in a great measure that difficulty, and it is not much more extraordinary to read of an Ethiopian king going to the relief of Troy in the thirteenth century, B. C., than to read of a king called Zerah who with a host of a thousand thousand went into Maresha; and in the eighth century we find that Tirhaka assisted the king of Israel against Sennacherib, which event I will presently relate. I think, therefore, that it is not very surprising that the Ethiopian king Memnon should go with his troops from Meroë to Troy, either to assist his relations, or at the instigation of some neighbor to join in the common defence against the Greek invasion.

On page 337 Hoskins continues:

I have described Meroë, such as she must have been in the zenith of her greatness, the emporium of the commerce of interior Africa, the cradle and early seat of arts, science and civilization. She was then in the height of her prosperity; but as the sun which rises must set and nation must succeed nation in the career of improvement, I must now endeavor to account for her gradual decline, and the chain of circumstances which finally caused her name to be erased from the list of kingdoms. The first cause, perhaps, was the failure of her internal resources, in consequence of the Nile carrying down yearly to Egypt a portion of her richest soil, and the deserts encroaching on her plains. She thus became dependent on foreign countries for an adequate supply of those necessaries of which her territory formerly produced a superfluity. Those mines, whether on her own territory or

further in the interior, which furnished such an abundance of the precious metal, would in course of time become exhausted or accidental circumstances might interrupt her commercial intercourse with the countries which supplied them. Her inhabitants, finding the soil swept away by the Nile, would follow the course of the river and establish themselves in Egypt. The latter country, besides the extraordinary advantages afforded by it to cultivators, would by instructions received from these Ethiopian colonies, almost immediately rise to an equal rank of civilization and knowledge. We have seen that the same religion, the same mysteries, the same writing and the same style of architecture existed in the two countries. The activity, too, of a more northern region and the energies of a less corrupted nation would raise the people of Egypt above those of Ethiopia, then perhaps become more luxurious and consequently more indolent.

Mr. Hoskins also says that Rhodes, Syracuse, Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Athens and Rome fell and declined in power, in glory, and asks, is it any miracle or wonder that the isle of Meroë fell from its high estate?

In his chapter on the arts of Meroë, Mr. Hoskins shows that the pyramids of Meroë were the oldest specimens of Egyptian art; that the civilization of the Ethiopians were proved by their monumental edifices, and that the Ethiopians were the inventors of the arch. He speaks of the pleasing effect of Egyptian and Ethiopian sculpture; of the admirable manner of drawing animals and hieroglyphics, and of their taste in ornaments. He proves that the knowledge of arts descended from Ethiopia. And he closes by asking, "Where in Europe is there an edifice like the great temple at Karnak, one hall of which contains one hundred and forty columns, thirty-six feet in circumference, dimensions rarely to be found in Europe, and every portion of that splendid court, covered with careful finish and painted sculpture?"

II. WHAT HOSKINS SAYS OF NEGRO AND EGYPTIAN FIGURES—WERE THE ETHIOPIANS NEGROES?

There can be no question of the greatness of the Ethiopians, who on the Isle of Meroë constructed such wonderful buildings and such splendid works of art. The question is were they Negroes? Hoskins does not give any decided answer but inclines to the belief that the Ethiopians look more like Egyptians

than like Negroes. On page 356, he says, "There are several representations in Egypt of black men and black queens; but these almost invariably bear the Negro features." Isn't it natural to conclude that these black men and black queens with Negro features on Egyptian works represented the Ethiopians; the only people in Africa with whom the Egyptians had close and intimate relations? But Hoskins also tells us that the Ethiopians on their own works represented themselves with Egyptian features and as fair in complexion as the Egyptians. But might not this be due to the desire on the part of the Ethiopians to present themselves as fairer and more beautiful than they really were?

III. THE OBJECTIONS OF GLIDDON, NOTT AND MORTON ANSWERED.

George R. Gliddon, United States Consul at Cairo in 1843, published a book on Ancient Egypt. On page 46, he quotes Dr. Morton as inferring:

(1) That Egypt was originally peopled by the Caucasian race. (2) That the great preponderance of heads conforming in all their characters to those of the purer Caucasian nations, as seen in the Pelasgic and Semitic tribes, suggests the inference that the valley of the Nile derived its primitive civilized inhabitants from one of these sources, and the greater proportion of this series of crania in lower Egypt may perhaps serve to indicate the seats of early colonization. (3) That the Austral-Egyptian or Meroite communities were in great measure derived from the Indo-Arabian stock; thus pointing to a triple Caucasian source for the origin of the Egyptians, when regarded as one people extending from Meroë to the Delta. (4) That the Negro race exists in the Catacombs in the mixed or Negroloid character; that even in this modified type, their presence is comparatively infrequent; and that if Negroes, as is more than probable, were numerous in Egypt, their social position was chiefly in ancient times what it yet is, that of plebians, servants and slaves.

Continuing, Consul Gliddon says:

The Scriptures inform us that Mizraim came from the banks of the Euphrates into Africa, and that his descendants colonized Lower Egypt. To bring the ancestors of the Egyptians from Ethiopia leads to consequences irreconcilable with primeval Biblical migrations. Ham and his son were indisputably Caucasians—to find, therefore, that their Egyptian descendants were Caucasians also is perfectly in accordance with nature and with Scripture.

Dr. J. C. Nott, in his "Types of Mankind," published in 1854, sanctions Gliddon's view. He quotes on page 213 of his work from Gliddon's chapters on "Ancient Egypt," in 1843, and introduces his quotation by saying:

For many centuries, to the present, as readers of Rollin and of Volney may remember, the Egyptians were reputed to be Negroes, and Egyptian civilization was believed to have descended the Nile from Ethiopia. Champollion, Rosellini, and others, while unanimous in overthrowing the former to a great extent, consecrated the latter of these errors, which could hardly be considered as fully refuted until the appearance of Gliddon's chapters on "Ancient Egypt" in 1843, and of Morton's "Crania Ægyptiaca" in 1844. Gliddon says in that quotation, "So far, then, as the record, Scriptural, historical and monumental, will afford us an insight into the early progress of the human race in Egypt, the most ancient of all civilized countries, we may safely assert that history, when analyzed by common sense, when scrutinized by the application of the experience bequeathed to us by our forefathers, when subjected to a strictly impartial examination into, and comparison of, the physical and mental capabilities of nations; when distilled in the alembic of chronology and submitted to the touchstone of hieroglyphical tests, will not support that superannuated but untenable doctrine that civilization originated in Ethiopia and consequently among an African people, by whom it was brought down the Nile to enlighten the less polished, therefore inferior Caucasian children of Noah, the Asiatics; or that we who trace back to Egypt the origin of every art and science known in antiquity have to thank the sable Negro, or the dusky Berber, for the first gleams of knowledge and invention. . . .

We may therefore conclude with the observation that if civilization, instead of going from north to south, came (contrary, as shown before, to the annals of the earliest historians and all monumental facts) down the "Sacred Nile" to illumine our darkness, and if the Ethiopic origin of arts and sciences, with social, moral, and religious institutions, were in other respects possible, these African theoretic conclusions would form a most astounding exception to the ordinations of Providence and the organic laws of nature, otherwise so undeviating throughout all the generations of man's history.

Dr. Nott quotes Consul Gliddon as his authority, and Gliddon quotes Dr. Morton as his authority, to prove that the Ethiopians were not Negroes. Gliddon, as was customary for the Negro haters of his day and time, falls back upon the Almighty and Scripture, upon the ordinations of Providence and the laws of nature, to prove the impossibility of the Ethiopians being Negroes.

The Bible is a moral and spiritual guide. It throws light upon the early history of mankind. But it is not a scientific treatise on anthropology and ethnology, and scholars nowadays don't trace the origin of the races to Ham, Shem and Japheth. Then, again, we can't determine what the plans of the Almighty for us finite creatures are, so Gliddon's objections fall to the ground, because they are antiquated and unscientific.

But Dr. Morton's objections are hardest to overthrow. He says that the skulls of Egypt conform in their characteristics to those of such pure Caucasian nations as the Pelasgic and Semitic tribes. But Sergi, in his "Mediterranean Race," has refuted Morton by showing that the skulls found in Egypt are dolichocephalic like the Negro's, instead of brachycephalic like the Aryans.

When we analyze Dr. Morton's objections, we find that he really rests his case upon the fact that the pictorial representations on the Ethiopian works look like Egyptians instead of Negroes. And Mr. Hoskins said that the Ethiopians represent themselves with red skin, flowing hair and Egyptian features. It may be true that the Ethiopians represent themselves with Egyptian complexions and features rather than with the black complexions, receding forehead, woolly hair, thick lips and flat noses of the African Negro as he is depicted in school geographies. But I have met a score of native Africans, students in English and American universities, and none look like the African Negro depicted in geographies and works of ethnology. I met the Liberian Legation on their visit to this country, and have many pleasant memories of ex-President Gibson, now Professor in Liberia College, and Vice President J. J. Dossen.

Vice President Dossen was born and bred in Africa of native parents. Standing over six feet in height, as erect as an Indian, with the bearing of a prince, the majestic tread of a king, and the grace of a French count, this native African, with his brown complexion and strong face looked more like an Egyptian king than an African Negro. It is seen, then, that this repulsive, coarse-featured Negro depicted in school geographies and books on ethnology represents the lowest type of the African Negro instead of the splendid types like Alexander Crummell and Vice President Dossen. So the argument that the pictorial

representations of the Ethiopians look more like the Egyptians than the African Negro represented in school geographies falls to the ground and amounts to nothing.

IV. OF WHAT RACE WERE THE NUBIANS OR ETHIOPIANS?

The New International Encyclopædia has some interesting things to say of the Hamites, the Caucasian branch of mankind that settled in northern Africa and northeastern Africa. It says: "The Hamites are in touch with African tribes south of the Sahara and mixture with *negroes* has influenced the type of the population, during thousands of years. The eastern branch of the Hamites include, farther up the Nile, the Nubians, strongly negroid, who are mixed with Hamite Begas." It says of the Libyans: "On the walls of the tomb of Seti I and Meremptah (B. C. 1300) at Thebes are shown four types, representing the Egyptians, the Asiatic, the Negro and the Libyans. The Egyptians are painted red."

The New International Encyclopædia also says of Ethiopia: "In common use the name is given to the western African peoples of Nubia and Abyssinia." It says of the Kingdom of Napata, the capital of Ethiopia before the Isle of Meroë loomed into prominence: "The early pictorial representations of Nubian archers do not suggest that they were Negroes. The ethnic relations of this people cannot be determined with certainty. But it is probable that the stock was originally Hamitic, though in course of time it absorbed various Negritic tribes."

It also says, under the head of Nubia: "Diocletian removed a negro tribe called Nobatæ to the district above Syene, to oppose the Blemmyes, who inhabited the western desert, now held by the Ababde and Bisharin Arabs. The Nobatæ and the Blemmyes intermingled, forming a negroid race, which about the middle of the sixth century was converted to Christianity and, under Sikko, a powerful Christian state was established, with Dongola as its capital. The Arabs made little headway against the rulers of the Christian kingdom until the fourteenth century, when Dongola fell and the country was divided into a number of petty states."

Thus we have definite statements from the New International Encyclopædia, which prove that the Egyptians in Thebes and Hamites in Nubia or Ethiopia represented a blending of Caucasian Hamites with African tribes, who were Negroes.

V. CONFIRMATORY EVIDENCE TO PROVE THAT THE NUBIANS OR ETHIOPIANS WERE A COLORED RACE.

And we have confirmatory evidence from the Americana Encyclopædia. It says: "The name Ethiopia was more usually and definitely applied to the country south of Libya and Egypt, between the Red Sea on the east and the desert of Sahara on the west, embracing the modern regions of Nubia, Sennaar, Kordofan and Abyssinia. . . . . The state forms the district often spoken of as the Isle of Meroë, extending southeast to Abyssinia and the northwest, forming a part of Nubia. The priests were of a lighter complexion than the other inhabitants and may have come from India."

Now, if the priests of the Nubians or Ethiopians were so dark in complexion that they were suspected of coming from India, and yet, though dark like the Hindoo, they were lighter in complexion than the other inhabitants of the Isle of Meroë, does it not clearly prove that the Nubians were a very dark, almost a black race? And is this not a clear proof that there was a great deal of Negro blood coursing in the veins of the Nubians and Ethiopians.

VI. THE NUBIANS OR ETHIOPIANS OF THE SAME RACE AS THE ABYSSINIANS, WHO ARE AND WERE OF NEGRO DESCENT.

But now we come to some remarkable statements, which show and prove that the Ethiopians were of the same race and stock as the Abyssinians. The New International Encyclopædia says: "The Abyssinian monasteries are known to possess large numbers of (Ethiopian) manuscripts."

The Americana Encyclopædia says, "During the middle ages the Christians and clergy of Abyssinia were designated as the Ethiopian Church. Manuscripts written in the Ethiopian language are in the possession of Abyssinian monks and in libraries in Europe."

The Americana Encyclopædia also says: "Meroë and Axum (in Abyssinia), which appears to have been a colony of Meroë, remained the center of the southern commerce till the time of the Arabians. . . . Axum, a town in Abyssinia, once the capital of a powerful kingdom, and at one time the great depot of the ivory trade in the Red Sea. The importance of this city and its kings was first made known to us by a stone (Axumitic marble) with a Greek inscription. . . .

Axum, the place where it was found, still exhibits many remains of its former greatness. Among its ruins are shown the royal throne and groups of obelisks, originally fifty-five in number, one of which Salt declared to be the most beautiful that he had seen."

Thus we have clear statements to show that Axum, once the capital of Abyssinia, was a colony of the Isle of Meroë, that the inhabitants of Axum were almost as gifted and talented as those of the Isle of Meroë, that large numbers of Ethiopian manuscripts have been in Abyssinian monasteries and in the possession of Abyssinian monks since the middle ages. If Axum, once the capital of Abyssinia, was a colony of the Isle of Meroë, it clearly shows that the Abyssinians were of the same race stock as the Ethiopians.

VII. WERE THE ABYSSINIANS CLOSELY RELATED TO THE ETHIOPIAN NEGROES?

The New International Encyclopædia says of Abyssinia: "The location of the people between the Nile and the Red Sea permitted the commingling of Hamites from the north, Himyaritic Semites from Asia and Negroes from the south. The Abyssinians are of medium stature; in color they vary from brunette to translucent black. The traditions, customs and language point to an early and intimate intercourse with the Jews, and the Book of Kings professes to record the rulers down from the Queen of Sheba and her son Menelek by Solomon, king of Israel; but this book is not to be depended upon unless corroborated by independent evidence. Greek influence was introduced through an invasion by Ptolemy Energetes (247-221 B. C.)."

Thus the evidence goes to prove that the population of ancient Thebes, the Isle of Meroë, and Abyssinia was a mixture of

Caucasian Hamites, Asiatic Semites and African Negroes, that the Negro element was in evidence in Thebes and predominant in Meroë and Abyssinia. But King Menelek of Abyssinia says that he is not a Negro. And the New International Encyclopædia in its article on the term Negro says that it does not refer to the Abyssinians.

Well, I have met Commandant Benito Sylvain, aide-de-camp de la M. L'Empereux Menelek. Now this aide de camp to Emperor Menelek of Abyssinia, this officer in King Menelek's army, does not look like the representation of the African Negroes found in geographies. But his complexion, hair, and features are such that he would be forced to ride in the Jim Crow car south of Mason and Dixon's line. While not a pure Negro, I should judge that he was at least three-fourths Negro. And so we are forced to conclude that the Negro element predominates in Abyssinia. All the evidence goes to show that the Negro strain was as predominant in the blood of the colored population of Thebes, the Isle of Meroë and Axum, as it is in the colored people in America who are designated by the term "Negroes." If the colored people of America are Negroes, so were the Thebans, Ethiopians and Abyssinians. So then a large infusion of Negro blood in a population is not incompatible with a high degree of civilization. And I believe that the colored people of America will excel in the twentieth century as the Ethiopians did in ancient times.

P. S.—Some say that Sylvain is an Abyssinian, others a Haytien. But the fact that he can pass for either shows the similarity of races.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Final Words About the Ethiopians—Introduction.

Now, originally, I had no intentions of attempting to prove that the Ethiopians were Negroes. When I first submitted my manuscript to my publishers, I had only written one chapter on Africa. I took no interest in the assertions by Negro preachers, orators and scholars that the Ethiopians were Negroes.

In the fall of 1906 Superintendent William E. Chancellor of Washington, D. C., called my attention to Sergi's "The Mediterranean Race," and Ripley's "Races of Europe." In the summer of 1908 Mr. John Edward Bruce of Yonkers, N. Y., familiarly known as "Bruce-Grit" by the newspaper world, loaned me Volney's "Meditations upon the Fate of Ancient Empires," and Principal Gresham of the High School of Kansas City, Kans., told me of Heeren's researches of the Isle of Meroë, of the Zimbole ruins, and of the ruined cities of Mashonaland.

Out of curiosity I investigated the matter in the following fall. I read what Homer, Herodotus, Strabo, Diodorus, Lucian, Heeren, Anthon, Sergi, Ripley, Peschel and Keane had to say about the subject under discussion; and I came to the conclusion that the natural inferences from Homer, Herodotus and Strabo were that the Ethiopians were Negroes.

Homer refers to Eurybates, one of the Trojan heroes, as being of sable hue, with short, woolly curls. He carefully distinguishes between the eastern Ethiopians, who dwelt in southern Arabia, and the western Ethiopians, who dwelt in Africa, from the east to the extreme west. Gladstone says they dwelt inland and were regarded as Ethiopians.

Herodotus, the father of history, who had traveled in Africa, bore similar testimony. Herodotus says that four nations dwelt in Africa, two of whom were natives and indigenous, and two, the Phœnicians and Greeks. He divided the native or indigenous into two distinct groups, the Tibjans, our Caucasian Hamites, who lived in the northern part of Africa, and the Ethiopians, who lived south of them. He also says that the eastern Ethiopians who lived in Asia had straight hair, while the western

Ethiopians who lived in Africa had the most curly hair of all men. And Keane, the latest authority upon ethnology, who is dominated by the passion to trace the superiority of the so-called Negro tribes to some strain of Caucasian blood, is forced to admit that Herodotus meant by Ethiopians what we moderns mean by Negroes or blacks.

Strabo also refers to the Ethiopians as black or woolly-haired, and he quotes Theodectes, who attributes the black color and woolly hair of the Ethiopians to the influence of the sun. "To wash the Ethiopian white" was a familiar Greek saying, and Jeremiah, in chapter thirteen and verse twenty-three, asks the question, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

It is as clear a fact as two times two make four, that streams flow down hill, that an apple, when its stem severs its connection with the tree, falls to the ground instead of flying into the air, and that the ancients meant by the Ethiopian the blackest and most woolly-haired people living or known to antiquity.

It would never have been questioned that the ancient Greek writers meant by Ethiopians what we moderns term Negroes, if the modern mind had not a disbelief in the moral and intellectual capacity of the Negro race. The assertion that the Ethiopians, a black race of antiquity, reached a high degree of civilization and transmitted the germ of civilization to the Egyptians, does not dovetail with modern theories of the inherent mental and moral inferiority of the Negro race. Hence the attempt of some modern scholars to ignore the plain and evident assertions of the Greeks and Hebrews, put a palpably false and erroneous construction upon their words, and overlook the direct and natural conclusions which follow from their statements. But theories have ever gone down before facts and evidence and they must in this case also. Try as hard as we may, we cannot get around or over or under or through the fact that the ancients meant by the term Ethiopian what we moderns mean by blacks or Negroes. So the conclusion is forced upon us that the Negro race has more capacity for mental and moral development than it is given credit for.

Then, again, just as soon as some African race or tribe, which was regarded as a Negro tribe, begins to absorb and assimilate

civilization rapidly, some ethnologist appears and attempts to take them out of the Negro race. Thus, Keane explains the superiority and high civilization of the Basutos, Fulahs, Wahumi, Balolo and Baluba, who were formerly regarded as Negroes, to the infusion of Caucasian Hamitic or Arabian blood in their veins. Thus, when a Negro like Sir Conrad Reeves, Booker T. Washington, Professor Kelly Miller, or Professor Gresham distinguishes himself, comes the discovery that his father or grandfather was white; but I believe we must admit that the Negro strain in the Basutos, Fulahs, etc., is as predominant as it is in the American Negro.

In the preface to his second edition, Peschel says: "When, for instance, Professor R. Hartman recognized a remarkable correspondence between the skull of the Shillock Negroes and the heads of the old Egyptians and of their descendants, the Fellaheen (Schweinfurth, "The Heart of Africa," 2 vol., page 96), such a fact could not fail to produce a deep impression."

Some ethnologists have attempted to show that this correspondence of skulls indicates that the Shillocks were not Negroes; rather it indicates that the Egyptians had a strain of Negro blood in their veins. But what makes a man a Negro? Judging from Keane and other ethnologists, this is the modern definition of a Negro, "A black, woolly-haired race, which is savage and barbarous, is a Negro race; but a black and woolly-haired race which is intelligent and civilized is not a Negro race." But who is right? Are Southerners, who claim that a strain of Negro blood in a colored man makes him a Negro, or ethnologists, who claim that a strain of Caucasian blood in a so-called Negro tribe takes it out of the Negro race and places it in the Caucasian Hamite division of mankind, in error? Both can't be right.

ABYSSINIANS DESCENDED FROM ETHIOPIANS.

There are four reasons why the evidence points to the fact that the Abyssinians are the lineal or the partial descendants of the ancient and honored Ethiopians. (1) Axum, the ancient capital of Abyssinia, was a colony of the Isle of Meroë, the capital of Ethiopia. (2) After the fall of Ava, Axum became the capital of Ethiopia. (3) Axum is the center of the ancient Ethiopian church and the Abyssinian priests are the guardians

for the time-honored and sacred Ethiopian literature and sacred relics. (4) The ruins of the colossal public edifices of Azab, Adule and Axum are of almost equal antiquity and of a similar style of architecture to those of Meroë. Ethiopians and Abyssinians are as much Negroes as the American Negroes are.

Undoubtedly the Abyssinians are not a pure, unmixed Negro race; but the Negro strain is as much predominant in their blood as it is in the American Negro. Oscar Peschel, on page 493 of his "Races of Man," says: "Lastly, the Abyssinians, with an index of breadth of 69° and an index of height of 76°, are high, negro-like dolichocephals. But we have little guarantee for the fact that the skulls from Habesh belong to the descendants of true, unmixed Semitic immigrants."

Thus, the first fact that we have found about the Abyssinians is that they have Negro-shaped skulls. Keane ("Africa," page 496 of vol. 1) says: "Nevertheless the physical type varies considerably, as is always the case where miscegenation has been in operation for long periods of time. The prevailing color is a distinct brown, shading northward to a light olive and even fairer complexion, southward to a deep chocolate and almost sooty black. There are Abyssinians who may certainly be called black but whose features are never Negro, though a strain of Negro blood may be suspected in the somewhat tumid lips, small nose, and frizzly black hair, due perhaps to contact with the Shangallas of the western slopes, and to the long-established institution of slavery."

So we see that the Abyssinians have Negro-shaped skulls and vary in complexion from a light olive to a sooty black and that many of them have tumid lips and frizzly black hair. This certainly indicates a very large strain of Negro blood. The logical inference is that the Abyssinians are as much Negroes as the American Negroes. I believe that if the Abyssinians traveled south of the Mason and Dixon line ninety per cent. of them would be forced to ride in Jim Crow cars.

The "New Century Book of Facts," edited by the late Carroll D. Wright, has explicit testimony on this point. It says of the Abyssinians: "The people are an intermingling of the Hamites from the North, Semites from Asia and Negroes from the South. They are very dark in color and much like the Arabs." And it

even intimates that the Hamites have a strain of Negro blood, for it says: "The Hamites are distinguished by a dark or brown complexion, thin black hair and beards, and sometimes closely resembling the Negro type, numbering twenty millions."

Heeren, Keane and other ethnologists, who attempt to take the ancient Ethiopians and modern Abyssinians out of the Negro division, because they were not an absolutely black-skinned, thick-lipped and woolly-haired race, forget that cranial characteristics, as Sergi and Ripley have demonstrated, are the determining factors in classifying the races. Those that deny that the Ethiopians and the Abyssinians were Negroes conceive the Negro as an ape-like monster.

Oscar Peschel, on page 463 of "The Races of Man," says in substantiation of this point: "It is to be regretted that in the opinion of certain ethnologists the Negro was the ideal of everything barbarous and beast-like. They endeavor to deny him any capability of improvement and even dispute his position as a man. The Negro was said to have an oval skull, a flat forehead, snout-like jaws, swollen lips, and a broad, flat nose, short, crimped hair, calfless legs, highly elongated heels and flat feet. No single tribe, however, possessed all these deformities. The color of the skin passes through every gradation, from ebony black, as in the Jolofs, to the light tint of the mulattoes, as in the Wakilema, and Barth even describes copper-colored Negroes in Margli. As to the skull in many tribes, as in the above-mentioned Jolofs, the jaws are not prominent, the lips are not swollen. In some tribes the nose is pointed, straight, or hooked; even 'Grecian profiles' are spoken of, and travelers say with surprise that they cannot perceive anything of the so-called Negro type among the Negroes."

In a footnote Peschel quotes Winwood Reade ("Savage Africa," page 516) as saying: "The typical Negro is a rare variety even among Negroes. And he gives Barth, "Nord and Central Africa," Vol. II, page 465; Mungo Park, "Resin," page 14; Winwood Reade, "Savage Africa," page 515; Hamilton, Journal of Anthropology Institute, Vol. I, page 187, and Hugo Halm in "Peterman Mittheilungen," page 29, as his authorities.

So we must conclude that all Negroes are not black and woolly-haired and that the Negro race was not originally a black and

woolly-haired race. I do not believe that originally the African Negro was black and woolly-haired. We know that the sun's ray in the tropics darkens a man's complexion, and that an Anglo-Saxon who spends a few summers in the tropics comes back bronzed and tanned, and that the heat of a lamp or water will curl a man's hair, that perspiration will tangle a man's hair. What more natural than that centuries of life in the tropics, through the combined influence of the sun's rays and tropical moisture, should have introduced modifications in the Negro's hair and complexion?

While the Ethiopians and Abyssinians were not a pure and unmixed Negro race, we must remember that the Fulahs, Basutos, Wahuma, and Soudanese and Bantu Negroes are not a pure and unmixed Negro race.

Heeren, who tries to classify the Ethiopians as Caucasian Hamites, has his successor in Keane, who tries to classify the Abyssinians, Fulahs, Basutos, Wahuma, Balolo, Baluba and Ba-Mang-Wato as Caucasian Hamites or Semites. But so predominant is the Negro strain in the semi-civilized African races that Keane tries to classify as Caucasian Hamites or Semites, that Naylor is forced to say: " . . the Bantu people, living south of the Soudan, in almost all of whom the Negro element is so marked that they are classed as Negro tribes."

Then, again, ethnologists forget that while the Ethiopians and Abyssinians are not pure and unmixed Negroes, neither are the Americans, Haytiens and African Negroes a pure and unmixed race.

And now let us take up in detail the testimony of Herodotus, Homer, Strabo, Anthon, Heeren and Keane regarding the Ethiopians. The testimony of the ancients is almost universal in referring to the Ethiopians as a black race. Vivian, on page one of his work on Abyssinia, says: "The word Ethiopia, like Libia, has been used by classical authors to express the whole of Africa, or, still more vaguely, all countries inhabited by black men."

HERODOTUS.

Heeren, on page 296 of his researches, quotes Herodotus as follows: "This much I know," says Herodotus, "four nations

occupy Africa, and no more; two of these nations are aboriginal, and two are not. The Libyans and Ethiopians are aboriginal, the former lying northward, and the latter southward, in Libya; the foreign settlers are Phœnicians and Greeks."

Thus we see that Herodotus divided the natives or aboriginals of Africa into two classes, the Libyans and the Ethiopians, the former dwelling in the north, and the latter to the south of them. Heeren admitted that the ancient writers agreed in dividing the native tribes of Africa into two distinct classes, the Libyans and the Ethiopians.

Herodotus goes further, and in Vol. VII, page 7, he says: "The eastern Ethiopians in Asia have straight hair; while the African Ethiopians have the most curly hair of all the nations."

Keane, on page 70 of his "World's People," admits that Herodotus meant by Ethiopians what we moderns mean by Negroes or blacks. Keane says: "Two thousand four hundred years ago, Herodotus was already aware that Africa, as known to him, was occupied, besides Greek and Phœnician intruders, by two distinct indigenous pople—Libyans (our Hamites), in the north, and Ethiopians (our Negroes) in the south."

In Professor Charles Anthon's "Classical Dictionary," published by Harper, in 1848, he says under his article on Africa: "The natives of Africa are divided by Herodotus into two races, the Africans, or, to adopt the Greek phraseology, Libyans, and the Ethiopians; one possessing the northern part and the other the southern part. By these appear to be meant the Moors and the Negroes, or the dark-colored nations of the interior." Under "Ethiopia" in the same book, Anthon says: "Ethiopia, according to Herodotus, includes the countries above Egypt, the present Nubia and Abyssinia."

Thus we see that Herodotus distinguishes between the Libyans, who live in the northern part of Africa, and the Ethiopians, who live in the southern part. He carefully distinguishes between the eastern Ethiopians, who have straight hair, and the western Ethiopians, who have the most curly hair of all nations. Is not Edward Blyden right when, on page 132 of his "Christianity, Islam and the Negro," he says: "Africans were not unknown, therefore, to the writers of the Bible. Their peculiarities of complexion and hair were as well known to the ancient Greeks

and Hebrews as they are to the American people to-day. When they spoke of the Ethiopians, they meant the ancestors of the black-skinned, woolly-haired people who for two hundred and fifty years have been known as laborers on the plantations of the South."

HOMER ON AFRICA.

William Ewart Gladstone says, on page 305 of Vol. III of his "Homer and the Homeric Age": "Homer recognized the African coast by placing the Latophagi upon it, and the Ethiopians inland, from the east all the way to the extreme west. Homer also distinguishes between the eastern Ethiopians, who dwelt in southern Arabia, and the western Ethiopians, who dwelt in Africa."

Homer, as translated by Blyden, says:

> The sire of Gods and all the ethereal train,
> On the warm limits of the farthest main,
> Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
> The feasts of Ethiopia's blameless race;
> Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
> Returning with the twelfth revolving night.

So we see that the Ethiopians, whom Zeus and the hosts of Mt. Olympus visited, had a part in Greek mythology. This is how the inimitable Homer sings the praises of the Negro or Ethiopian Eurybiates, who distinguished himself at the siege of Troy:

> A reverend herald in his train I knew,
> Of visage solemn, sad, but sable hue,
> Short, woolly curls, o'erfleeced his bending head,
> O'er which a promontory shoulder spread,
> Eurybiates, in whose large soul alone,
> Ulysses viewed an image of his own.

This shows that Homer regarded the Ethiopians as being of dark complexion and "short, woolly curls." Does this not fit in with our conception of the Negro?

ANTHON ON AFRICA, ETHIOPIA AND EGYPT.

Professor Charles Anthon in his Classical Dictionary says that Ethiopia, Αἰθιοψ, was the expression used by the Greeks for everything which had contracted a dark or swarthy

color from exposure to the heat of the sun, αἴθω, "to burn" and ὤψ, "the visage."

The term was applied to men of a dark complexion, and the early Greeks named all of such a color Æthiopes and their country Æthiopia. Homer makes an express mention of the Æthiopians in many parts of his poems and speaks of two divisions of them, the eastern and the western. By the eastern Æthiopians he means merely the imbrowned natives of southern Arabia, who brought their wares to Sidon, and who were believed to dwell in the immediate vicinity of the rising sun. The Egyptians were acquainted with another dark-colored nation, the Libyans. These, although the poet carefully distinguishes their country from that of the Æthiopians (Od. 484), still become in opposition with the eastern, the poet's western Æthiopians, the more especially as it remained unknown how far the latter extended to the west and south. This idea, originating thus in early antiquity, respecting the existence of two distinct classes of dark-colored men, gained new strength at a later period. In the immense army of Xerxes were to seen men of a swarthy complexion from the Persian provinces in the vicinity of India, and other again, of similar visage, from the countries lying to the south of Egypt. With the exception of color, they had nothing in common with each other. Their language, manners, physical make, armour, etc., were entirely different.

Notwithstanding this, however, they were both regarded as Æthiopians. (Compare Herodotus 7, 69, seq. 3, 9, 4.) The Æthiopians of the farther east disappeared gradually from remembrance, while a more intimate intercourse with Egypt brought the Æthiopians of Africa more frequently into view. Thus we see that Homer and the rest of the ancients carefully distinguished the eastern Ethiopians of south Arabia from the western Ethiopians, who came from the countries which are south of Europe.

ANTHON AND THE GREEKS ON THE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ANCIENT ETHIOPIANS.

On page 73 of his Classical Dictionary, Charles Anthon has a remarkable passage about what Herodotus, Strabo, the Greeks and the Hebrews thought of the Ethiopians:

As regards the physical characteristics of ancient Æthiopians, it may be remarked that the Greeks commonly used the term Æthiopian merely as we use that of the Negro; they constantly spoke of the Æthiopians as we speak of the Negroes, as if they were the blackest people known in the world. "To wash the Æthiopians white," was a proverbial expression, applied to a hopeless attempt. It may be thought that the term Æthiopian was perhaps used vaguely to signify all or many African nations of dark color, and that the genuine Æthiopians may not have been quite so black as the others. But it must be observed, that though other black nations may be called by the name when taken in a wider sense, this can only have happened in consequence of their resemblance to those from whom the term originated. It is improbable that the Æthiopians were destitute of a particular character, the possession of which was the very reason why other nations participated in their name, and came to be confounded with them. The most accurate writers, as Strabo, for an example, apply the term Æthiopian in the same way. Strabo in the fifteenth book, 686, cites the opinion of Theodectes, who attributed to the vicinity of the sun the black color and woolly hair of the Æthiopians. Herodotus expressly affirmed, 7, 70, that the Æthiopians of the west, that is, of Africa, have the most woolly hair of all nations; in this respect he says: they differ from the Indians and eastern Æthiopians, who were likewise black but had straight hair.

Moreover, the Hebrews, who, in consequence of their intercourse with Egypt, under the Pharaohs, could not fail to know the proper application of the national term Cush, seems to have had a proverbial expression similar to that of the Greeks, 'Can the Cush change his color, or the leopard his spots?' (Jeremiah 13:23). This is sufficient to prove that the Æthiopian was the darkest race of people known to the Greeks, and, in earlier times, to the Hebrews. The only way of avoiding this influence that the Æthiopians were genuine Negroes, must be by the supposition that the ancients, among whom the foregoing expressions were current, were not acquainted with any people exactly resembling the people of Guinea, and therefore applied the term woolly-haired, flat nose, etc., to nations who had these characteristics in a much less degree than those people that we now term Negroes. It seems possible that the people termed Æthiopians by the Greeks and Cush by the Hebrew writers may either of them have been of the race of the Shangalla, Shilluk or other Negro tribes who now inhabit the countries bordering on the Nile to the southward of Senndar; or they may have been the ancestors of the present Nubians or Berberians, or of people resembling them in description.

The chief obstacle of our adopting the supposition that these Æthiopians were of the Shangalla race, or of any stock resembling them, is the circumstance that so near a connection appears to have subsisted between the former and the Egyptians; and we know that the Egyptians were not genuine Negroes.

But the physical resemblance between the Shangalla Negro and the Egyptians, instead of proving that the Shangalla race were

not Negroes rather proves that the Egyptians had a strain of Negro blood. Then, too, in his article upon Egypt, Anthon refers to paintings found in Egyptian temples in which the Egyptians are represented as a red and the Ethiopians as a black race. Anthon says:

A very curious circumstance in the paintings found in Egyptian temples remains to be noticed. Besides the red figures, which are evidently meant to represent the Egyptians, there are other figures which are of a black color. Sometimes these represent captives or slaves, perhaps from the Negro countries, but there are also paintings of a very different kind, which occur chiefly in upper Egypt and particularly on the confines of Egypt and Ethiopia. In these the black and the red figures hold a singular relation to each other. Both have the Egyptian costume and the habit of priests, while the black figures are represented as conferring on the red the instruments and symbols of the sacerdotal office. "This singular representation," says Mr. Hamilton, "which is often repeated in all the Egyptian temples, but only here at Philae and at Elephantine with this distinction of color, may very naturally be supposed to commemorate the transmission of religious fables and the social institutions from the tawny Ethiopians to comparatively fair Egyptians." It consists of three priests, two of whom, with black faces and hands, are represented as pouring from two jars strings of alternate sceptres of Osiris and cruces ansatae over the head of another whose face is red. . . .

Mr. Hamilton conjectures that such figures represent the communication of religious rites from Ethiopia to Egypt, and the inferiority of the Egyptian Osiris. In these delineations there is a very marked and positive distinction between the black figures and those of fairer complexion; the former are most frequently conferring the symbols of divinity and sovereignty on the other. Beside these paintings described by Mr. Hamilton, there are frequent repetitions of a very singular representation, of which different examples may be seen in the beautiful plates of the "Descriptions de l'Egypte."

In these it is plain that the idea meant to be conveyed can be nothing else than this, that the red Egyptians were connected by kindred and were, in fact, the descendants of a black race, probably the Ethiopians. (Compare plate 92 of the work just alluded to, and also plate 84 and 86.)

CONCLUSION.

The testimony of Herodotus and Strabo and other ancient writers is universal in referring to the Ethiopians as black and woolly-haired. Pindar, Æschylus and Lucian also refer to black persons in Egypt. The paintings on the temples in upper Egypt

represent the Ethiopians as being black. The only conclusion we can draw is that either the Ethiopians were Negroes or else we will have to change our definition of the term Negro.

ANTHON ON THE EGYPTIANS.

Professor Charles Anthon of Columbia University, in Anthon's Classical Dictionary, thus discourses:

A few remarks relative to the physical characteristics of this singular people may form an interesting prelude to their national history. There are two sources of information respecting the physical character of the ancient Egyptians. These are the first descriptions of their persons incidentally to be met with in the ancient writings; and, secondly, the numerous remains of paintings and sculptures as well as human bodies preserved among the ancient ruins of Egypt. It is not easy to reconcile the evidence derived from these different quarters. The principal data from which a judgment is to be formed are as follows: If we were to judge from the remarks in some passages of the ancient writers alone we should perhaps be led to the opinion that the Egyptians were a woolly-haired and black people, like the Negroes of Guinea. There is a well-known passage of Herodotus (2, 104) which has often been cited to this purpose. The authority of this historian is of the more weight as he had traveled in Egypt, and was, therefore, well acquainted from his own observations with the appearance of the people, and it is well known that he is in general very accurate and faithful in relating the facts and describing the objects which fell under his personal observation. In his account of the people of Colchis he says that they were a colony of Egyptians, and he supports his opinion by this argument that they were in the ancient remains, μελάγχροες καὶ οὐ λὸτριχες, or "black in complexion and woolly-haired." These are exactly the words he used in descriptions of undoubted Negroes. The same Colchians, it may be observed, are mentioned by Pindar (Pyth. 4, 377) as being black, with the epithet of κελαινῶπες, on which passage the scholiast observes that the Colchians were black and that their dusky hue was attributed to their descent from the Egyptians, who were of the same complexion. Herodotus in another place (2, 57) alludes to the complexion of the Egyptians as if it was very strongly marked, and indeed as if they were quite black. . . . Some other writers have left us expressions equally strong. Æschylus, in the Supplices (v. 722, seq.), mentions the crew of an Egyptian bark as seen from an eminence on shore. The person who espies them concludes them to be Egyptians from their black complexions. πρέπουσι δ' ἄνδρες νήιος μελαγχεμους γυίσισι λευκῶν ἐκ πεπλω μάτων ἰδεῖν.

There are other passages from ancient writers in which the Egyptians are mentioned as a swarthy people, which might with equal propriety be applied to a perfectly black or dusky Nubian. We have in one of the

dialogues of Lucian (Navigum sen vota, vol. 8, 158 ed. Bip.) a ludicrous description of a young Egyptian who is represented as belonging to the crew of a trading vessel at the Piræus. It is said of him, that "besides being black, he had projected lips, and was very slender in the legs and that his hair and curls, bushed up behind, marked him of servile rank.

In another physical peculiarity, the Egyptian race is described as resembling the Negro. Achan Anim (7, 12) informs us that "the Egyptians used to boast that their women immediately after they were delivered could rise from their beds and go about their domestic labors. Some of these passages are very strongly expressed, as if the Egyptians were Negroes; and yet it must be confessed that if they really were such, it is singular we do not find more frequent allusions to the fact." Now I do not believe that the Egyptians were a pure and unmixed Negro race; but I believe that there were many Negroes living in Egypt, and that there was a strain of Negro blood in the Egyptians and that the black and woolly-haired Egyptians to whom Herodotus, Pindar, Æschylus and Lucian refer in the above passages were Ethiopians.

Naville, on page 50 of his work on "The Old Egyptian Faith," says: "To sum up, an African population, subjugated and civilized by Asiatics who came from Arabia, crossed the Red Sea, invaded the country at the south and were not slow to mix with the conquered race—this is, in short, the sum and substance of recent researches concerning the nature and origin of the Egyptians." And the evidence seems to point to the fact that the Egyptian race was a blending of Caucasian Hamite and Semite or Arabian, with an infusion of Negro blood. And, lastly, Keane, despite the fact that he tries to catalogue every good-looking and intelligent Negro tribe which has the slightest strain of Caucasian blood as Caucasian Hamites, is compelled to admit that there was a great deal of sprinkling of Negro blood amongst the Caucasian Hamites.

On page 70 of his "World's Peoples" he distinctly refers to the Ethiopians in the south, who are mentioned by Herodotus "as our Negroes or blacks." He says on page 70, in the same book, "We know from the Egyptian records that not only Negroes but Negritos were continually penetrating into the lower Nile valley during Pharaohnic times." On page 314 of the same

book, he refers to the Egyptians, whom he classifies under the Caucasian or white division of mankind, ". . . of the Egyptians, whose type is Caucasian with perhaps a slight strain of Negro blood."

In Volume II, page 573, of his work on Africa, Keane says, referring to the Massai, whose complexion is chocolate, whose nose varies from straight to negroid, whose lips vary from thin and well-formed to thick and overted, whose frizzly hair is a cross between the European and Negro: "All this points to the intrusion at some remote epoch of a Hamite people into Negroland, where, like the kindred Wa-Huma Gallas, they have become intermingled in various degrees with the indigenous black populations."

Thus Keane admits four points:—First, that the Ethiopians, as described by Herodotus, are our Negroes; second, that the Egyptians had a slight strain of Negro blood in their veins; third, that Negroes were continually penetrating into Egypt during the reign of the Pharaohs; fourth, that in remote times a Hamitic race emigrated into Negro land where they became intermingled with the indigenous black population. These facts point to the conclusion that the Egyptians had a slight and the Ethiopians a large strain of Negro blood in their veins.

Catafago, in his "Arabic and English Dictionary," under the word Kusur (palaces), says: "The ruins of Thebes, that ancient and celebrated town, deserve to be visited, as just these heaps of ruins, laved by the Nile, are all that remain of the opulent cities that gave lustre to Ethiopia. It was there that a people, since forgotten, discovered the elements of science and art at a time when all other men were barbarous, and when a race, now regarded as the refuse of society, explored among the phenomena of nature those civil and religious systems which have since held mankind in awe."

DURHAM.

On pages 223 and 224, Durham in his "Lone Star of Liberia," pays a tribute to Ethiopia and Abyssinia, which has an independent government. He says:

It is a matter of common knowledge that the ancient Ethiopians imparted their religious arts, civilization, and form of government to

the Semitic Egyptians. (Niebuhr's Lectures on Ancient History, Vol. I, pages 59, 68, 72, 126, 137; Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. I, page 65; Vol. VII, pages 737, 740-743; Vol. VIII, pages 611-613; Herodotus, Vol. I, Book III; Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Vol. I, pages 248, 588, 589.) Ethiopia boasted of having enjoyed the best of governments, under Ayerch, Arnen and Piankhi-Meiamen, while from the reign of the latter king and for several generations, Ethiopia domineered over Egypt. Kashta, Shabak, Sabacus, Tuhraka, Urdamen, Nonst-Meiamen, Arkamen are also celebrated Ethiopian kings, under whom Ethiopia flourished because they were capable governors. Queen Candace and King Zaskales and other Ethiopian sovereigns who succeeded, governed their subjects wisely, causing Ethiopia to flourish. All these sovereigns were aboriginal or indigenous Ethiopians, and they were independent, owning no foreigners as their lords. These Ethiopians not only established but maintained a government for themselves. (Neibuhr's Lectures on Ancient History Vol. I., pages 59, 68, 72, 126, 137; Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. I, page 65; Vol. VII, pages 742, 743, 737, 740, 741; Vol. VIII, pages 611-613; Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Vol. I, pages 248, 588, 589. . . .)

It was in the sixth century, about 552, when King Caleb, or Cesbaan, directed the destinies of the state, that the Abyssinian power attained the zenith of its early greatness and wrested Yemen in Arabia from the grasp of the Arabians, after inflicting on the latter nation calamitous defeats. And from about 1255, when Icon Amlac was emperor, till the sixteenth century, the Abyssinians had capable and stable governments of their own and consequently Abyssinia was in a flourishing condition. (Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. I, pages 66, et seq.; English Encyclopædia of Geography, Vol. I, page 47; and vide Job Ludolf's Historia Ethiopia; and Lacroze's History of Abyssinian Christianity.)

All these capable governors were indigenous Abyssinians. (Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Vol. I, page 127, et seq., pages 149-154; Vol. II, page 546 et seq.) . .) Who is there who has not heard of the greatness of ancient Egypt in politics, arts, literature, etc.? Can anyone disprove that the ancient Egyptians were of the Ethiopian race? (Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Vol. I, pages 588, 589, 741-744; Vol. II, pages 389, 391, 868, 869; Herodotus, Vol. I, Books II and III; Volney's Travels, Vol. I, Chapter III; Catafaga's Arabic and English Dictionary; Dr. Hartman's Encyclopædic Work on Nigritia, 1876.) The whole world knows that the Babylonian and Assyrian were mighty empires, whose people were of the Ethiopian race. (Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Vol. I, page 127, et seq., pages 149-154, et seq.; ibid, Vol. II, pages 546, et seq.)

HEEREN ON ETHIOPIA.

On page 294 of Volume I of his "Researches" Heeren pays a glowing tribute to the Ethiopians. He says:

Except the Egyptians, there is no aboriginal people of Africa with so many claims upon our attention as the Ethiopians; from the remotest times to the present one of the most celebrated and yet most mysterious of nations. In the earliest traditions of nearly all the more civilized nations of antiquity the name of this distant people is found. The annals of the Egyptian priests were full of them, the nations of inner Asia, on the Euphrates and Tigris, have interwoven the fictions of the Ethiopians with their own traditions of the conquests and wars of their heroes, and at a period equally remote they glimmer in Greek mythology; when the Greeks scarcely knew Italy and Sicily by name, the Ethiopians were celebrated in the verses of their poems. They are the remotest nation, the most just of men; the favorites of the gods. The lofty inhabitants of Olympus journey to them, and take part in their feasts; their sacrifices are the most agreeable of all that mortals can offer them. (See all the passages where Homer speaks of the Ethiopians, for example, Odyssey I, V, 23, etc.). When the faint gleam of tradition and fable give way to the clear light of history, the lustre of the Ethiopians is not diminished. They still continue the object of curiosity and admiration, and the pen of cautious, clear-sighted historians often places them in the highest rank of knowledge and civilization.

On page 422, in Vol. I of his "Researches," Heeren says: "The state of Meroë, therefore, comprised a number of very different races or tribes, united together by one common form of worship, which was in the hands of the priesthood, the most cultivated, consequently the dominant caste. We know, however, that they did not consider themselves as a race who had emigrated into the land, but as a primitive, aboriginal people, and the same belief prevailed among the Egyptian priest-caste." (See Diodorus, page 174.) Heeren says that the hair is straight or curled and the color is reddish brown.

ETHIOPIA'S HIGH CIVILIZATION.

Here is the conclusion drawn by a competent German critic (Heeren, in "Historical Researches—African Nations") nearly a hundred years ago from the discoveries made by Gau, Champollion and others:

In Nubia and Ethiopia, stupendous, numerous and primeval monuments proclaim so loudly a civilization contemporary to, aye, earlier than that of Egypt that it may be conjectured with the greatest confidence that the arts, science and religion descended from Nubia to the lower country of Mizraim; that civilization descended the Nile, built Memphis, and finally sometime later, wrested by colonization the Delta from the sea.

The monuments, though eloquent, are not the only grounds upon which this conclusion has been reached. The fame of the Ethiopians was widespread in ancient history. Herodotus describes them as the "tallest, the most beautiful and long-lived of human races, and before Herodotus,

Homer in even more flattering language described them as "the most just of men; the favorites of the gods." The annals of all the great early nations of Asia Minor are full of them. The Mosaic records allude to them frequently; but while they are described as the most powerful, the most just, and the most beautiful of the human race, they are constantly spoken of as black, and there seems to be no other conclusion to be drawn than that at that remote period of history the leading race of the western world was a black race.

When we reflect that this black race flourished within the very latitudes of Africa which European nations are now engaged in opening to modern civilization, a great interest is added to the study of their possible descendants.

The ancient civilization of Egypt spread, as we know, from south to north, and without venturing to accept or to reject the assumption of some learned writers that it came originally by the way of the Arabian Gulf from India, there is seemingly no doubt that the earliest center of civilization in Africa was the country watered by the upper Nile, which was known by the name of Ethiopia to the ancients and which fixed the limits of habitation of the higher races of the Soudan.

Monuments of which a more or less consecutive chain can be traced from Nubia to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb point to the existence, in this territory, at a period of great antiquity, of a people possessing many of the arts of a relatively high civilization. The principal state of this Ethiopian country bore the well-known name of Meroë. It occupied the territory watered by the Nile and its tributaries, of which the most northerly point is marked by the meeting of the Atbara and the Nile. The capital of Meroë was a city of the same name, which stood a little below the present Shendy, under 17 degrees north latitude and in 32½ degrees east longitude. That is to say, Meroë stood like ghama on the extreme edge of the summer rains. The limits of the state of Meroë extended probably at one time to the north of 17 degrees and to the south of 10 degrees. These parallels may, however, be taken as indicating its permanent limits.

This is not the place, nor am I competent to discuss the arguments which form the ground of belief that the civilization of Meroë precedes that of Egypt. It is enough to say very briefly that on the site of the city Meroë, there exists remains of temples and pyramids from which archæologists have drawn the conclusion that the pyramids were a form of architecture native to Meroë and only afterwards brought to perfection in Egypt.

It is evident from the decoration of the temples that they were dedicated to the worship of Ammon. It is believed that the remains of the temple of the most famous oracle of Jupiter Ammon are to be found in ruins at about eight hours' journey to the northeast of Shendy. This temple of the oracle was known to exist within a few hours' journey of Meroë, and Egypt asserts that the worship of Ammon and Osiris, with its feasts and processions, was first settled at the metropolis of Meroë.

The carvings of the monuments of Meroë show a people in possession of the arts and luxuries of civilization and having some knowledge of science. On the base of one of the monuments a zodiac has been found, and in the more northerly monuments of Nubia, which portray the conquest of Meroë by Rameses the Great of Egypt at a much later date, the conquered nation is shown as being not only rich, civilized and important, but also as possessing tributary states, presumably in Central Africa, whence came giraffes and other central African produce. We learn from the same monuments that the women of Meroë were frequently armed and appeared to live on equal terms with men. They are constantly portrayed as queens. The empire of Meroë had its settled constitution and its laws.

This remarkable spot is regarded by the ancients as the "cradle of the arts of science," where hieroglyphic writing was discovered and where temples and pyramids had already sprung up while Egypt still remained ignorant of their existence.

ABYSSINIANS.

James Theodore Bent, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., in the "Sacred City of the Ethiopians," being a record of travels and researches in Abyssinia in 1893, published by Longmans, Green & Co., in 1893, Chap. II, page 152, says:

As far back as Abyssinian annals go, far away into a hazy, legendary period, when Chrisianity was planting itself on the ruins of the Sabœan paganism, Aksum was looked upon as the Sacred City of the Ethiopians, and there is little doubt that it was the center of this part of Ethiopia for at least two centuries before our era. Nomosus, whom we have already quoted as the ambassador to the King of Ethiopia from Justinian, tells us that "Aksum is both the greatest city and the capital of all Ethiopia." The anonymous authors of the "Periplus," A. D. 64, knew Aksum as the capital of this kingdom, and the inscriptions we found confirmed this point. There is no doubt that after the destruction of Ava, the fortress city of the first Sabœan colony in Ethiopia, the capital was fixed at Aksum; and down to this day, despite the frequent change of capital and many vicissitudes of Ethiopia, Aksum has retained its place as the Sacred City and the center of their curious time-honored Christian Church. Firmly does the Abyssinian of to-day believe that in the innermost recesses of the cathedral at Aksum is kept the original "tabout" or Ark of the Covenant, which Menelek, the son of Solomon, is reported to have brought with him from Jerusalem; and in this legend in which the arcana of their religion and capital of the kingdom were transferred to Aksum, one sees probably a faint glimmer of truth. At first (says the legend) it was kept at Yelia (Ava) and then removed to Aksum (this is in conformity with existing proof) when Ava was destroyed.

In Vol. I, page 468 of his "Researches," Heeren refers to the fact that the public edifices of Axum are similar to those of Meroë. He says:

It is an important circumstance and more than once mentioned by Bruce, that in all Abyssinia there are only three places, namely, Azab, Axum, and Meroë (to which we may now add Adule), where ruins of those great establishments are found, whose form as well as high antiquity show them to have sprung from a common origin. All these are ruins of large public edifices.

On page 98 of Vol. I of "Africa and Its Exploration," James Bruce, the traveler, is quoted regarding the ruins of Axum. He says:

"The ruins of Axum are very extensive; but entirely consists of public buildings. In one square, which I apprehend to have been the center of the town, there are forty obelisks none of which have any hieroglyphics on them. They are all hewn from one block of granite and on the top of that which is standing there is a patera, exceedingly well engraved in the Greek style." At intervals solid pedestals were hewn from a marble wall five feet high, which rose on the left from a path cut in the mountain of red marble. They evidently supported colossal statues of Sirius the barking Ambis or the Dog Star, and 133 of these pedestals were standing when Bruce visited them in 1769.

Bruce also says, "There are also pedestals supporting the figures of the Sphinx. Two magnificent flights of steps, several hundred feet long, all of granite, exceedingly well finished and still in their places, are the only remains of a magnificent temple."

Heeren thinks as there are no obelisks in Meroë and as the obelisks in Egypt have hieroglyphics upon them, while those in Axum have not, that Axum was founded by an emigrant warrior-caste from Egypt.

But Bruce is inclined to believe that Axum was the metropolis of trading Negroes. On page 462 of Vol. I of his "Researches," Heeren thus quotes Bruce:

"On the eighteenth of January, 1770, we came into the plain, wherein stood Axum, once the capital of Abyssinia, at least it is supposed. For my part, I believe it to have been the magnificent metropolis of the trading people, or Troglodyte Ethiopians, for the reason I have already given, as the Abyssinians never built any cities, nor do the ruins of any exist at this day in the whole country. But the black or Troglodyte part of it have in many places buildings of great strength, magnitude, and expense, especially at Azab, worthy the magnificence and riches of a state,

which was from the earliest ages the emporium of the Indian and African trade."

The translator in a note at the foot of the page says that the black or the Troglodyte part of Axum, in Heeren's translation, refers to the part inhabited by the Troglodytæ or Negroes. Thus we see that by the Troglodyte Ethiopians, Bruce the traveler means Negroes, and he states that in the section of Abyssinia in which the Troglodyte Ethiopians or Negroes reside there were magnificent buildings of great size and strength. Whether we believe with Heeren that Axum was founded by Egyptian warriors or with Bruce by Troglodyte Ethiopians (I am inclined to agree with Bruce), the fact remains that the noted traveler Bruce believed the Troglodyte Ethiopians to be Negroes.

The argument of those who contend that the Ethiopians of the State of Meroë were not Negroes was powerfully stated by the celebrated German scholar, A. H. L. Heeren, professor of history in the University of Göttingen, who demonstrated that civilization descended with the Nile from the south and that Ethiopia and not Egypt was the cradle of civilization. On page 423 of his "Historical Researches into Politics, Intercourse and Trade of the Carthaginians, Ethiopians and Egyptians," published in 1832, Heeren says of the Ethiopians of the State of Meroë:

> What, therefore, remains to be done is to examine wherther the information we have respecting this race will warrant us to consider them as having emigrated into this region, and whether we can discover in the tribes still existing there the descendants of the race? Our knowledge of it can only be derived from the monuments it has left behind; but from these innumerable pictures, we are placed in a situation of judging of its external character.
>
> In these we always discover the same formation of countenance, the same shape, the same color, and although with many variations, yet, upon the whole, the same rich costume. The countenance has nothing at all of the Negro variety, it is a handsome profile. The body is tall and slender, the hair straight, or curled, the color a reddish brown. That the color in the painted relief was certainly that of the people represented, no one can entertain a doubt who has seen Belzoni's plates of the royal sepulchre, which has been opened.
>
> It would not, however, be understood to mean that the color in nature was exactly the same; the artists in this respect were constrained by their materials, but I maintain with confidence that this race was neither fair nor dark, but of a brown color, between the two. I believe I

recognize them in the Nubian race. Though the color, by frequent intermixture with female Negro slaves, is becoming somewhat darker, yet the same shape, the same profile, and the same moral characteristics are still to be found, as far as this can possibly be expected in their present degenerate state.

On page 39 of his "Researches," Heeren thus speaks of the Nubians, who dwelt in the valley of the Nile, from Egypt to Sennaar and Meroë:

Their language, of which Burkhardt has given us specimens, is entirely different from the Arabian, and neither that nor their exterior appearance would allow us to give them an Arabian origin. They are of a dark brown color, with hair either naturally curly or artificially arranged by the women, but not at all woolly. It often forms an elevated ornament like those on the monuments. Their visage has nothing at all of the Negro physiognomy.

On page 310 of his "Researches," Heeren speaks of a tribe of the Nubians:

To the south of Dongola is the country of Icheygias, a very remarkable race. They are of a very dark brown, or rather black color, but by no means Negroes.

Heeren's "Researches" are worthy of the eulogy of its translator, when he says:

In the profound disquisition on the Ethiopians, we see the whole framework of the powerful government of the Pharaohs, in connection with the theocracy and its agents, the priest caste, traced up to its primary elements. Here, again, we see in its monuments and temples the archetypes of the stately edifices and the religion of Egypt.

Here, too, are traced along the two banks of the Nile, from Memphis to Meroë, city after city,—the temples of gigantic magnitude and the grottoes or sepulchres hewn out of the solid rock, with colossal statues as their guardians—all these are so exhibited before us—in such order and connection—as to prove that civilization descended with the Nile from the south; and that the same religion, the same arts, the same institutions, manners and civilization prevailed from almost the source of that river till its junction with the Mediterranean. The learned author portrays commerce as the parent of such distant civilization; religion as its nurse, and the distant regions of the south as its cradle.

And Heeren has, perhaps, correctly described the Ethiopians, when he speaks of them as a tall, handsome, slender people, with dark brown complexion and straight or curly hair; has, perhaps, correctly described the ancient Nubians, when he speaks of them

as a dark brown or rather black people with curly hair. But he distinctly states, that the "countenance" of the brown Ethiopian has nothing at all of the Negro variety, and that the visage of the dark brown or rather black Nubian "has nothing at all of the Negro physiognomy."

Now, Heeren, profound and learned as he is, labors under the same misapprehension which prevailed in his day, and which prevails to-day. The current conception of the typical African Negro is that he is a short, deformed being, with low, receding forehead, very black complexion, kinky, woolly hair, huge, enormous lips, a very broad, flat nose, and a monkey grin which stretches from ear to ear, or a sunken, sinister countenance, which makes him look like the very devil himself. But there are many Negroes who do not, by any means, look like human apes, or gorillas.

I have frequently met African Negroes, or immediate descendants of African Negroes, like Crummell, Blyden and Jowett, and black American Negroes who in physique and physiognomy by no means resembled the ape-looking beings who in our school geographies are characterized as Negroes.

The Newport *News* on Wednesday, September 30, 1896, thus described Dr. Alexander Crummell, a full-blooded Negro, whose father was a native of the Timni tribe of the west coast of Africa, and who lectured in the Channing Memorial Church: "Rev. G. W. Cutter briefly introduced the speaker, who but for his dark face would pass for an elderly and scholarly Englishman. He was tall, rather spare, of an intellectual appearance, and his grayish hair, contrasting strongly with his dark features, gave him a more venerable appearance than the vigor of his speech indicated."

Thus we can readily see that Dr. Crummell, though dark in complexion, did not represent the black Negro with kinky hair, low receding forehead, thick lips, and flat nose, who is often found in school geographies.

On page 348 of the first volume of his work on "Africa," Keane says of the Fulahs, who are supposed to be Negroes:

> When, however, they are studied in their original homes on the banks of the Senegal (Futa Toro) and on the Futa Jallon uplands, where they have kept aloof from the natives, they are at once seen not to be

Negroes or Negroids. The general complexion appears to be light chestnut or reddish brown, the hair straight or crisp, but not woolly, the nose straight and even aquiline, features quite regular, the figure small and slim and shapely, which, combined with their animated, intelligent expression, separates them altogether from the Negro, and affiliates them to the Hamitic stock.

A. H. Keane, one of the latest and best authorities on ethnology, on page 82 of his recent work on "The World's Peoples" has this to say of the physical characteristics of the Timni tribe, from which Dr. Crummell sprang:

Those of the Rokelle valley, back of Freetown, are a fine vigorous race with rather pleasant Negroid features and proud bearing.

On page 136 of the same book, Keane has this to say of the physical characteristics of the Zulus:

Although the Zulus-Xosas have been unable to shake off the trammels of the primitive superstitions associated with witchcraft and ancestor-cult, these social institutions give proof of high mental powers which correspond with some of the physical characters—such as nose and features often quite regular; short, black hair, rather frizzly than woolly; color sometimes of a light or clear brown (Ama-Tembu), though also almost blue black (Ama-Swazi), mean height nearly six feet, shapely and muscular frame, though seldom approaching the ideal standard of beauty spoken of by some observers.

On page 76 of the same book, Keane says of the Mandingans:

From their Wolof neighbors of the Senegal River they are distinguished by their more softened features, fuller beard, and a lighter color, the Wolofs with the kindred of Jolofs being perhaps the darkest of all Negroid peoples.

On page 13 of the same book, Keane says of the physical characteristic of the Eastern and Oceanic Negro, found chiefly in New Guinea and Melanesia:

Very variable, differing from African sections chiefly in the height, which is generally below the average of 5 feet 6 inches; the hair, which though always black, is rather frizzly ("mop-headed" Papuans) or shaggy (Australians); the skin, very dark brown or blackish; the nose, often large, straight and even aquiline, with downward tip; the lips less thick, and never everted; and Negro traits generally less pronounced.

On page 97 of the same volume, Keane says of the Songhay nation:

They are a very mixed people, presenting various shades of transition between the Negro and the surrounding Hamites and Semites, but generally of a very deep brown or blackish color, with somewhat regular features, and that peculiarly long, black and ringletty hair, which is so characteristic of Negro and Caucasian blends.

On page 400 of the first volume of his works on Africa, Keane quotes Barth regarding the physical characteristics of the Hausas people. Keane says:

In a classical passage Barth remarks the difference between the mental and physical qualities of the Hausas and Kamiri, "the former lively, spirited, and cheerful, the latter melancholic, dejected and brutal; the former having in general very pleasant and regular features and more graceful forms, while the Kamiri, with his broad face, his wide nostrils, and his large bones, makes a far less agreeable impression, especially the women, who are very plain and certainly amongst the ugliest in all Negroland."

Thus we see that in physique and physiognomy the Timni and Zulus, the Hausa people, the Songhay nation, the Fulahs, the Oceanic Negroes and Mandingans do not resemble the ape- and baboon-looking Negroes so often found in text books on geography.

Rev. Alexander Crummell, D.D., the Timni Negro, who created such a favorable impression when he lectured in one of the most cultured churches in Newport, R. I., spent twenty years as a missionary on the western coast of Africa, and visited some seventy different tribes. He gives similar testimony to Keane and refutes the theory that African Negroes are all alike in color, hair, physical features and proportions.

The Newport *News,* in characterizing Dr. Crummell's address, said:

He described the physical traits of the natives, saying they are generally strongly built, and vary as to physical proportions and complexion, just as do the inhabitants of Europe, some being tall and magnificent in build, others spare, and others still, stout and short. In color they vary from the black of a dark Havana cigar to the tint of an American Indian; few are jet black; their hair is longer than that of the American Negro, and the women have very long hair.

Thus we see from statements by Peschel and Keane, the ethnologists, and by Crummell, the missionary, that the so-called African Negro is often not the being pictured and depicted in the

school geographies and labeled Negro. Hence we cannot say that the Ethiopians were not Negroes, because they do not look like the ape-looking creatures who are labeled Negro in school geographies.

Then, again, those who argue that the Ethiopians were not Negroes because there was a slight strain of Caucasian Hamitic and Semitic blood in their veins, forget that the so-called Soudanese and Bantu Negroes are not a pure and unmixed race, but that there is a slight infusion of Caucasian Hamitic and Semitic blood in the African Negro.

In a note at the bottom of page 332 of Vol. I of his work on Africa, Keane says:

The Hamitic Garamantes (Tibus), for instance, have been in the closest contact with the Negro peoples of Central Sudan for probably over 3,000 years.

On page 71 of his "World's Peoples," Keane says:

But throughout the historic periods, the Negro division has been mainly confined to the southern section of the continent, where it forms two distinct groups—the northern Sudanese, commonly regarded as the true or typical Negro, and the southern Bantus, of mixed Negroid types. Mixture, however, mainly with the Hamitic and Semitic Caucasians, prevails everywhere, and traditional Negro-Caucasian forms occur in endless variety alike in both regions, though perhaps more frequently south than north of the equator.

On page 329 of Vol. I of his work on Africa in chapter VI, on the inhabitants and states of the Soudan, Keane says:

In the Black Zone, the Negro variety of mankind everywhere constitutes the distinct aboriginal element, in many places exclusively, in others associated or intermingled with Hamitic Berbers and Semitic Arabs from the north and east. . . . Lastly, mixed Negroid populations, which greatly outnumber all the rest, and which consist mainly of Negro and Hamitic elements, occupy nearly all the central regions between Lake Chad and Senegambia.

On page 16 of his "World's Peoples," Keane thus characterizes the Bantus:

Bantus, mixed Negroid peoples, occupying nearly the whole of the continent south of Sudan, all speaking dialects of one stock of language, but presenting a great variety of types between the pure Negro and Caucasians—Bushmen and Hottentots, southwest Africa; Negritos, Congo and Ogoway forests; Vaalpens, Transvaal.

On page 111 of the same book, Keane says of the Negroid Bantus:

In Bantusland, comprising nearly all the southern section of the continent, the multitudinous Negroid populations differ very little from the Sudanese Negroes. The assumption is that they are never full-blooded but always half caste blends of the blacks with the Caucasian Hamites or Semites. But we have seen that great numbers, in fact the majority of the Sudanese, are made up of the same element, so that it is not surprising that the members of the two great divisions are not everywhere physically distinguishable from each other.

On page 40 of his "Daybreak in Africa," Naylor says:

Some northern Africans have no Negro blood in their veins, some have not enough to class them among the Negroes, while some (though comparatively few) do give strong evidence of Negro ancestry. The population is therefore a puzzling mixture.

THE ABYSSINIAN PLATEAU.

The Abyssinian plateau, which is now divided into Abyssinia, Eritrea, Danakil in the north and Ethiopia, Galla and Somali in the south, was once included under the term Ethiopia, which also embraced the part of Nubia which lies between the Nile and the Red Sea. Abyssinia is thus really north Ethiopia, and Hamites, Arabians, and Negroes have so intermingled in Abyssinia or northern Ethiopia and in southern Ethiopia that it is absolutely impossible to find a pure race stock here. On page 444 of Vol. I of his "Africa," Keane says:

Ethiopia (Itiopiavian), adopted under Hellenic influences at an early period, even still remains the official designation of the lands ruled by the Negus Negust. The alternative Abyssinia (Habeshi), meaning "mixed" in reference to the numerous ethnical elements of the population, is of Arab origin, and is used chiefly in ordinary language and in conversation with strangers.

At the bottom of page 477 of the same book, Keane says:

Throughout the Danâkil, Somali and Galla lands, the eastern Hamites are still everywhere the dominant race in every sense of the word, the only intruders being a few Arab groups on the Somali coastlands, the Negroid, Adoni Bantus, formerly slaves of the Hawiya Somals, now free and industrious peasantry on the banks of the Webie-Shebeli; and along the western borderlands various Nilotic Negro peoples penetrating up the Blue Nile and Sobat affluents into Galla territory.

At the bottom of page 484, Keane says:

So close is the relationship of the first two groups that some observers regard the Somali merely as a branch of the Gallas modified by crossing in some districts with the Negroes, in others with the Arabs.

On page 478 of Vol. I of his work on Africa, Keane says:

On the other hand, much ethnical confusion prevails on the northern escarpments of the plateau, and especially about Bahr-Setit, Mareb, Anseba and other streams intermittently flowing either west to the Atbara or north to the Khor Baraka. Here are intermingled all the racial elements of the continent—Negroes, Hamites and Himyarites—some still retaining their tribal usages, religion and primitive speech, others assimilated in one or other of these respects to their more powerful neighbors. It would be impossible here to unravel the tangled weft of ethnical shreds that has arisen by long contact, overlappings and interminglings of all sorts in this region, interminglings which probably first suggested the Arab name Habeshi, now extended to the whole plateau.

It may, however, be stated in a general way, that the Negro element is best represented by the Barea and the Basé or Kunama of the Moreb basin, who retain not only their racial purity, but even their political independence and who are possibly the last surviving fragment of the true aborigines, precursors of the Hamites themselves.

Keane says of the Somali race, whom he classifies under the Hamitic division of mankind, on pages 484 and 485:

Nevertheless even the full-blooded Somali, such as the Habr-Awal, and the Mijertius, can always be distinguished from the full-blooded Gallas, being generally taller (5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet), and darker (a deep shade of brown), with smaller and more lightly dolichocephalic head, slightly arched nose, full lips, deep-set black eyes, long crisp black hair, generally slim extremities, and graceful, martial carriage.

But the type varies considerably, approaching the Galla in the northwest, the Arab on the coastlands, the Negro in the central and southern districts. . . .

The presence of the emancipated Adoni peasantry in this valley shows that towards the south the Somali have also been long in contact with Negro or Negroid peoples, who have even constituted the aboriginal elements of these regions. . . . The influence of these and of other Bantus filtering in from the Tana basin is conspicuous in the less regular features and darker complexion, sometimes almost black, of the Hawiyas, and especially of the more southern Rahanwin Somali.

On page 489 of Vol. I of the same book, Keane says of the Galla race, whose population is nearly 8,000,000, spread over the whole of south Ethiopia and a large part of Abyssinia:

Like the Somali, they differ considerably in physical appearance; but the typical Gallas of Kaffa and surrounding regions are perhaps the finest people in all Africa, tall, of shapely build, with high, broad forehead, well-formed mouth, Roman nose, oval face, coppery or light chocolate color, black kinky hair, often worn in "finger curls" or short ringlets round the head.

Does not the light chocolate color and the kinky ringlets of curly hair of that Caucasian Hamitic people indicate a Negro strain somewhere?

On page 316 of his "World's Peoples" Keane thus refers to the great Somali and Galla nations, whom he classifies under the Caucasic or white division:

Both are of a fine Caucasic type, often with classic profiles, though very variable, owing both to Arab and Negro grafts on the original Hamitic stock.

He says the Gallas, the most numerous of the Hamites, who are intellectual and moral, are generally dark in color and their hair is generally long and kinky. On page 318 of the same book, he thus refers to the Masai, whom he classifies under the Caucasic or white division:

During their flourishing period, the Masai, who are a remarkable blend of Hamitic and Negroid characters, were a terror to all surrounding Bantu populations.

But not only is the so-called African Negro and Caucasic Hamites of mixed race to-day, but have been so from time immemorial.

On pages 70 and 71 of his "World's Peoples," Keane says:

It is still commonly supposed that the whole of the Dark Continent is the proper domain of the Negro race, that all of its inhabitants are Negroes, and in fact that African, Negro, black and even Ethiopian are all equivalent terms. Such is far from being the case, and two thousand four hundred years ago, Herodotus was already aware that Africa, as known by him, was occupied, besides Greeks and Phœnician intruders, by two distinct indigenous peoples—Libyans (our Hamites) in the north, and Ethiopians (our Negroes or blacks) in the south. The statement still holds good, and, as shown in the General Survey, the Negroes, with whom alone we are here concerned, range from south of the Sahara to the Cape. A line drawn from the mouth of the Senegal through Timbuktu eastward to the Nile and Blue Nile confluence at Khartum, then southward to the equator and along the equator again eastwards to

the Indian Ocean, will roughly indicate the ethnical divide between the northern Libyans and the southern Ethiopians of Herodotus.

But long before his time, extensive overlappings and comminglings had taken place, and these mutual encroachments have been going on almost incessantly from the Stone Ages. We know from the Egyptian records that not only Negroes but Negritos were continually penetrating into the lower Nile valley during Pharaonic times. They are frequently referred to in the "Book of the Dead," and, like the European dwarfs in mediæval times, were in high request at the courts of the Egyptian monarchs, who sent expeditions to fetch them from the "Island of the Double," that is, the fabulous region of Shade Land in southern Ethiopia. Thus it is recorded in a temple inscription that Pepi I of the Sixth dynasty (3700 B. C.) bought gold and slaves from the present Sudan and also a pygmy, "one of the dancers of the Gods," to amuse the court at Memphis. Pepi II also sent an officer "to bring back a pygmy alive in good health," from the land of great trees away to the south.

Naylor gives similar testimony to the mixed character of the native African. On page 39 of his "Daybreak in Africa," he says:

For although Africa is his home, the black man, the pure Negro, has not been left to live alone there during the centuries. The result is that through the mingling of Negro blood with that of the lighter races the population of Africa is more brown than black.

On page 295 of his "Researches," Heeren says:

A great many nations, different and distinct from one another, are comprised under the name of Ethiopians. It would at once distract the mind to consider them as one nation, or even as one race. The study of the natural history of man was but little cultivated in antiquity; nations were distinguished according to the most remarkable difference in their appearance, namely, their color; and thus all those who were strikingly distinguished from Europeans by a very dark or a completely black skin received the general appellation of Ethiopians.

On page 303 of his "Researches," Heeren says:

To draw an accurate line between the ancient Libyans and Ethiopians would be as difficult a task as it would be between the present Negro tribes and the Moors and Tuaricks. . . . It is certainly very probable that the southern boundaries of the great desert may in general be taken as the limits of the Negro countries, yet it is equally certain that separate black tribes, either completely Negro or not, have penetrated, both in ancient and modern times a considerable way into the great desert. According to the statement upon Lyon's maps, the black population begins under the 28th degree N. lat. The fact mentioned by Herodotus, of the

Ethiopians being hunted by the Garamantes in four-horse chariots, and the separate tribes of them dwelling along the Atlantic coast, almost as far as Cerue, prove it to have been the same in early times; and it has already been remarked from the narratives of modern travels that in the Tibesti mountains, the very same territory where the Garamantes hunted the Ethiopians, black people were, or even still are, to be found. If the numerous interminglings of the various tribes, which here must necessarily have taken place, be taken into consideration, the impossibility of placing an accurate boundary line between the Libyans and Ethiopians will easily be perceived.

On page 422 of his "Researches," Heeren says:

The state of Meroë, therefore, comprised a number of very different races or tribes, united together by one common form of worship, which was in the hands of the priesthood, the most cultivated and consequently the dominant caste.

CONCLUSION.

Joseph P. Widney, in his work, "Race Life of the Aryan Peoples," which is really the prose epic of the Aryan race, speaks of the part which the black races have played in history in the past, and expresses doubt as to their future achievement. On pages 238 and 239 of Vol. II of his work, he says:

Lowest among the varied types of mankind are the so-called Negroid races. Men sometimes speak of the black races of the earth as races yet in their infancy with their race flowering still before them. But history shows, instead, that they are, on the contrary, races that are retreating and retrograding. They once occupied a much wider territory and wielded a vastly greater influence upon earth than they do now. They are now found chiefly in Africa; yet, traces of them are to be found through the islands of Malaysia, remnants no doubt of that more numerous black population which seems to have occupied tropical Asia before the days of the Semites and the Mongol and the Brahmanic Aryan. Back in the centuries which are scarcely historic, where history gives indeed only vague hintings, are traces of a widespread primitive civilization, crude, imperfect, garish, barbaric, yet ruling the world of that age from its seats of power in the valleys of the Ganges and the Euphrates and the Nile; and it was of the black races. The first Babylon seems to have been built by a Negroid race. The earliest Egyptian civilization seems to have been Negroid. It was in the days before the Semite was known in either land. The black seems to have built up empire, such as it was, by the water of the Ganges before Mongol or Aryan. There are great evidences of such primitive empire upon the highlands of Africa; and of a type far in advance of anything the present can

show in that land. Yet all these have passed away, and now for ages not even the faintest sign of a renaissance has ever come to the race. If, as is sometimes claimed, the black man is the equal in possibilities of the white man, why during all these ages since that first crude attempt has he shown no ability or desire to evolve a higher civilization of his own, or even the capacity to keep up the crude civilization which he began . . . ? Way down in the mud and the slime of the beginnings, as the timbered piles in the ooze of the Adriatic far beneath the domes of St. Mark's, is the Negroid contribution to the fair superstructure of modern civilization. Has he then no claim to a shelter under its roof?

The decline of the power of the Ethiopians should not be regarded as a seven-day wonder. Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Carthage, Rome, Venice and Spain were once powerful kingdoms, but have seen their glory vanish and their lustre fade away. The rise and fall of Ethiopia merely proves that Ethiopia's power, like the power of other nations, has waxed and waned.

Then, again, it has been the law of human history that the civilized and semi-civilized races living in and near the tropics have gone down before the rugged and hardy races coming from the colder north. Thus the decline of Ethiopia does not necessarily prove the inferiority of the black race, and there are indications in America and Africa to-day that the genius of the black race, which has been slumbering for centuries, is beginning to stir and manifest itself again.

But the important thing to remember is that Widney admits that the race which laid the foundations of civilization in ancient Ethiopia and Babylon was a black and Negroid race.

So, while there was undoubtedly a strain of Caucasian Hamitic and Semitic or Arabian blood in the Ethiopians, we are compelled by the weight of evidence to recognize that the Negro strain was the dominant strain and that the Ethiopian was a black man.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Negro in the Babylonian Civilization.

There is one passage in Joseph P. Widney's "Race Life of the Aryan Peoples" which might be elaborated upon. He says:

> Back in the centuries which are scarcely historic, where history gives indeed only vague hintings, are traces of a widespread primitive civilization, crude, imperfect, garish, barbaric, yet ruling the world of that age from its seats of power in the valleys of the Ganges and the Euphrates and the Nile; and it was of the black races. The first Babylon seems to have been built by a Negroid race. The earliest Egyptian civilization seems to have been Negroid. It was in the days before the Semite was known in either land. The black seems to have built up empire, such as it was, by the water of the Ganges before Mongol or Aryan.

Since I began, in the fall of 1902, to mass and marshal the achievements of the African abroad and to study his evolution in Western civilization, I have met with continual surprises. I find that the black man had not begun to play a part in the world's affairs when Crispus Attacks, a mulatto, was the first to fall in the Boston riot, on the eve of the American Revolution, and when Peter Salem and Salem Poor distinguished themselves at the battle of Bunker Hill. But just as the Negro has played a rôle and sometimes an important rôle in American history, so he has at divers times played a not insignificant part in English, French, Russian, Roman, Grecian, Egyptian and Babylonian history.

The first surprise came to me when Dr. William E. Chancellor, formerly superintendent of public instruction in the District of Columbia, but now president of the *School Journal* Publishing Company of New York, the recognized national organ of education, called my attention to Sergi's "Mediterranean Races" and Ripley's "Races of Europe," which conclusively prove that the Negro was a branch of the Mediterranean race, of which the Egyptians, Arabians, Phœnicians, Homeric Greek, Etruscan and Iberians were offshoots and which race in primitive times overran Europe and Africa.

The second surprise came to me when Mr. Daniel Murray, assistant librarian of Congress and editor-in-chief of the "Encyclopædia of the Negro Race," called my attention to Abbe Gregoire's "Enquiry," which showed that colored men distinguished themselves in the seventeenth and previous centuries in various parts of the world, and in the eighteenth century rose to the highest pinnacle of fame in Europe and attained international renown.

The third surprise came when Mr. J. E. Bruce of Yonkers, N. Y., president of The Negro Society for Historical Research, called my attention to Volney's "Ruins or Meditations on the Fate of Ancient Empires," which quoted Diodorus, Lucian, Homer and Herodotus, showing that the Ethiopians were Negroes, that the Egyptians were part Negroes, that the Ethiopian civilization antedated or was parallel with the Egyptian civilization.

The fourth surprise came when I read Major Felix DuBois's "Timbuctoo the Mysterious," and discovered that Mohammed Askia, ruling territory as large as the German Empire, evolved a civilization in the heart of Africa in the sixteenth century and made Timbuctoo, a city in the Dark Continent, the center of Arabian civilization and Mussulman culture.

The fifth surprise came when I read Professor Alexander Francis Chamberlain's article on "The Contribution of the Negro to Human Civilization," and discovered that a strain of Negro blood flowed in the veins of some of Egypt's mighty kings; when I read Mrs. M. D. Maclean's "African Civilization" and discovered that Ra-Maat-Neb, one of the black kings of the upper Nile, was the builder of Pyramid No. 17.

The sixth surprise came when I glanced through Widney's "Race Life of the Aryan Peoples" and Rawlinson's "Five Oriental Monarchies," and found that a Negroid race not only laid the basis of civilization in the Nile valley, but also in the valleys of the Ganges and the Euphrates.

Recorded history begins with the advent of the Aryan race in Europe and with the rise of the Semite in Asia, but long before that period a Negroid race had migrated from northern Africa to southern Europe and western Asia. They evolved a civilization, such as it was, but hardier and more rug-

ged tribes from the north and east pounced down upon them, partly conquered and partly absorbed them, appropriating their civilization, and partly drove them back from southern Europe, northeastern Africa and southwestern Asia into the deserts of Africa, where the sun's rays burned them black and where the sun's heat and other climatic causes curled their hair. The Alpine and the Aryan were the invading waves that swamped them in Europe and the Turanian and the Semitic were the invading waves that swamped them in southwestern Asia, and an Asiatic wave partly overcame them in Egypt.

Professor Rawlinson maintains that the Cushites, a Negroid race, were connected with the Babylonians and migrated from Africa to Chaldea, and that there was a strong strain of Negro blood in the early Babylonians.

On page 397 of Vol. II of his "Five Oriental Monarchies," Professor George Rawlinson, the Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, says:

> The Babylonians, who, under Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar, held the second place among the nations of the east, were emphatically a mixed race. The ancient people from whom they were in the main descended—the Chaldæans of the First Empire—possessed this character to a considerable extent, since they united Cushite with Turanian blood and contained, moreover, a slight Semitic and probably a slight Aryan element. . . . The previous Chaldean race blends apparently with the newcomers and a people was produced in which the three elements—the Semitic, the Turanian and the Cushite—held about equal shares. . . . Foreheads straight but not high, noses well formed but somewhat depressed, full lips and a well-marked rounded chin constitute the physiognomy of the Babylonians as it appears upon the sculptures of their neighbors.

On pages 500 and 501, Rawlinson goes still farther. He says:

> In these the type approaches nearly to the Assyrian, while there is still such an amount of difference as renders it tolerably easy to distinguish between the productions of the two nations. The eye is larger and not so decidedly almond-shaped; the nose is shorter, and its depression is still more marked; while the general expression of the countenance is altogether more commonplace.
>
> These differences may be probably referred to the influence which was exercised upon the physical form of the race by the primitive or Proto-Chaldæan element, an influence which appears to have been considerable. This element, as has already been observed, was predominantly Cushite;

and there is reason to believe that the Cushite race was connected not very remotely with the Negro. In Susiana, where the Cushite blood was maintained in tolerable purity—Elymæans and Kissians existing side by side instead of blending together—there was, if we may trust the Assyrian remains, a very decided prevalency of a Negro type of countenance, as the accompanying specimens, carefully copied from the sculptures, will render evident. The head was covered with short crisp curls; the eye was large; the nose and mouth nearly in the same line, the lips thick. Such a physiognomy as the Babylonian appears to have had would naturally arise from an intermixture of a race like the Assyrian with one resembling that which the later sculptures represent as the main race inhabiting Susiana.

In a footnote Rawlinson adds:

The sculptures of Asshur-banipal exhibit two completely opposite types of Susianaian physiognomy—one Jewish, the other approaching to the Negro. In the former we have probably the Elamitic countenances. It is comparatively rare, the Negro type greatly predominating.

He says again on page 502 of the "Babylonians":

They were also, it is probable, of a darker complexion than the Assyrians, being to some extent Ethiopians by descent, and inhabiting a region which lies four degrees nearer to the tropics than Assyria. The Cha'ab Arabs, the present possessors of the more southern parts of Babylonia, are nearly black (Loftus, Chaldæa and Susiana, page 285); and the "black Syrians" of whom Strabo speaks (Strabo XVI, page 182) seem intended to represent the Babylonians.

The sculptures of Babylon, like the monuments of Egypt, bear silent though eloquent testimony to the presence of the Negro, when the foundations of the world's civilization were laid in Babylon and Egypt, by the waters of the Euphrates and the Nile.

On page 44 of Vol. I of his work on "The Five Oriental Monarchies," Rawlinson says:

Hence a difficulty is felt with regard to the Scriptural statement concerning the first kingdom in these parts, which is expressly said to have been Cushite or Ethiopian, "And Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, Like Nimrod a mighty hunter before the Lord. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel and Erech and Accad and Calneh in the land of Shinar." According to this passage the early Chaldeans should be Hamites not Semites-Ethiopians nor Armaeans, they should present analogies and points of connection with the inhabitants of Egypt and Abyssinia, of southern Arabia and Mekran, not with

those of upper Mesopotamia, Syria, Phœnicia and Palestine. It will be one of the objects of this chapter to show that the Mosaical narrative conveys the exact truth alike in accordance with the earliest classical traditions and with the latest results of modern comparative philology.

On page 48 Rawlinson says:

The traditions with respect to Memnon serve very closely to connect Egypt and Ethiopia with the country at the head of the Persian Gulf.

Memnon, King of Ethiopia, according to Hesiod and Pindar, is regarded by Æschylus as a son of a Cissian woman, and by Herodotus and others as the founder of Susa (Hesiod, Theogon 984, Μέμνονα χαλκοκορυστήν, Αδθιόπων Βασιλῆαη; Pindar, Nem. III, 62, 63; Ap. Strabo XV, 3, §§ 2; Herod V, 54; compare Strabo, L. Sic.; Diod., Sic. II, 2283).

He leads an army of combined Susianaians and Ethiopians to the assistance of Priam, his father's brother, and after greatly distinguishing himself, perishes in one of the battles before Troy. At the same time he is claimed as one of their monarchs by the Ethiopians upon the Nile and identified by the Ethiopians with their king Amenophis, whose statue became known as "the vocal Memnon." Sometimes his expedition is supposed to have started from the African Ethiopians, and to have proceeded by way of Egypt to its destination. There were palaces called "Memnonia," and supposed to have been built by him, both in Egypt and at Susa, and there was a tribe called Memnones near Meroë. Memnon thus unites the eastern with the western Ethiopians, and the less we regard him as a historical personage, the more must we view him as personifying the ethnic identity of the two races.

On page 50 Rawlinson says:

To the traditions and traces here enumerated must be added as of primary importance the Biblical tradition, which is delivered to us very simply and plainly in that precious document the "Toldoth Beni Noah," a book of the generations of the sons of Noah, which well deserves to be called "the most authentic record that we possess for the affiliation of nations."

The sons of Ham, we are told, were "Cush, and Mizraim, and Put, and Canaan. . . . And Cush begat Nimrod . . . and the beginning of his kingdom was Babel and Erech and Accad and Calneh, in the land of Shinar." Here a primitive Babylonian kingdom is assigned to a people distinctly said to have been Cushites by blood, and to have stood in close connection with the Mizraim, or the people of Egypt, Put, or those of Central Africa, and Canaan, or those of Palestine. It is the simplest and best interpretation of this passage to understand it as asserting that the four races—the Egyptians, the Ethiopians, Libyans and Canaanites—were ethnically connected, being all descended from Ham; and further, that the primitive people of Babylon were a subdivision of one

of these races, namely, of the Cushites or Ethiopians, connected in some degree with the Canaanites, Egyptians and Libyans, but still more closely with the people which dwelt anciently upon the upper Nile.

On page 54 of the same book Rawlinson says:

The antiquity of civilization in the valley of the Nile, which preceded by many centuries that even of primitive Chaldæa, is another argument in favor of the migration having been from west to east; and the monuments and traditions of the Chaldeans themselves have been thought to present some curious indications of an east African origin. On the whole, therefore, it seems most probable that the race designated in Scripture by the hero-founder, Nimrod, and among the Greeks by the eponym of Belus, passed from east Africa, by way of Arabia, to the valley of the Euphrates, shortly before the opening of the historical period.

Upon the ethnic basis here indicated, there was grafted, it would seem, at a very early period, a second probably Turanian element, which very importantly affects the character and composition of the people. The Burbur or Akkad, who are found to have been a principal tribe under the early kings, are connected by name, religion, and in some degree by language with an important people of Armenia, called Burbur and Nrorda, the Alarodians (apparently) of Herodotus. It has been conjectured that this race at a very remote date descended upon the plain country, conquering the original Cushite inhabitants, and by degrees blending with them, though the fusion remained incomplete to the time of Abraham. The language of the early inscriptions, though Cushite in its vocabulary, is Turanian in many points of its grammatical structure, as in its use of post-positions, particles and pronominal suffixes; and it would seem, therefore, scarcely to admit of a doubt that the Cushites of lower Babylon must in some way or other have become mixed with the Turanian people. . . . Besides these two main constituents of the Chaldean race, there is reason to believe that both a Semite and an Aryan element existed in the early population of the country. . . .

It would result from this review of the linguistic facts and other ethnic indications, that the Chaldeans were not a pure but a very mixed people. Like the Romans in ancient and the English in modern Europe, they were a "colluvio gentium omnium," a union of various races between which there was marked and violent contrast. It is now generally admitted that such races are among those which play the most distinguished part in the world's history and most vitally affect its progress.

On pages 52 and 53 Rawlinson says of the ancient Babylonian tongue:

The excavations conducted at these places, especially at Niffer, Senkereh, Warka, and Mugheir, were eminently successful. Among their

other unexpected results was the discovery, in the most ancient remains, of a new form of speech, differing greatly from the later Babylonian language, and presenting analogies with the early language of Susiana, as well as with that of the second column of Achæmenian inscriptions. In grammatical structure this ancient tongue resembled dialects of the Turanian family, but its vocabulary has been pronounced to be "decidedly Cushite or Ethiopian," and the modern language to which it approaches the nearest are thought to be the Mahra of southern Arabia and the Galla of Abyssinia. Thus comparative philology appears to confirm the old traditions. An eastern Ethiopia, instead of being the invention of bewildered ignorance, is rather a reality which henceforth it will require a good deal of scepticism to doubt; and the primitive race which bore sway in Chaldea proper is with much probability assigned to this ethnic type.

The most striking physical characteristics of the African Ethiopians were their swart complexions and their crisp or frizzled hair. According to Herodotus the Asiatic Ethiopians were equally dark but their hair was straight and not frizzled. (Herod. VII, 70) . . . The principal defect is in the mouth, which has lips too thick and full for beauty, though they are not turned out like a Negro's.

Rawlinson also says that the Ethiopians were not as black and their hair was not as woolly as the Negroes.

Rawlinson says of the physical appearance of the Babylonians:

But we can do little more than conjecture their physical appearance, which, however, we may fairly suppose to have resembled that of other Ethiopian nations.

Learned, scholarly, fair and observant as he is, Rawlinson errs in conceiving of the primitive Negro as a perfectly black, woolly-haired race, with everted lips. The indications are that he was originally of a brown race, with curly hair, and that not until he had been driven into the heart of Africa by hardier tribes in prehistoric times, not until for centuries he had been exposed to the sun's rays in the tropics and cut off from intercourse with other enlightened races, not until for centuries he had been enervated by the heat of the tropics, did he become as black, kinky-haired and ugly, as some (but not all) of the Africans are to-day.

Again, Rawlinson, on page 199 of his little work entitled "The Origin of Nations," says:

The language of the ancient Ethiopians proper—those who dwelt on the Blue Nile, in the tract south and southeast of Egypt—has perished

entirely. The nation had, in the early times, no literature; and we should have possessed no clue to their tongue, were it not that we are able to examine the dialects of their descendants, who have continued ever since to occupy the same country and have never wholly changed their speech. The Abyssinian tribes of the Agau, Galla, Gonga and others, appear to be the legitimate descendants of the old Ethiopic population; and their languages, which are decidedly non-Semitic, present numerous analogies to the non-Semitic portion of the ancient Egyptian.

Rawlinson says on page 209 of the same work:

M. Antoine d'Abbadie, Dr. Beke, M. Fresnel and others have proved that there are to this day races in southern Arabia, especially the Mahras, whose language is decidedly non-Semitic; and that between this language and that of the Abyssinian tribes of the Galla, Agau, and their congeners, there is a very considerable affinity. The Mahra, moreover, is proved by analysis to be the modern representative of an ancient form of speech found in inscriptions along the south Arabian coast, and known to philologists as Himyaric. These inscriptions are thought to be evidently of a high antiquity; and the Himyaric empire to which they are supposed to belong is carried back by some scholars to as high a date as B. C. 1750. Thus it would seem to be distinctly made out that Arabia contains, and has from a very remote time contained, at least two races; one in the northern and central regions, Semitic, speaking the tongue usually known as Arabic; and another in the more southern region which is non-Semitic and which from the resemblance of its language to the dialects of the aboriginals of Abyssinia, the descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, deserves to be called Ethiopian or Cushite. The Mosaic genealogist is thus in this instance strikingly confirmed by ethnological science on a point where his statements seemed most open to attack.

Rawlinson again says on pages 212, 213 and 214 of the same work:

The meaning, then, of the writer cannot be doubted. He intends to state that Nimrod and his people, the conquering race which first set up a monarchy in lower Mesopotamia, and built or occupied the great cities of the alluvial plain, Babel or Babylon, Accad, Erech or Orchoë, and Calneh or Calno, were Cushites, a kindred race to the people of Ethiopia proper, or the tract about the great Nile affluents, and to various tribes scattered along the southwestern, southern, and eastern shore of the Arabian peninsula. What light, if any, does modern ethnology throw upon this interesting statement?

A few years back a great ethnologist made answer (practically) to the effect, that his science repudiated the statement altogether. "Nimrod," he said, "was no Cushite by blood." He and his people were pure Turanians or Tatars. They conquered Babylonia from Africa, and so, having

come from the land of Cush, were called Cushites. But the expression was purely "geographical." They were quite unconnected in race with either the Egyptians or the Ethiopians. Indeed, an Asiatic Ethiopia was a pure figment of Biblical interpreters; it "existed only in their imaginations," and was "the child of their despair."

So wrote the late Baron Bunsen in 1854. But Sir Henry Rawlinson, the earliest decipherer of the ancient Babylonian monuments, came to a completely different conclusion in 1858. A laborious study of the primitive language of Chaldea led him to the conviction that the dominant race in Babylonia at the earliest time to which the monuments reached back was Cushite. He found the vocabulary of the primitive race to be decidedly Cushite or Ethiopian, and he was able to interpret the inscriptions chiefly by the aid which was furnished to him from published works on the Galla (Abyssinian) and the Mahra (south Arabian) dialects. He noted, moreover, a considerable resemblance in the system of writing which the primitive race employed, and that which was established from a very remote date in Egypt. Both were pictorial; both to a certain extent symbolic; both in some instances used identically the same symbols. Again, he found words in use among the primitive Babylonians and their neighbors and kinsmen, the Susianaians, which seemed to be identical with ancient Egyptian or Ethiopic roots. The root hyk or hak, which Manetho interprets as "king," and which is found in the well-known "Hyksos," or "Shepherd-kings," appeared in Babylonian and Susianaian royal names under the form of khak, and as the terminal element—which is its position also in royal Ethiopic names. The name "Tirkhak" is common to the royal lists of Susiana and Ethiopia, as that of Nimrod is to the royal list of Babylon and Egypt. The sun-god is called "Ra" in Egyptian and "Ra" was the Cushite name of the supreme god of the Babylonians. Many other close analogies might be mentioned; but these are probably sufficient as specimens. It is impossible within the limits of a work such as the present to do more than give specimens of what has been proved by a laborious induction.

The result is that once more the modern science of ethnology, arguing wholly from the facts of language, has come to a conclusion announced more than three thousand years ago by the author of Genesis. The author of Genesis unites together as members of the same ethnic family the Egyptians, the Ethiopians, the southern Arabians, and the primitive inhabitants of Babylon. Modern ethnology finds, in the localities indicated, a number of languages, partly ancient, partly modern, which have common characteristics and which evidently constitute one group. Egyptian, ancient and modern, Ethiopic as represented by the Galla, Agau, etc., southern Arabian (Himyaric and Mahra), and ancient Babylonian, are discovered to be cognate tongues, varieties of one original form of speech. Primeval history is thus confirmed most signally by modern research; and the "Toldoth Beni Noah" is once more proved to be,

what it has been called—"the most authentic record we possess for the affiliation of races." (Asi. Soc. Jour., Vol. XVI, page 230.)

Professor Carlo Brezold, Ph.D., LL.D., of Heidelberg said in substance in a lecture at Yale University, Friday evening, March 7, 1913:

The old language of ancient western Asia has an affinity to the Hebrew, Assyrian, Arabian and Ethiopic. . . .

The Old Testament records regarding the Babylonians and Assyrians have been sustained by the Babylonian and Assyrian records. . . . .

The old Babylonian Empire originated out of an aggregation of Feudal States. . . .

On pages 682 and 683, Vol. I, of the second English edition of "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," London, 1893, Reginald Stuart Poole, LL.D., Keeper of Coins, British Museum, professor of Archæology in University College, London, and corresponding member of the Institute of France, says under the caption "Cush":

Cush (χούς Clus, Αἰθιοπία Αἰθιοπές; Æthiopia Cushites Αἰθίοψ, Æthiops).

The Egyptian direct evidence points to Kush in the form Kesh as the race and territory of the blacks usually represented as Negroes but sometimes with the modified features and lighter color of the Nubians. The people of southern Arabia and the opposite Ethiopian coast are portrayed with traits similar to those of the Egyptians.

The evidence of the inscriptions and monuments of Chaldea and the neighboring countries is in favor of the theory of an eastern Cush. . . .

The problem has been more difficult with more ample knowledge, yet there is a general consent that there was such a Cushite population (in Susiana).

Maspero more positively accepts the theory adopted or originated by Lipsius in his "Nubische Grammatik," according to which the Cushites reached Ethiopia by crossing the Red Sea (Hist. Anc., page 105). This theory as stated by Lepsius seeks to establish the linguistic affinity of the great belt of dark but not black races which stretches from India south of the Vindhyas, through southern Persia and Arabia, through Ethiopia and north of the great desert as far as the Atlantic.

Ethnography has lent its aid to this theory in the remarkably black complexion attributed to the Susian soldiers in the Achæmenian wall enamels of Susa, a piece of evidence confirmed by a very early representation of a Susian king discovered by Mr. Dienlafay. It may also be remarked that in the Assyrian reliefs the type of the Susianaians is similar to that of the Babylonians, but further removed from the Shemite type of the Assyrian.

In this problem, as in many others, the antiquity and accuracy of Genesis X are evident, but it will probably be long before all the details will be determined.

In the American edition of "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," Boston, 1880, revised by Professor H. B. Hochett, D.D., and Ezra Abbot, LL.D., assistant librarian of Harvard University, Dr. Poole says, under the caption "Cush" (dark colored); and he still further says (Chap. 1, page 10), commenting upon "Cush begat Nimrod" (Gen. 10:8):

If the name be older than his time he may have been called after a country allotted to him. . . . The only direct geographical information given in this passage is with reference to Nimrod, the beginning of whose kingdom was in Babylon, and who afterwards went, according to reading which we prefer, into Assyria and founded Nineveh and other cities. . . . Thus the Cushites appear to have spread along tracts extending from the higher Nile to the Euphrates and Tigris. Philological and ethnological data lead to the same conclusion. There are strong reasons for deriving the non-Semitic primitive language of Babylonia, variously called by scholars Cushite and Scythic, from an ante-Semitic dialect of Ethiopia, and for supposing two streams of immigration from Africa into Asia in very remote periods: the one of Nigritians through the present Malayan region, the other and later one of Cushites "from Ethiopia properly so called through Arabia, Babylonia, and Persia, to western India." ("Genesis of the Earth," etc., pages 214-215.)

Sir H. Rawlinson has brought forward remarkable evidence tending to trace the early Babylonians to Ethiopia; particularly the similarity of their mode of writing to the Egyptian, and the indication in the traditions of Babylonia and Assyria of "a connection in very early times between Ethiopia, southern Arabia, and the cities on the lower Euphrates," the Cushite name of Nimrod himself, as a deified hero, being the same as that by which Meroë is called in the Assyrian inscriptions. (Rawlinson's "Herodotus," I, pages 442-443.) History affords many traces of this relation of Babylonia, Arabia, and Ethiopia. Zerah the Cushite (A. V. "Ethiopia") who was defeated by Asa was most probably a king of Egypt, certainly the leader of an Egyptian army. The dynasty then ruling bears names that have caused it to be supposed to have had a Babylonian or Assyrian origin, as Sheshonk, Shishok, Sheshak, Namuret, Nimrod, Tekrut, Tekhut, Tiglath. . . . On these grounds we suppose that Hamite races, very soon after their arrival in Africa, began to spread to the east, to the north, and to the west, the Cushites establishing settlements along the southern Arabian coast on the Arabian shore of the Persian Gulf, and in Babylonia and thence onward to the Indies, and probably northward to Nineveh, and the Mizraites spreading along the

south and east shore of the Mediterranean, on part of the north shore and in the great islands. . . .

T. G. P., in the second edition of "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," says:

The Babylonians seem to have been of mixed race caused by the mingling of the Akkadians (supposed Turanians) with the Semitic tribes of the Euphrates valley.

He evidently overlooked the fact that the Ethiopian was in Babylon in the early days.

THE SUMERS AND AKKADS.

Rawlinson has referred to the Ethiopians, Turanians, Aryans and Semites as the four primitive race stocks, which formed the constituent elements of the early population of Babylon.

Leonard W. King, M.A., F.S.A., assistant in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum, in his work entitled "A History of Sumer and Akkad," published by Chalto and Windus, London, gives an interesting account of the Sumers and Akkads, to whom the Hebrew race was indebted, and who, while finally overpowered and overwhelmed by the Semites, yet gave an impulse to the world's civilization, and whose civilization affected that of the Elamites to the east of them, the Mesopotamians and Assyrians to the north of them, and the Hittites to the west, and sent out culture waves that were felt in Egypt and along both shores of the Mediterranean.

King says in his preface:

The excavations carried out in Babylonia and Assyria during the last few years have added immensely to our knowledge of the early history of those countries and have revolutionized many of the ideas current with regard to the age and character of Babylonian civilization.

But explorations in Turkestan, the results of which have now been fully published, enable us to conclude with some confidence that the original home of the Sumerian race is to be sought beyond the mountains to the east of the Babylonian plain. . . .

It is certain that the early Semites reached the Euphrates by way of the Syrian coast and founded their first Babylonian settlement in Akkad. It is still undecided whether they or the Sumerians were in earliest occupation of Babylonia. . . . That the Sumerians played the more important part in originating and moulding Babylonian culture is certain. In government, law, literature and art the Semites merely borrowed from

their Sumerian teachers, and although in some respects they improved upon their models, in each case the original impulse came from the Sumerian race. Hammurabi's code of laws, for example, which had so marked an influence on the Mosaic legislation, is now proved to have been of Sumerian origin; and recent research has shown that the later religion and mythological literature of Babylonia and Assyria, by which that of the Hebrews was also so strongly affected, was largely derived from Sumerian sources.

The early history of Sumer and Akkad is dominated by the racial conflict between Semites and Sumerians, in the course of which the latter were gradually worsted. The foundation of the Babylonian monarchy marks the close of the political career of the Sumerians as a race, although, as we have seen, their cultural achievements long survived them in the later civilization of western Asia.

On page 6 of his book, in speaking of the habitat of the Sumers, King says:

The lands of Sumer and Akkad were situated in the lower valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris and corresponded approximately to the country known by classical writers as Babylonia.

The upper half of the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates were known to the Greeks as Mesopotamia and Assyria.

On the last page of his work, King says of the Sumerians:

Perhaps their most important achievement was the invention of cuneiform writing, for this in time was adopted as a common script throughout the east, and became the parent of other systems of the same character. But scarcely less important were their legacies in other spheres of activity. In the arts of sculpture and seal-engraving their own achievements were notable enough, and they inspired the Semitic work of later times. The great code of Hammurabi's laws, which is claimed to have influenced western codes besides having moulded much of the Mosaic legislation is now definitely known to be of Sumerian origin, and Mrukagina's legislative effort was the direct forerunner of Hammurabi's more successful appeal to past tradition. . . . .

Sumer, in fact, was the principal source of Babylonian civilization, and a study of its culture supplies a key to many subsequent developments in western Asia. The inscriptions have already yielded a fairly complete picture of the political evolution of the people, from the village, community, city-state to an empire which included the effective control of foreign provinces.

King also says:

An attempt has therefore been made to estimate in the light of recent discoveries the manner in which Babylonian culture affected the early

civilizations of Egypt, Asia and the west. Whether through direct or indirect channels, the cultural influence of Sumer and Akkad was felt in varying degrees throughout an area extending from Elam to the Ægean.

ETHNIC AFFINITIES OF THE SUMERS AND AKKADS.

Marion McMurrough Mulhall, member of the Roman Arcadia, has recently put forth a scintillating volume, entitled, "Beginnings or Glimpses of Vanished Civilization," published by Longmans, Green & Co.

On pages 52 and 53 of that brilliant monograph he says:

The Akkadians, though they became eventually supreme rulers of Atlantis, owed their birthplace to the neighboring continent, that part occupied by the basin of the Mediterranean about the present island of Sardinia being their special home. From this center they spread eastwards, occupying what eventually became the shores of the Levant and reaching as far as Persia and Arabia. They also helped to people Egypt. The early Etruscans, the Phœnicians, including the Carthaginians, and the Shumero-Akkads were branches of this race, while the Basques of to-day have probably more of the Akkadian than of any other blood which flows in their veins. It is supposed that it was the Akkadians who founded Stonehenge and other Druidical remains in the British Isles.

On page 63 of the same volume Mulhall refers to King's "Sumer and Akkad" as:

An account of the Sumerians, founders of that Babylonian and Egyptian civilization, perhaps the same people who built the wonderful temples in Central and South America, and who probably crossed Europe even as far as Britain and Ireland, for in this latter country graves have been found with the same characteristics as those of the Sumerians.

On page 142 of King's "Sumer and Akkad," male statuettes from Tello are to be observed. The heads are shaven, are round and full, and rather receding, the eyes are large, the nose is broad and slightly Roman, the features are heavy and the lips Negroid. The features closely resemble the features of a Mulatto.

PROLOGUE TO HAMMURABI'S CODE.

Professor Harper's translation of Hammurabi's Code reads in part:

Anna and Bel called me, Hammurabi the exalted prince, the worshipper of the gods; to cause justice to prevail in the land, to destroy the wicked, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, to go forth like the

sun over the black-head race, to enlighten the land and to further the welfare of the people.

King says that Hammurabi does not refer here to the black heads of the people of Akkad and Sumer but to the black hair of Semites. Now it may seem the height of presumption for me to dissent from such a learned and distinguished scholar as Mr. King, but it seems to me that this explanation is rather ingenious and far-fetched. King Hammurabi was not addressing his appeal to the Semites in particular but to all the people of Akkad and Sumer. And if he had referred to the black hair of the Semites, who wore their hair long, instead of to the black heads of the Babylonians, who shaved their heads, he would undoubtedly have used the term, "the black-haired race," so the only logical inference from the term "black-head race" in Hammurabi's code is that the native Babylonians were a black and Negroid race.

King is probably wrong in assuming that the Akkadians and Sumerians were the aboriginal inhabitants of Babylonia. Now a word as to the genealogy of the people of Akkad and Sumer.

The Bible states that Accad was one of the countries or towns occupied by the descendants of Cush. Hence they were Cushites or Ethiopians.

Rawlinson says that Burburs or Akkads were an invading Turanian race, who conquered the original Cushite inhabitants and blended with them and that this fusing was going on in the time of Abraham. This theory of Rawlinson agrees with the theory of King that the Sumerians came from the mountains to the east of Babylon.

Mulhall is inclined to believe that the Akkadians were a branch of the Mediterranean race of which the Etruscans, Homeric Greeks, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Egyptians, and Negroes were offshoots.

I believe that the Bible, Rawlinson and Mulhall are nearer the truth than King. They all bear testimony to the fact that the Ethiopian race first settled in Babylon. My own theory is that Rawlinson is right and the Akkadians and Sumerians were not a pure race but represented a blending of invading Turanians and native Ethiopians.

Whether we say with Rawlinson that the Akkads were an invading race that blended with a native Negroid race, or whether we say with Mulhall that the Akkadian were a Mediterranean and hence a Negroid race, and with King that the Sumers were the invading Turanian race that came from the mountains to the east of Babylon, the fact remains that a Negroid race, whether called by the name Ethiopian or Akkad, was the first to settle by the waters of the Euphrates, and that a Turanian race, whether called by the name Akkad or Sumerian, came later from the east. And Widney hit the nail on the head when he said, "The first Babylon seems to have been built by a Negroid race. The earliest Egyptian civilization seems to have been Negroid. It was in the days before the Semite was known in either land."

What Lotze says, on pages 248 and 249 in his wonderful "Microcosms" (which I regard as the philosophical masterpiece of the nineteenth century) of Egypt, may also be said of Babylon. Lotze says:

> And so in Egypt some Negro race may have enjoyed the first fruits of the rich soil, though the development of its historical life may have begun with the immigration into the country of men of Caucasian race who later regarded themselves as autochthonous; and traditions concerning the settlement of the Mediterranean coasts are full of the struggle between alien civilizations and aboriginal barbarism. But the converse process has also occurred; it has repeatedly happened that tribes from pastoral districts or mountain regions, men of natural vigor and capable of development, though as yet undeveloped, have fallen upon the more enervated inhabitants of the plains and have carried on in their own name the civilization which the latter had first established.

Note.—Robert E. Anderson, M.A., F.S.S., on page 24 of his work "The Story of the Extinct Civilizations of the East," published by D. Appleton & Company, New York, maintains that the Akkads (mountaineers) had descended from the highlands on the east and northeast, that they were Turanian by descent, a yellow or Mongolian race of the "Tartar type" with high cheek bones," and "curly black hair."

It is undoubtedly true that a Turanian as well as Semitic race formed the primitive population of Chaldea and Babylonia. But Anderson seems to overlook the fact that the Negroes emigrated from Africa and settled in Babylonia, possibly prior to the coming of the Turanians. My own theory is that the Ethiopians first settled in Shirmir, the "Shinar," of the Book of Genesis, and that the Turanians came later, settling in "Akkad," the higher land, in the north, and that these people blended. And then, beginning with 4000 B. C., we witness the coming of the Semites.

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